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THE

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MY COUNTRY.

I.

Who saith that song doth fail?
Or thinks to bound
Within a little plot of Grecian ground
The sole of mortal things that can avail?
Olympus was but heaven's gate;
Not there the strong Light-bringer deigned to wait;
But westward o'er the rosy height
His cloud-sprung coursers trample light;
And ever westward leans the god above the joyful steeds;
The light in his eyes is prophecy; on his lips the words are deeds;
On whirls the burning Singer; earth follows where he speeds.
The singing keels that moored great Rome
Silence o'ertakes; but his immortal song,
To which the world-wide fates belong,
Still seeks the fleeing shore and for the gods a home,
A new Ausonia sings, swells o'er a mightier foam:
The citadels of Italy
(O dear to him is Liberty!)
Chained not to her marble mountains,
Sealed not in her broken fountains,
His bright fire;
Up the dark North it leapt, the masterless desire:
Nor even the imperial isle, the Ocean-state,
Who Time's great order leads, and fastens fate,
Shall keep his speed across the shouting sea;
Destiny exceeds her scope;
The hope of man exceeds her hope;
The regions of the west unfold;
New ages on the god are rolled;
The throning years to be,
Of earth's new men the praise,
Rise on him where he stands and bends his dreaming gaze,
And smiles to see the shore night vainly shrouds
Through tracts of ruddy air and darkly-gleaming clouds.

II.

Awake, O Land, and lesser fortunes scorn!
 Amid the darkness, by the eastern strand,
 Bend down thy ear, and hearken with thy hand;
 He comes who brings to thee eternal morn!

More radiant and fair
 Than ever thy mornings were,

Or any morn that ever broke from night
 Since the dear star of dawn began his earthly flight!

O whisper to thy clustered isles,
 If any rosy promise round them smiles;

O call to every seaward promontory,
 If one of them, perchance, is made the cape of glory;
 O bid the mountains answer thy enquire,
 If any peak be tipped with lonely fire,

A shining name
 And station of the wingéd flame
 Above the time's desire!

Doubt not, O waiting Land; for who hath power
 To bar the golden journey of the sun,
 Or on time's dial set back the destined hour?
 Doubt not, but O, thy heart within prepare,
 And ripen praise upon thy lips with prayer,
 When the bright summons through thy frame shall run
 Of that great day begun;

Then heaven shall search thee with its shafts of light,
 And lay thy coverts and thy fastness bare,
 And drag the Serpent from its human lair,
 And on its scales the swords of God shall smite,
 Wielded aloft by spirits that know to fight,
 To find the heart with wounds and not to spare.

O wilderness untried,
 If thou dost cherish,
 Brought from the old earth's side,
 The beasts that perish,

The things that eat the dust and darkly crawl,
 And in the heart of nations poison all, —
 O terrible that brightness will appall,
 World-justice hanging o'er thee, and shall fall!

Seize thy spear and grasp thy sword;
 Dare to speak the righteous word;
 And his battle rolling o'er thee,
 And his radiance flashing round,
 Shall drive the cumbering brood before thee,
 Free forevermore thy ground;

Thy great ally,
 Leaning from the sky,
 Shall twine thy hair with morning and the olive's warless crown!

O Soil befriending men,
 Pluck from the Future's hand her iron pen;
 While yet his coming lingers, O stoop down,
 And write upon the threshold of thy earth
 The word that levels all men in their birth,
 And in thy love, and in their spirits' worth!
 Be that sign, engraved on thee,
 Thy omen and thy destiny!

III.

Look forth, O Land, thy mountain-tops
 Glitter; look, the shadow drops;
 On the warder summits hoary
 Bursts the splendor-voicéd story!
 Round the crags of watching rolled
 The purple vales of heaven unfold,
 And far-shining ridges hang in air, —
 Northward beam, and to the south the promise bear;
 Unto isle and headland sing it,
 O'er the misty Midland fling it,
 From a hundred glorious peaks, the Appalachian gold!
 O'er the valley of the thousand rivers,
 O'er the sea-horizoned lakes,
 Through heaven's wide gulf the marvelous fire quivers,
 Myriad-winged, and every dwindling star o'ertakes;
 On where earth's last ranges listen,
 Thunder-peaks that cloud the west;
 With the flashing signal waken;
 All the tameless Rockies own it, —
 One great edge of sunrise glisten;
 All the skied Sierras throne it;
 And lone Shasta, high uplifted
 O'er the snowy centuries drifted,
 Hears, and through his lands is splendor shaken
 From the morning's jewel in his crest!
 O chosen Land,
 God's hand
 Doth touch thy spires,
 And lights on all thy hills his rousing fires!
 O beacon of the nations, lift thy head;
 Firm be thy bases under;
 Now thy earth-might with heaven wed
 Beyond hell's hate to sunder!
 O Land of Promise, whom all eyes
 Have strained through time to see,
 Since poets, cradled in the skies,
 Flashed prophecy on thee!
 O great Atlantis, other world,
 That never voyager won,

Though many a shining sail was furled,
 Lost in the setting sun!
 Joy, joy, joy! thy destiny hath found thee!
 Now the oceans brighten round thee,
 To thy heaven-born fate ascending;
 Thou, earth's darling! thou, the yearning
 Of the last hope in her burning,
 Who shalt seal her womb forevermore!
 Child, whose rosy breath is blending
 With the morning's o'er thee bending
 While the chorus, never-ending,
 Swells from shore to shore,
 Triumph of the peoples, anthem never heard before!
 Titan, crowner of the ages,
 Now the eagle seeks thy hand;
 Poets, statesmen, heroes, sages,
 In the lustrous portals stand!
 Well may mount to mount declare thee;
 Ocean unto ocean sound thee;
 To the skies loud hymns upbear thee;
 Earth embrace, and heaven bound thee;
 God hath found thee!
 Through the world the tidings pour,
 And fill it o'er and o'er,
 As the wave of morning fills the long Atlantic shore;
 Fills, and brims — O speed the story! —
 The emerald cup of thy great river-gods;
 Brims, and through the west down golden sods
 To the Pacific rolls; flood unto flood speaks glory!

IV.

O fair Land, do thy eyes
 Dream paradise?
 Or mortal fields are these, or fallen skies?
 Dost thou not hear him singing in the gold
 The lofty pæan thy long years unfold,
 And joy divine that shines in man's just praise,
 Though yet a while delays
 The hour full-orbed, and his unclouded blaze?
 Of holy hymns and famous deeds
 He casts before the deathless seeds;
 He woos thy dust with rosy rain;
 Of thy sweet months is he so fain;
 O lovelier than the poets told,
 Unwreathes his brow to light thy dying mould!
 And from their morning bower, and from their sunny lair,
 Scatters the bloom that sings
 Of heavenly pastures fair,

And o'er thy bosom flings
 The fragrance of his own immortal air!
 Nor flowers alone are his, but every fruit
 That takes the breath of heaven fed from a darkened root;
 Joy to thy virgin soil that spring shall thrill and shoot!
 Like Love, its coming sweet,
 With motions of auroral winds that fleet,
 Shadow and music, o'er the new green wheat;
 Thy summer lights the land, thy autumn loads the sea;
 And still a lovelier year returns to thee;
 Or where the glowing South is white like wool;
 Or where the sun-spanned ocean of the maize
 Broods in the brilliant calm, and lightly sways;
 Or where by inland seas, forever full,
 The golden reservoirs of summer days,
 Towers of abundance stand in all thy ways;
 Or further on, where bud and fruit together,
 Immortal orchards, star the fadeless weather;
 O generous fertility,
 Like Love, to all men free!
 And ever rolls an ampler year, and heaven grows ripe in thee!
 Yea, nobler yields than these,
 O favored Land,
 Are whispering with thy breeze, —
 The tillage of God's hand.
 For though it seem thy own, this fair estate,
 (Or fief or freehold, ask of Day and Night,)
 The Eternal only sows the field of fate,
 And o'er thy will doth exercise His right.
 Thou canst not groove the soil nor turn the sod
 But thou shalt drop therein the seeds of time;
 Thy labor brings to light the will of God;
 Fair must the harvest be, and stand sublime;
 And when the mellowing year is made complete,
 And for the world thou reapest time's increase,
 He thrusts His sickle in the falling wheat,
 And in thy bursting granaries garners Peace.

O humbly bow thee down,
 Blesséd o'er all thou art;
 Earth's plenty in thy crown,
 God's Peace within thy heart!
 Again, O mighty hymn, begin!
 O mount, Virgilian song!
 Let be the suffering and the sin;
 Thy years to Love belong!
 No Janus-stables on thy soil, nor hoof of Mars's steeds;
 No ruin smokes; no war-bolt strikes; no scar of battle bleeds;
 But fair as once Athene's height thy marble hill shall rise,
 Where Justice reconciles thy earth, Virtue disarms thy skies!

As splendors of the dawn
 Make earthly tapers wan,
 Less than a candle's beam
 The world's first hope shall gleam
 When o'er thy vales and soothéd seas the truce of time shall stream!
 Come! Come! O light divine!
 O come, Saturnian morn!
 O Land of Peace on whom recline
 Ten thousand hopes unborn, —
 O Beautiful, stand forth, nor sword, nor lance,
 Silent wielder of the fates!
 War-tamer, striking with thy glance
 The thunder from imperial states!
 So hard, surpassing war, doth Peace assail;
 So far, exceeding hate, doth Love avail;
 Now, married to thy sphere,
 Blesséd between the nodding poles shall wheel the earth's Great Year.

V.

O destined Land, unto thy citadel,
 What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
 That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
 O thronéd Freedom, unto thee is brought
 Empire; nor falsehood nor blood-payment asked;
 Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
 Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked;
 Unlike the fools who build the throne
 On fraud, and wrong, and woe;
 For man at last will take his own,
 Nor count the overthrow;
 But far from these is set thy continent,
 Nor fears the Revolution in man's rise;
 On laws that with the weal of all consent,
 And saving truths that make the people wise:
 For thou art founded in the eternal fact
 That every man doth greatness with the act
 Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
 Of duty; and diviner moulds his fate,
 By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
 God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,
 Who masters best himself best serves the State.
 This wisdom is thy Corner: next the stone
 Of Bounty; thou hast given all; thy store,
 Free as the air, and broadcast as the light,
 Thou flingest; and the fair and gracious sight,
 More rich, doth teach thy sons this happy lore:
 That no man lives who takes not priceless gifts
 Both of thy substance and thy laws, whereto

He may not plead desert, but holds of thee
A childhood title, shared with all who grew,
His brethren of the hearth; whence no man lifts
Above the common right his claim; nor dares
To fence his pastures of the common good;
For common are thy fields; common the toil;
Common the charter of prosperity,
That gives to each that all may blessed be.
This is the very counsel of thy soil.
Therefore if any thrive, mean-souled he spares
The alms he took; let him not think subdued
The State's first law, that civic rights are strong
But while the fruits of all to all belong;
Yea, though he heir the fortune of the earth,
Let him not hoard, nor spend it for his mirth,
But match his private means with public worth.
That man in whom the people's riches lie
Is the great citizen, in his country's eye.
Justice, the third great base, that shall secure
To each his earnings, howsoever poor,
From each his duties, howsoever great.
She bids the future for the past atone.
Behold her symbols on the hoary stone;
The awful scales and that war-hammered beam
Which whoso thinks to break doth fondly dream,
Or Czars who tyrannize or mobs that rage;
These are her charge, and heaven's eternal law;
She from old fountains doth new judgment draw,
Till, word by word, the ancient order swerves
To the true course more nigh; in every age
A little she creates, but more preserves.
Hope stands the last, a mighty prop of fate.
These thy foundations are, O firm-set State!
And strength is unto thee
More than this masonry
Of common thought;
Beyond the stars, from the Far City brought.
Pillar and tower
Declare the shaping power,
Massive, severe, sublime,
Of the stern, righteous time,
From sire to son bequeathed, thy eldest dower.
Large-limbed they were, the pioneers,
Cast in the iron mould that fate reverts;
They could not help but frame the fabric well,
Who squared the stones for heaven's eye to tell;
Who knew from eld and taught posterity,
That the true workman's only he
Who builds of God's necessity.
Nor yet hath failed the seed of righteousness;

Still doth the work the awe divine confess,
 Conscience within, duty without, express.
 Well may thy sons rejoice thee, O proud Land;
 No weakling race of mighty loins is thine,
 No spendthrifts of the fathers; lo, the Arch,
 The loyal keystone glorying o'er the march
 Of millioned peoples freed! on every hand
 Grows the vast work, and boundless the design.
 So in thy children shall thy empire stand,
 As in her Cæsars fell Rome's majesty, —
 O Desolation, be it far from thee!
 Forgetting sires and sons to whom were given
 The seals of glory and the keys of fate
 From Him, whom well they knew the Rock of State,
 Thy centre, and on thy doorposts blazed His name
 Whose plaudit is the substance of all fame,
 The sweetness of all hope, — forbid it, Heaven!

Shrink not, O Land, beneath that holy fear!
 Thou art not mocked of God;
 His kingdom is thy conquering sphere,
 His will thy sceptred rod!
 O Harbor of the sea-tossed fates,
 The last great mortal Bound;
 Cybele, with a hundred States,
 A hundred turrets, crowned;
 Mother, whose heart divinely holds
 Earth's poor within her breast;
 World-Shelterer, in whose open folds
 The wandering races rest!
 Advance, the hour supreme arrives;
 O'er Ocean's edge the chariot drives;
 The past is done;
 Thy orb begun;
 Upon the forehead of the world to blaze,
 Lighting all times to be with thy own golden days.

VI.

O Land beloved!
 My Country, dear, my own!
 May the young heart that moved
 For the weak words atone;
 The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath of song!
 To happier sons shall these belong.
 Yet doth the first and lonely voice
 Of the dark dawn the heart rejoice,
 While still the loud choir sleeps upon the bough;
 And never greater love salutes thy brow
 Than his, who seeks thee now.

Alien the sea and salt the foam
 Where'er it bears him from his home;
 And when he leaps to land,
 A lover treads the strand;
 Precious is every stone;
 No little inch of all the broad domain
 But he would stoop to kiss, and end his pain,
 Feeling thy lips make merry with his own;
 But O, his trembling reed too frail
 To bear thee Time's All-Hail!
 Faint is my heart, and ebbing with the passion of thy praise!
 The poets come who cannot fail;
 Happy are they who sing thy perfect days!
 Happy am I who see the long night ended,
 In the shadows of the age that bore me,
 All the hopes of mankind blending,
 Earth awaking, heaven descending,
 While the new day steadfastly
 Domes the blue deeps over thee!
 Happy am I who see the Vision splendid
 In the glowing of the dawn before me,
 All the grace of heaven blending,
 Man arising, Christ descending,
 While God's hand in secrecy
 Builds thy bright eternity.

George E. Woodberry.

THE WATER-WAYS OF PORTSMOUTH.

SINCE the attitude of one thinking mind often expresses that of an organization, a whimsical critic might be forgiven for detecting in such a town as Portsmouth, in New Hampshire, poised among the seething forces of our young materialistic republic, a touch of resemblance to such a one as Ruskin; who, to them that share not his beliefs, is merely the most illustrious laggard of his day. Portsmouth, too, shall take that name with a smile. She holds to the unprogressive doctrine that brawn is a good thing, but not the best. Her stilled and centred life, without ignoble idleness, is a consistent choice and a long, long protest. We are not certain that much heed is taken of her. She is venera-

ble, if aught in New England may so be considered, and a living exhortation to money-hunters. But we are like a household who really have no time for morning prayers.

The town, settled by royalists and Churchmen, a "sumptuous little aristocracy," had her social pomps once, never quite rivaled by any of her sisters, but now vanished like her shattered commerce, or her civic glory, which is a tale of Revolutionary and historic days. Her decay, such as it is, is thorough and unbroken. She puts forth no spasmodic strivings; rarely do the fresh marbles of enterprise jut against her threadbare buildings. Her citizens, agreeing in harmony, care for their own with a thought-

ful public spirit natural to those whose forefathers loved Arcadia before them; but it is no aggravation to their ears that New York is ablaze with electric lights, nor that Chicago is threaded with horse-cars. Portsmouth knows her quaint dignity to be a solecism, and with a disdainful tear she withdraws out of the hubbub into solitude, whence, it seems, no summoning voice is soon to win her. From the ever-open doors of her picturesque Athenæum, the very "island-valley of Avilion" in its quiet, she looks on this world with her remote scholar's eye, speculating on what is named expediency or reform, to her wholly irrelevant. Every fibre of her being, nevertheless, is individual, correlative; instinct with character and purpose. The formulating of theories strikes her as vain; for she has her traditions. Her fixed ideas cannot change with each moon. She will keep her chaste identity, with plaintive conservatism, down to the ashen ending of all things. Or, in a mood of smiling homage, we passers-by liken her boldly to one of the stout old Norse ships, running triumphantly before its last impetuous wind, sails full-spread, the fatal fagots piled on deck, dying in flame in the same guise which delighted the eyes of sea-kings long in their graves.

Had Portsmouth been an inland town, her charm would have faded years ago, and her gracious melancholy, itself prouder than pride, would have fallen away. But, like Plymouth and Salem, also past their sunshiny prime, she has the loving, docile strength of the sea at her service, and the great tides to flood her weary veins with health and peace. There are no foreign fleets now at her wharves; no Indian and South American imports to load the air with sweet odors; no stately, populous warehouses, bridges, nor piers; no stir along the lordly river's margin save that of petty traders and artisans; not even the voice of guns from her dismantled forts, to

salute a friend or ward off a foe. Nevertheless, her life is the water's life. All her roads lead to that highroad. She has a magnificent, deep, compact harbor, flecked with islands, three miles in length to its farthest beacon; the encircling Piscataqua, an odd and noble river, coursing only twenty miles, yet draining in New Hampshire alone an area of eight hundred and twenty-five square miles; four neighboring creeks, ample and of exceeding beauty; and the illimitable Atlantic, beating since 1631 at her outer doors.

Martin Pring, in the year when Queen Bess was gathered to her fathers, left Bristol in a fifty-ton ship, with a smaller bark; carrying a crew, all told, of thirty men: and after touching at Penobscot Bay and the mouths of the Saco and York rivers, found his way up the Piscataqua, which he set down as the river "westernmost and best." His flagship was the same Speedwell which the Puritan emigrants afterwards found unseaworthy, whence they were transferred to the successful Mayflower. Pring ran alongshore about twelve miles, passing on his port the silent oak which, probably, to this present writing, rears its majestic head in the garden of the Mason house, on the corner of Vaughan and Hanover streets. In 1614 the memorable and ubiquitous John Smith landed on these shores; and, returning, drew his rough map of New England, and rehearsed his tale of adventure before "Baby Charles," then Prince of Wales. At Odiorne's Point, nine years before, Champlain had already come and gone, after friendly parley with the red men. There the first settlers built in 1623, and their uninscribed gravestones stand now in their traces.

The glorious stream, — Piscataquack, or Pascattaway, the Indians called it, — ploughed by the keels of the cock-boats in which the stout old voyagers feared not to cross unknown wastes, must have given them a great deal of exhilarating

pleasure. Nowhere on our northern coast is there such a triumphant play of lucid, sinewy, resistless water. Thoreau says somewhere of the lotus-growing Musketaquid that it has a "moccasin tread." He who would proportion adjectives to our brave Piscataqua must fall into the sportive characterization of seven-league boots, copper-toed, and with thunderous heelplates. It marches like a latter-day "furious Frank or fiery Hun," every step resonant as a broadside. A dozen cross-currents surge about the isles and manifold bridges, making at one noted point, geographically known, in accepted profanity, as "Pull-and-be-Damned," a narrow channel of great depth (close on seventy feet) and of admirable force. Here the most skilled boatman pulls to his own confusion against the half-tide. His shapely craft is whisked about in gigantic glee. A struggle, under the circumstances, is, according to the poet's injunction, "neither brave, polite, nor wise." But when one is broken in to the freaks of the westernmost and best river, he knows that it can be cajoled and wheedled into bearing him on its back whithersoever he wishes to go. The great swells may run westward; yet a politic fisherman, cautious and steady of nerve, can work eastward, the sure and only way. There are eddies near shore, with a will generally contrary to the will of the stream, though it often becomes necessary, in pursuance of a cruise, to forsake one shore for the other. The summering stranger drifts annually into the teeth of the Narrows, feathering his peaceful oar, until he suddenly discovers that smoothness on the Piscataqua is treacherous might, and that its beguiling dimples are so many whirlpools to play havoc with his skill. Who is there to teach him the ritual of mastery over them? As in some perilous and delicate experiences of real life, he must be his own pilot and philosopher. But the wherry

of the native, inured to the habit of patience and the economy of energy, goes its way from Portsmouth over the flood-gates of the sea. Again, at Church Point, — where the steeple of St. John's throws its shadow over the tombs of ancestral Wentworths, and over that grave (under what was the western porch of the older edifice) where sleeps the Reverend Arthur Brown, its first rector, be-hoven to Longfellow for our remembrance of him, — the incoming or outgoing tide, owing to a steep incline in the river's bed, precludes any but the initiated from advancing an inch before it.

The Portsmouth toll-bridge, at the boundaries of New Hampshire and Maine, — a righteous prohibition bridge at one end, and a sad, tipping bridge at the other, — is a third of a mile long, and the water beneath has a mean depth of fifty feet at low tide. The piles are of red and white oak, continually replaced or relaid. They are spliced by twos, and are eighty-five feet long. The pile-driver hammer drops thirty feet, and weighs over twenty-one hundred pounds. The rush of water among these piles is a sound of terrific beauty, to be measured rather on its own level than above it. Deflected by the peculiar formation of the banks, the current plunges diagonally across the narrow aisles, foaming and seething under the passing railway cars of the double bridge. The carriage-road, thanks to the fire-fiend beside, and the "earth-quaking cataract" below, is not one of unmitigated bliss to a sensitive horse. A river-voyager, miles above, on the calmest evening, who hears this ominous roar of the tide, may suspend his labor, and with only tiller in hand, to put intelligence into his boat's motion, say "Home!" as we say it to a hound, and be certain of a gallant obedience.

Portsmouth Bridge has some dire perils. Masses of ice are swept down, in the spring, from the far-away head-

waters which submit to be frozen, and are ground against the piles. Schooners, with loosened anchors, have gone under at its sides, and have been submerged like stones. Owing to the intricate structure of its supports, as much as to the fierce flood itself, there is small hope for the unwary shell entangled there, and still less for its living freight. Tragic accidents, and grimly humorous half accidents, are common, after dark, under its unlighted arches.

From the free part of the bridge is a characteristic view. It commands the high, verdurous islands to the sea; the near summits of Church Point, whose ancient belfry gives forth, every Sunday, the voice of a captive bell, born and baptized at Louisburg; or most picturesque bones and relics of dismasted vessels lying in the rushing water, and line on line of old tired wharves gone into languor and desuetude. Skimming about at all turns are the unique flat-bottomed gondolas of the Piscataqua, locally known as "gunlows." The latter word has been reverted, by strong circumstantial evidence, to the former. The missing link, certainly, is supplied by Burton, writing at a time coeval with the settlement of Portsmouth: "to fetch in carts, or in *gundelows*, as in Venice." These Anglicized and fallen gondolas, however, are a delight to the eye at twilight, when their yellow lateen sails dip under the bridge, and, erecting their tall yards anew, disappear, joyous and heavily-laden, against the horizon.

Landmarks hereabout have spicy and ungodly designations, of which the example already cited may be considered typical. Beyond, looking inland and away from Portsmouth, are Devil's Pulpit, a pine-grown promontory; and, at a much greater distance, Bloody Point, so called from an ancient dispute of ownership, which might have been bloody, save that the actual quarrel never occurred. From the former fine bluff, it seems that his Dark Majesty long exact-

ed the tribute of a salute from superstitious sailors. When General Sullivan was President of New Hampshire, he refused, in his usual brusque fashion, to pay the popular homage to the incumbent of the Pulpit, to the intense terror and concern of those manning his boat. But one of them, with tact, saved the party from the consequences of disrespect to Auld Cloutie by uncovering, as was the custom, and calling with innocent alarm to the stolid old Excellency in the stern, "The birds, sir, seem to have flown over your hat!" — at which delicate caution the plumed triangular head-gear was precipitately removed; and the sly crew went their way, relieved and rejoicing.

Frank's Fort is a little, abrupt, lonely island in mid-stream, growing a few hardy birches, and supporting colonies of the wisest ants extant. Opposite is the bridge spanning the junction of the Piscataqua proper and the Newichewanock rivers. Beneath it one reaches the watery highroads to Durham, Newmarket, and Exeter: the superb sweep of Little and Great Bays; the conflux of the Bellamy and Oyster rivers on the east, the Lamprey and the Squamscot or Exeter — fair streams all — on the west. Near the Newington shore is a queer brick house on the Weeks farm, which was built in 1638. But keeping to a more direct course, at a right angle to the bridge, sombrous and turbulent beneath, after the fashion of its fellow, you shall come to a most charming island,

"Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,"

which has the ruined cellarage of a house as its sole trace of human occupation. It has enough cloistral loveliness of its own to flood a heedless soul with the joys of discovery and primal possession, until one counts several thousand fiendish initials and dates brazenly staring from a line of beech-trees (as if in the children's grotesque game of "Dad-

dy, I'm on your castle!"), and pushes off, in a disenchanted reverie. The Cocheco, a forming branch of the Piscataqua, runs past Dover, fourteen miles by water from the town of Portsmouth; the Salmon Falls, on the other hand, flows hither from its source in Wolfboro.

It is mainly in the neighborhood of its historic city that the river chooses to show its willfulness. There, in summer, it has at times, for a considerable distance, the appearance of the thin, translucent ice which forms over night on a pond in November; too frail to trust, and made only for the musical skurrying of loose stones and dead leaves. Yet Piscataqua is but ill pleased and treacherous when he wears that gentle guise. Every wharf projecting from the shore breaks or alters the ebb and flow. Here is a sudden fall of many inches in as many feet; there a well-like pool, dark as midnight, and as tranquil; now a moving buoy hisses, heaving its ghostly black bulk like a drowning man; and near it, a schooner, made fast to her moorings, cleaves a huge arrow-head in the infuriated water. Fight, and you must wrestle no less than Christian with Apollyon; follow, and you must be as guardedly sensitive as if a supple, snake-eyed savage were, at his own behest, guiding you through the untraveled forest. But what unspeakable clearness in its depths! The gay fish dance into air across your prow; white sails glitter between you and the Isles of Shoals; and everywhere sparkles the blue, alert, full-veined river, bringer of life and of death for ages, surcharged with a spell that draws your eyes downward with weird longings, and sets your lips into a dreamy iteration of known songs after this wise:

"Save me, and hide me with all thy waves!
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,—
Those pure, cold, populous graves of thine,
Wrought without hand in a world without
stain."

The southwesterly entrance to Ports-

mouth Harbor, exposed to sun and storm, has a line of low reefs lying close to the shore, over which the breakers dash so fitfully that a boat, on landing, must, for safety's sake, be beached high and dry. The view there of the sea on a gray day is exceedingly monotonous and desolate. Between Odiorne's and Frost's Points is heard the premonitory note of oncoming storms; the Cassandra-like strip of coast cries warning alike to the Portsmouth, Kittery, and Newcastle sailor, and to the inmates of his surf-beaten house. Opposite Frost's Point, beyond the spindle and spar buoy off Newcastle (marking a bad passage-way, as any one who has been obliged to cross it in a heavy sea will readily attest), lies Jerry's Point, once, with a dignity now obsolete, Jaffrey's Point; whose burrowing earthworks, of various periods, from the very earliest fortifications of this coast to the abandoned half-ruins of yesterday, New Hampshire, with characteristic carelessness, leaves undistinguished and unrecorded, despite, too, the solitary, unavailing, most eloquent protest of the poet John Albee. Opening before us, spanned by the free bridge which connects the Wentworth Hotel with the mainland, is Little Harbor, directly accessible to both river and ocean, but choked up at low tide with weeds and mussel-beds, so that its ingress and egress are snares even to a canoe. On its shores lay of old the Indians' favorite camping-ground. An ancient ferry and a less ancient bridge once crossed the channel here, whose currents run with considerable zest. Here, too, between banks, lives a comfortable tradition concerning a much-abused worthy and his treasures. Divers, wreckers, misers, adventurers, the entire tribe of greedy birds, occasionally gyrate and pirouette to this very day over the enchanted submarine ground, which so far keeps its piratical secret, if it have any. There was but one man who had the curious habit of gorging with gold every New

England cove and inlet. And posterity thanks his forethought by teaching its schoolboys the accusing tune, —

“My name is Robert Kidd,” —

(which they understand as poetic license for William Kidd),

“My name is Robert Kidd, as I sailed;
My name is Robert Kidd, as I sailed;
My name is Robert Kidd, God’s laws I did
forbid,
And O wickedly I did, as I sailed.”

This is small encouragement to gentlemen desiring to enrich their fellow-citizens after Kidd’s modest and ingenious manner.

The only object of general interest between the free bridge and the triad of bridges beyond it is the famous mansion built close to the water’s brink, in 1750, by Benning Wentworth, of which much has been written. Washington was rowed by seamen, dressed in white, to this hospitable door, on his visit to Portsmouth in 1789, and entertained by Mistress Martha Hilton of the ballad, and her second husband, the “great buck,” Colonel Michael Wentworth. On Blunt’s Island, a stone’s-throw away, lived Captain John Blunt, the pilot of Washington’s boat in the memorable crossing of the Delaware. There are many traces of our first President in the neighborhood, both by land and sea. “Hail, matchless Washington!” the chorus sang to him at the garlanded gates of Portsmouth. He was taken fishing, with a brass band to celebrate his prowess, and the thirteen guns of Fort Constitution booming premature victory over the finny tribes. Imagine the effect, upon unprejudiced cod, of such incipient melodies as were then the property of our unmusical republic! “It not being the proper time of tide,” said the truthful father of his country in his diary, “we got but two.”

Following the channel by Pierce’s Island, in the harbor proper, you pass, on the left, some of the curious narrow

lanes and dilapidated gardens of Portsmouth, once the stately haunts of gallants and ladies “starchly mild,” now hushed into serene forgetfulness. The handsome hip-roofed, two-storied yellow house on Hunking Street, with its side towards your boat, belonged to the Lears; of whom Tobias, graduate of Harvard in 1783, was the beloved private secretary of Washington, and tutor to his stepchildren. There, in a room never since altered, Washington sat many a pleasant hour, the young apple-cheeked Storers on his knee. Beyond the brown rotting wharves and the desolate warehouses, whose labor has been over for more than a century, looking townwards, you may next see from the water the spacious Gardner house, with its superb golden linden in front, twelve feet in girth when little less than the same number of feet from the ground. Every deserted path runs to the tide’s edge; silence broods there; you are on the border of a dream-city; where the brisk privateers pranced in the wind, are the ghostly, untenanted wharves and the noiseless hulks of ships. The sole sound is the cheery plash of boyish swimmers in the still water, the wide, comely houses overlooking their play. We remember, as a sort of pathetic finishing-touch to the scene, a pair of lovers, no longer young, on the grass, under an angle of the mouldering wall. It was like the discovery of a softly-building nest, in October, among the forsaken thickets. Another day, sauntering up thither from the low warm rampart-stones back of plebeian Bow Street (*nigra sed formosa*), we saw, on the flaggings before us, the happy-tearful sight, in the year of grace 1886, of an ancient in brass buttons and knee-breeches, and watched him lovingly down the road, thinking of the Last Leaf and its “old, forsaken bough.” Portsmouth is like a palimpsest, in which, by frequent sudden treacheries, only yesterday’s annals are visible. Or it is a coin, as said Samuel Adams Drake, “of

the true weight and ring; but the date and the legend are old."

The Point of Graves, "impropriated forever into the use of a burial-place" in 1671, is a quaint, solemn half-acre on the verge of the water, of late carefully mown and tended, sparsely marked with not illegible stones, the most venerable being of the year 1684, Mr. John Hodge's. Some astonishing cherubs figure in the carvings. Quite as curious are the severe duplicate effigies of Misses Abigail and Sarah Loud, long at rest beneath. Many escutcheons and inscriptions have been removed, or have fallen away from the great unmarked gaps and spaces. On the Vaughan tomb is a new monument, imbedding in granite the ancestral slate slab. The large modern cemetery, once Pickering's "trayning fields," not far away, itself an inclosure coupling several burying-grounds, has, on a hill near the pond, the old stones transferred from Green Street in 1875, including those of President Cutt's family, all interesting and in sound condition, dating as far back as 1674, 1693, and 1714. One of the names here written, that of Olympia Penhallow, is like a breath from Hawthorne's romances. On this ground, in 1768, was hanged the girl Ruth Blay, for the supposed murder of her little child. A reprieve arrived at the appointed hour of execution, but the sufferer was dead, and the crowd already dispersed; the sheriff, Packer, having hurried his duties in order that he might not be late for dinner! The whole story is strange and stirring. Idyls uncounted, decaying ungathered traditions, cluster about the shady nooks of Portsmouth; matter for the unborn poet or novelist who longs for an American theme. Each man's acre has its secret histories and its solitary graves. On every field and hillock, nodding with corn, the chosen Egyptian skeleton sits at the feast; and the ashes of generations lurk under many a poplar or rowan tree that brushes its light tips against

my lady's chamber. To a Bostonian, especially, there is a kindly kinship and fellow-feeling in these isolated stones, which bring over and over to his eye names familiar to the morning annals of his own "three-hilled rebel town:" Woodbridge, Sheafe, Emerson, Shurtleff, Chauncey, Drowne, and Appleton.

The first house built in Portsmouth by a Wentworth, and used by him as a licensed tavern in 1670, — such are the plain, sturdy fountain-heads of New England dynasties! — a substantial structure, with herculean beams and chimneys thirteen by ten, stands at the head of Manning Street, next to Liberty Bridge, and owned offices, of yore, to the water, which was the natural approach to all the old manorial doors. In it were born Lieutenant-Governor John Wentworth, and that formal, gouty, autocratic Governor Benning, who became the husband of the poet's inescapable Martha Hilton, and did little else diverting enough to remember. The bridge, built, with its draw, in 1731, has echoed to the tread of patriotic crowds in times of bygone political passion; and a sort of illuminated sign-board, "in honor of our independence," hangs happily yet over one of its posts. Beneath are the waters of Puddle Dock, once a beauteous and commodious inlet, now narrowed and defiled. We cannot here follow the land-paths of Portsmouth, even though away from the river, a little distance beyond, lie such noble houses as no other American town can show; of which Langdon's immemorial colonial dwelling, and the brick Warner homestead on Daniel Street, built in 1718, and supplied with its lightning-rod by Franklin's own hands in 1762, are scarcely less restful and truly lovable than a hundred others.

Shapley's Island was the scene of many festive and select "small-pox parties;" which meant the brief retirement from the world of the hilarious inoculated. Here were buried, in Revolu-

tionary days, those of the French fleet who sickened and died in harbor; and storms yet sometimes wash away the earth from their bleached, exiled, unremembered bones. *Requiescant!* for they, too, loved our country in her youth, and served her when she was alone and unrecognized. Half-way between Spruce Creek and Newcastle is Clark's Island, an interesting hillock, where a lone and lively goat is wont to pay addresses to chance visitors; a social, insistent creature, but easily abashed by a corrective hand. All the neighboring islands are beautifully wooded, and in autumn they blaze to the water's surface with incalculable splendor. Badger's Island, set well into the lower harbor, between Portsmouth and the delightful shores of Kittery Foreside, belonged of old to Governor Langdon, who generously tendered it for the Navy-Yard of Revolutionary needs; the name of the master-builder, Badger, having clung to it from that time. Here the Faulkland had been launched in 1690; here the victorious frigate Raleigh was built in 1775, and here, also, the Ranger, which, under the Scotchman Paul Jones, carried the stars and stripes for the first time into a foreign port. Langdon superintended Hackett's framing of the seventy-four-gun ship America, the largest then planned. When Jones was ordered to command her in 1779, he found her but half-built, and watched over her thenceforth with most affectionate concern. But no sooner was she finished — the beautiful only American ship-of-the-line, with her powerful bows, single quarter-galleries, and spacious upper gun-deck, having the air, a short distance off, of a delicate frigate — than she was given by the government to France, in compensation for the loss of the *Magnifique* in Boston Harbor. Paul Jones's splendid darling was captured by the admiring British in 1794, lived to extreme old age, and did duty under other owners and an alien name. Soon after her

first timbers were put together at Portsmouth, when the English tried to destroy her, Jones and a handful of friends went on guard in person to defend her. When the Dauphin was born, in 1782, the little Louis, soon to be taken from the evil to come, Jones, at his private expense, had artillery mounted on board, and boomed, and drank toasts, and spun rockets, and kept up his wild *feu de joie* until midnight. On the ensuing 4th of July, it is superfluous to add, the noise and the fireworks outdid themselves, John Paul having had some sense of national proprieties.

In Badger's time one hundred stanch vessels left their ways from this little island. Launching was difficult, owing to ledges, shallows, sharp corners, and dependence on the tides; the worthy master had a nervous habit of turning away as soon as preparations were complete, and watching the descent, by preference, from the windows of his great house, near by. Then followed the gathering of workmen and sailors; and amid punch, laughter, song, and jollity the brave ship was bidden God-speed. Those were the days when a Yankee broadside was a terror on the seas. The British Scarborough, coming to Portsmouth to forage for provisions, had a little engagement on the way with a vehement Newcastle matron, who withheld her well-water, and was punished by a shower of balls in her prim, astonished parlor. Entering the town waters, the invaders were literally driven off by two men; one of whom, Captain Tom Pickering, afterwards commanded the twenty-gun ship Hampden, and was killed in action in 1779.

In the harbor, in 1782, arrived five vessels of the great French fleet then moored off Boston, after a sound battering received from their English cousins near the West Indies. One of them, an eighty-gunner, was struck by lightning while anchored at Portsmouth, in November of that year, and four of her crew

were killed. The uniform of these visiting soldiers and marines—two regiments under the Marquis de Vaudreuil,—was white. But Jack, even a Parisian Jack, cannot long keep such clothes spotless as a good conscience; and Brewster records how, in the absence of powder, our cheerful French allies periodically rolled themselves about in the big meal-chest of the Stavers house on Court Street!

The water-life of Portsmouth, however, was at its height during the war of 1812. A craze setting in for open sea-hunts of the sort, innumerable privateers were built and fitted out, saucy and successful for the greater part, and capturing on every cruise ponderous British vessels, with their cargoes and stores; the winners making precarious fortunes hand over hand. Many such craft, owned and manned by individual enterprise, commissioned by the United States to pious buccaneering, unlimited pursuit and harassing of the enemy, carried but one Long Tom, or brass swivel, with merely a dozen or fourteen guns, and crews rarely averaging over one hundred men. Yet no vessel of superior physique was safe before their brilliant and audacious attack. The harbor, astir with the airy prow of bold adventurers, with the hulls of commerce and stately men-of-war, has lapsed into a deserted highway for many a bygone year. Up and down passes an occasional work-day sail; or the quaint gunlow beats a rapid, triangular wing seaward. There is more bustle and activity in the port of Gloucester in one day than now falls to the lot of Portsmouth in a lustrum.

The present Navy Yard, which engrosses, to small profit, the surplus energies of the town and its suburbs, occupies two islands off Kittery shore, once granted by Sir Ferdinando Gorges (under the name of Puddington's Islands) to a son of the first Fernald, with the vain provision that they were to belong forever to the heirs male, by that right

of entail which was afterwards abolished by the State of Maine. Vessels which were the glory of the American navy—when existed both a glory and a navy—were built here, the illustrious Kearsarge among them. The yard is well placed, with a fine dry-dock, and the buildings are of much interest. Between the Navy Yard proper and Seavy's (the annexed island) is a stout little bridge, where paces the white-gloved sentry; on one side is the green sloping bank, on the other the unbroken stone barriers, over which frown the tall pattern-shops of the yard; ahead is another short bridge, beyond which, again, are the outlines of the Yantic, or the revised screw-corvette *Vandalia*, stripped and idle, sleeping after a cruise: a narrow water-lane, full to the brim, and opaline to the eye, where at all times it is good to be. On business bent, you would prefer the calmer course alongshore. But the pent currents, made for fights; the bridgelets, with their weedy and barnacled columns, daggers to unwary fingers; the light, softened by the overhanging walls and the waving boughs an oar's-length away; the deep, limpid, immaculate water,—so much evidence of life, and yet so little sound and motion beyond the race of the tides,—give it a sort of Veronese glamour. Shooting out into view of the harbor, you shall instinctively take off your cap to the presence of departed greatness, to the memories of Bainbridge, Hull, and Stewart, and to the happily reigning genius of Oliver Wendell Holmes. For here, transformed into a double-decked receiving-ship, her pine timbers painted yellow, with square abrupt stern and carven bows; revered by every seaman in this beautiful beneficent ninetyeth year of her age, the golden Indian summer to which her poet saved her, lies the glorious frigate *Constitution*! Old Ironsides is at home and at rest, her wounds healed, her port-holes closed; and Time slowly leads her

"Into the peace of his dominions cold."

Seavy's, least of all the Portsmouth outlying creeks in historic interest, is broadest at the immediate entrance, and hardest to follow without a chart. You pass under a lonely bridge, and push on, by numerous inlets and tiny islands, through a thickly wooded country, and a channel growing shallower, to a little straggling, obstinate stone-wall, which crosses the water-path and serves as a dam. Here, mooring the boat, and working along on the left bank, you come to fairy-land, as surely as ever you may find that country, not being a child: a tall pine copse, untouched by hand of man, marshaling ranks of lustrous ferns, starred with partridge berries, and carpeted inches deep with a tawny velvet beyond the science of looms, — a place wherein to sleep a long sleep, and dream good dreams; and girdling it, a merry, inconsequent fresh-water brook, mossy-banked, golden-sanded, which dances tauntingly up to the barriers, and mocks the feebly moving finger of the salt sea. No houses are there, within sight or sound; there great lazy-winged birds, evading the hunters, flap overhead; there rare lichens cling to every rock and twig, and the cool elfin rivulet laughs everlastingly. There is nothing to learn, not even a date nor a name for the antiquarian, whose acquiring eye is twitted with beauty, pure and simple. There is "always afternoon;" there are the keys of joyance to hands that know their uses, and there the gates — the languid, irresponsible, unphilanthropic gates — which shut out the world! Along the same southerly shore, towards the town, lies Sagamore Creek, formerly called Witch Creek, on whose banks lived Benjamin Lear, the celebrated hermit, and Estwick Evans, the "pedestrian traveller." It is, from end to end, of extraordinary loveliness. Close to the creek, but not visible, save at one point, from it, is the Strawberry Patch road, the oldest highway in New Hampshire. All about are ancient houses, or

ancient sites of houses; acres unalienated, inheritances kept; names on grave-stones renewed daily among the men and women who walk beside them. Portsmouth, almost alone in the United States, can belie the plaint of our eloquent historian, that the son rarely sits in the shadow of the trees planted by his father. Throughout her sunny domain, family heritages are passed peacefully from generation to generation. Here on Sagamore Creek are farms standing centuries under the same ownership, and cherished, in a beautiful old phrase of the poet Surrey, by "the household of continuance." The Martine house, such now and to-morrow, was built by a Martine; and the Langdon fields, iridescent with berries, and broken into picturesque undulations of rocks and overhanging willows, are always a Langdon's. Beyond at Newcastle, across at Kittery, townwards at Greenland and Christian Shore, the old associations linger in the old places. The Devon settlers did not bequeath their names in vain. Where a Trefethen, a Bamfylde, or a Penhallow strove to make the wilderness blossom, children of their blood are playing in the open meadows. Vaughans, Dennets, Wentworths, Gerrishes, as in the twilight of New England's strength, walk the flagged lanes of Portsmouth. At the pioneer settlement on Odiorne's Point, Odiornes still dwell; and the strong-timbered house not far from Mill Bridge, built by a Jackson in 1664, with its great sloping roof and projecting sills, and its door opening on the water, is no less a Jackson's in 1887. Brewster runs over the list of land-owners from Rye Beach to Great Bay, in the Constable's Lists for 1686, and finds that for a considerable distance, in the order of their names, the old roll-call will hold good for the present possessors. Nothing so much as this tranquil domestic conservatism gives to Portsmouth its exceeding charm.

Towards Spruce Creek, on the Maine

shore, is the now altered Whipple garrison-house, built at a very early but uncertified date, where afterwards William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born. The upper stories projected over the lower, as in the wooden block-house of the neighboring Fort McClary; or the venerable Wells house, built in 1660, and still standing in Salem Street, in Boston. The protectory holes in the outstanding floors were not only for convenience in firing, but for supplying valiant wives with opportunity to quench any fire enkindled below, or to touch up an aggressive redskin with domestic hot water. Spruce Creek itself, dividing Kittery Foreside from Kittery Point, and piercing to Eliot and York, is, like Seavy's, of no especial recorded interest. It is very wide, once the bridge is passed, and fair to see at full flood. Looming beyond it, throughout its course, is blue Agamenticus, the chosen mount, whence, according to a stately tradition, the great sachem Passaconoway, after counsel given to his assembled braves, disappeared, tall and hoary, among the clouds. Nearing the Point, an anointed eye may be on the lookout for the shade of the captivating Mary Sparhawk, daughter of the sweet girl Elizabeth Pepperell, whose Kittery wedding-dress was "white paduroy, flowered with all sorts of colors;" that Mary, afterwards a famous laughing Tory beauty, who won over the commander of an all-but-bombarding fleet to spare Portsmouth, in 1775, and to sail cheerfully away to sack Portland, then Falmouth, instead.

Kittery is a town with antecedents, having been settled in 1643, and incorporated twenty-four years later, while its liege city was still under the nursery-name of "Strabery Banke." "For piety," a certain native old lady asserted with unction, "Kittery beats all." Its borders were once inclusive of several outlying villages. The frame church here was put up in 1714, and after that

at Hingham, is the oldest in New England. The cemetery opposite is more remarkable for the romances lived by its occupants than for any peculiarities of epitaph. The subjacent worthies, however, are set forth under the most Munchausenish array of perfections, and must have been the salt of the four continents, beyond competition. There is a temptation to repeat one odd quatrain, which is incorrectly quoted in many books. It has lately been cleared from mosses and re-cut by a friendly matron, so obese that it is an excusable freak if you meanly elude her by an accelerated march, when you come to her toll-bridge. Refined irony christeneth her Atalanta, inasmuch as she cannot run at all. The mortuary verse is Margaret Hill's, who died of salt water in 1804, and runs, as many readers know, as follows:—

"I lost my Life on the raging seas;
A sovereign God does as he Please:
The Kittery friends they did Appear,
And my remains they Buried here."

A pleasanter hour can hardly be passed than in Margaret Hill's company; that is, lying a little to her left, on the brow of the bluff, among scented grasses, watching the earnest river and the happy colored islands that jut into the sea; an alive, alert, conscious creature at the casements of the ancient house of death. Whatever symbolisms are held in water, this strong, sensitive water suggests as it hurries by. . . . "Eternity! thither, indeed, of a truth, and not elsewhere, art thou and all things bound."

Fort McClary is an American ruin, as is Fort Constitution. Lack of appropriation on the part of the government during the rebellion gave us the two most thrilling rarities of the coast. The unused block-house, with its venerable air, is merely a *parvenu* of 1845, the year when the fort was repaired. It has a queer, rambling, dungeon interior, put together with great compactness and forethought, and should be recommended

as a summer retreat for our harassed President. The fort was first erected in 1700, the elder Pepperell being captain of its garrison. It was re-named, later, for the handsome young McClary, of Epsom, New Hampshire, killed by a chance shot at the close of Bunker Hill battle; and it has had no especial history since. Near it are some glorious mellow houses, among which the Pepperell house, with its shipyards and wharves, is of paramount interest. It was built about 1730, by the old colonel and his son, — Smollett's "Piscataquay trader," the future baronet. It was wider then than now by twenty feet, and had a deer-park to the river; facing which, with the local instinct that the water was to be ever the readier and finer highway, it stood. Its wealth and pomp have gone to ashes, like the bygone owners, who sleep in the crypt now close to the Pepperell Hotel. The neighboring Bray house, also narrowed, dates from the Restoration of the "second Charles, of fame facete." In one of the rooms, painted in panels over the fireplace, is an old picture of the siege of Louisburg. At the water-side, accessible from both kindred houses, — Margery Bray having become the wife of the elder Pepperell, — are the shattered piers where the sleek old merchants paced up and down awaiting the ships that never came home without some fortunate freight. The water is not deep there, and lapses mournfully among the piles, riveted with wooden pegs and encrusted with star-fish.

Through Chauncey's, the best of the creeks, which divides Kittery Point from Gerrish's and Cutt's Islands, and was long called Braveboat or Brawboat Harbor or Creek, one may gain access to the lower Maine seacoast and the sheltered town of York. Past some exquisite heights, dear to foraging Indians, and an ancient drawbridge, once an obstacle to their gentle schemes, — now, alas! in danger of ceding place to an

iron enormity, — the water glides under a second arch, and begins to insinuate itself through a farmer's field in a very lizard-like and fantastic manner. Presently, always in case the Atlantic is pouring in supplies at your back, you will be obliged to disembark, and, leading the painter, walk a mile through the meadow; your companion, meanwhile, if you have one, sheering your wherry off from the angles of turf, and keeping the course straight. It is a pleasant little voyage, for the water, sometimes four feet across, is deep, and broadens gradually, after the mile, into the circuitous and lucid creek again. Pushing on in the heart of a most beautiful country, you reach maple and walnut woods, and, beyond, the white line of the open sea, whence your haven is in sight. Our last personal experience of Chauncey's was somewhat more invigorating. We had to start through it at five of a soft morning, when the tide was already past its kindest, and the sky frowning. For hours not to be so much as named amongst us, save for pardonable pride and yet more pardonable laughter, we tugged at our clumsy hired Argo, under slinky circumstances, through a channel where everything but water seemed on the increase, and whose entire surface, banked with superior mud, was narrower than the keel of the wherry! Our fair and lauded natural canal looked like a farmer's draining-ditch, to which the forcing tides got access from the sea. We could scarcely believe it anything else in our dismay, as we pursued our long, turtle-like, and muddy march homewards.

On Cutt's Island, bordering the creek, dotted with venerable homesteads, and reached as well by a rough, delightful road, is the cairn of Francis Champernowne, one of the most romantic figures of his day. He was a gentleman of Devon, kinsman of Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who took these lands by a transferred grant of Gorges in 1636,

and lived in honorable splendor, here and at Greenland, until his death in 1687. Champernowne inherited a fine Norman name, and did not belie whatever hardy virtues it implied; he filled the highest offices in the state, from his twenty-seventh year, when he was provincial councilor, to the date of his decease, when he was councilor, again, to Sir Edmund Andros. He married the widow of Robert Cutt. Under a rough heap of boulders, either in accordance with his own modest desires, or because it afforded protection against marauding wolves, he lies buried; in a walled and lonely inclosure, close to the ocean, on land now the property of a sea-loving poet. Of this remarkable man, in his adopted country, at least, there are but sparse records. His name is one of the few precious points of color in our sombre New England retrospect.

Great Island, on which is the village of Newcastle, bars out the first force of the sea from the town of Portsmouth, and divides the main and the lesser outlets of the river. Off its northerly shore one may see, among the rest, Bos'n Allen's reverend house, with its portly chimneys and violently inclined roof, close to the post-office, in the heart of the curious, compact little town. From the ocean side, one has a glimpse of Newcastle's blessed Authors' Colony, and of the beautiful, strong-muscled Jaffrey house, aged, steeped in memories, and loved of its owner. Moving on foot, seaward from the village, you may climb the slight cliff where rises the Walbach martello tower, with its crumbling sally-port and parapets, another ruin which is a perennial joy to the artist, and a pit-fall to chroniclers; — and reach from it the noble gateway of Fort Constitution. Known first as the Castle (its earliest commander being Richard Cutt, in 1674), it took later, from the reigning sovereigns, the name of William and Mary; afterward, in Revolutionary days, that of Fort Hancock; and when re-

built in 1808, its present title. Its garrison consists of one harmless sergeant, who, like itself, fires no hostile shots. The granite loopholes, the flaggings and mortar-stands, are of splendid size and design; but the work of renovation, suddenly stopped near the close of the last war, has left things, since, as desolate as Balcutha. There are to be found piles on piles of canister, shell and bomb, large and small; and fine Parrott guns, one hundred and fifty pounders, wheeled into place. But weeds grow under and cobwebs over; hinges are rusted, derricks and rails are broken; and so forlorn is the aspect of the entire inclosure that it is a relief, after a moment, to turn away.

In December of 1774, Mr. Paul Revere, perhaps with that same serviceable myth-horse to whom we owe more than a mausoleum, spurred hither from Boston, bearing official warning that a new law over-seas forbade the further exportation of gunpowder to the colonies; having the subsequent satisfaction of learning that the Portsmouth Sons of Liberty, and divers Newcastle patriots, under John Sullivan, John Langdon, and, probably, John Pickering, invested this same fort, overcame its ample numbers, and bore off in triumph to Durham meeting-house one hundred barrels of powder. That powder was turned to salutary uses in the hands of the young army at Bunker Hill. Within the area of the fort are the unmarked graves of minister Robert Jourdan, who rests from his labors since 1679, and of many forefathers of the seafaring villagers.

Off this shore, at the uttermost limits of the harbor, among "enchanted garden-islets," is Whale-Back Light; part of the first tower, erected in 1829, crouching beside its granite supplanter. Storms drive in the passing vessels, or faithless air becalms them, in great flocks, off the reefs; so that the blue Newcastle river-street often verily be-

comes a "sea-city, a Venice moored for a night, not a trace of which shall be seen in the morning." Newcastle is the sentinel; now disarmed, at the grass-grown gates of Portsmouth: behind is the gentle city, mother of famous sons, beautiful unspeakably in her monastic quiet; before, the mighty Europe-laving ocean, unbroken save where the white Isles of Shoals glisten by day, and the watchful coast-lights flash up, one by one, on the darkened horizon. So,

drowsily and by star-shine, fade from our eyes glimpses of the blossomy shores, and from our ears the song of the untamable river, sweeter to old Portsmouth than her own joy-bells. For Piscataqua is not alone the sunny pathway of her ships and the natural guardian of her superb outlying acres, but the very pulse and life-blood of her heart; the sole possible renewer of her youth, when there shall be written the annals of a renascent navy.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

DOÑA QUIXOTE.

It was on a dismal November evening, full to the throat of smoke and fog, that Captain George Farquhar, having nothing better to do with himself, strolled into the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre. He was plainly in an unhappy mood, and his face, handsome enough even in gloom to strike any woman, or any man, with interest, if with no more ardent feeling, was clouded over with so deep a melancholy that it resembled nothing so much as the weather from which he had just taken shelter.

There was such a confusion of voices, as he came in, that for a minute or two his entrance passed unnoticed. All the company were dressed for their parts in the new comedy; in five minutes the curtain was to ring up; the premonitory whistles and cat-calls from the impatient gallery penetrated even to the green-room; yet, in spite of the fact that the performance was so close at hand, the entire company surrounded Mr. Rich, the manager, everybody talking at the top of his voice, each one evidently making a different suggestion to the anxious manager. Wilks, dressed as a gallant of the seventeenth century, — elegant, dashing, irresistible, — had not yet put on the fine airs of his part,

and was talking as earnestly as if he had never forgotten to be anybody but Robert Wilks; Colley Cibber, never quite so much himself as the character he personated, was as earnest as Wilks; Mistress Oldfield — bewitching Anne Oldfield — was gesticulating with her shut fan, that very fan which she was soon to unfurl with such effect before the footlights; Dogget, laying aside his stolid air, had for once become animated; the other members of the company, grouped at greater or less distance, were all joining in the hubbub, till Babel itself was outdone and confounded. Mr. Rich put his fingers in his ears.

"Great heaven!" exclaimed Farquhar, pausing on the threshold, "what is all this din about? Has Rich decided that he will not give any one a benefit, and are you all refusing to go on till he comes to terms?"

"Here's George," cried Wilks, seizing him by the arm and dragging him into the group. "He comes in the very nick of time. He has forsworn the stage, but he will dance in the minuet."

"To be sure he will, to oblige me," said Mrs. Oldfield, turning upon him her whole battery of smiles.

"We end the second act of the com-

edy with a minuet, danced by all the characters," said Mr. Rich, in answer to Farquhar's look of inquiry. "Mr. Hartley is suddenly taken ill, and can't appear. Porter can speak his lines, but he can't dance, and we want somebody to go on just for the dance."

"Do it, George," said Wilks, anticipating Farquhar's doubtful reply. "No man in England can dance better. You shall dance with Nan," he whispered in his friend's ear. "You can press her hand for at least as many minutes as the dance goes on. Colonel Mainwaring, though he sit directly in front of you both, can't gainsay you that privilege."

"What, go on in a part thus," said Farquhar, pointing to his black clothes, — "in a comedy of Charles the Second?"

"Not so," answered Wilks. "There's my dress for Sir Harry Wildair in my tiring-room. My man will give it to you. We can wear the same clothes, George. We have done it often enough, Lord knows, when we were both poor players in Dublin. Put on Sir Harry's dress. It will become you mightily, and quite proper you should wear the costume of one of your own puppets. Say yes. There's the curtain! I'm called!" and a moment after a roar of applause came through the half-opened door of the green-room, proving that Wilks had appeared before his adoring audience.

"I know you won't let me lose my dance," said Mrs. Oldfield. "I expect to make a mighty hit in it." And she swept him a low curtsy as she went out to the wings to wait her entrance, and to share Wilks's triumphs.

"You will oblige us, Captain Farquhar?" asked Rich.

"Faith, I suppose I must; there's no help for it," said Farquhar. "I can refuse Bob nothing. And as for you, Rich, you'll treat my next comedy the better for this. So here's for Bob's dressing-room."

There was a little murmur of admira-

tion even among the *blasé* occupants of the green-room when Captain Farquhar reappeared, divested of the sober suit he usually wore, and arrayed in the white satin and red velvet, fleecy laces and diamond buckles, of Sir Harry Wildair. It is not often that handsome habiliments set off so handsome a person; and George Farquhar, then in his twenty-fifth year and in the fullest grace of manhood, was a sight to please the eye and stir the heart even of the coldest looker-on.

"Begad, George, you belong to us," said Cibber, who had just come in from his last scene in the first act; "it's a pity you ever left the stage."

"It would have kept you in better pocket than your comedies or your commission," said Rich, jestingly.

Farquhar smiled a little sadly. "You are right about the profit of it, Rich. My pen and sword together would n't pay for my own Sir Harry's shoe buckles. But it won't always be so. Mark that, Rich; mark that, Cibber. The star of the poor devil of an author is rising. The time will come, though you and I may not see it, when he will command a price for his work like any other man. He will ride in his coach yet, as decently as any man who sells cheese or candles in Cheapside, or turns his guineas at double interest in Lombard Street."

"He will never make the profit we make out of him," said Cibber, flicking off the particles of his last pinch of snuff from his lace ruffles. "Look at Wilks, now, with his ten guineas a week and a benefit. You made a mistake, George."

Farquhar turned on his heel to meet Wilks, who was just entering. Everybody there knew why Farquhar had left the boards. He went on the stage a mere boy. He was one of the best readers of his day, — perhaps that was one reason he wrote so naturally, — and he had the face and figure for his profession. But when barely eighteen he had

accidentally wounded an antagonist in a scenic duel. The poor fellow came near dying of the wound, and Farquhar, struck by remorse, left the stage forever. It was after he got his commission in the army that Wilks had persuaded him of his talent for comedy-writing, and had helped to bring out his plays at Drury Lane.

A hurried rehearsal of the stage dance in the green-room preceded the second act, to prepare Farquhar to lead Mistress Oldfield out in the minuet. Everybody in the theatre knew how madly he had been in love with her, and how she had turned her back on him for a lover higher in rank and richer in purse than he. Farquhar had not yet sufficiently recovered from this mood to resist the temptation which Wilks had suggested, of holding her pretty dimpled hand in his for a dance. There were few in the audience who were likely to recognize him in his dress of Sir Harry. He was about the same height as Porter, who should have had the place he took in the dance. At least he would risk being recognized, and oblige his friends.

It would take the finest touch of poet and fiction-writer at once to describe a minuet as George Farquhar and Mistress Anne Oldfield danced it. No others on the scene held the eye for one moment while they were upon it. Even Wilks was for a brief time forgotten, and lavished his usually incomparable graces upon careless observers. The pen fails in attempting to represent this pair. She, with her perfect figure swayed by every motion of the music ; now sinking, now rising, on the waves of sound ; her dazzling neck turning this way and that with swan-like gesture ; her eyes, now half shut, now pouring all their power of charm into the eyes of the beholder ; her pretty foot, now slowly advanced with such exquisite yet coy grace, then slowly withdrawn under the folds of her sweeping petticoats ; one arm wreathed above her head in alluring curves, the

other held by the yielding finger-tips in the hand of her partner : he, no less graceful, and hardly less enchanting than she ; his elegant figure, now approaching, now receding from her, in languishing yet reverent movement ; the half-tender, half-nonchalant air with which he led her through the mazes of the dance ; the perfect grace with which foot and leg answered every note of the music ; the captivating bend of his figure, as he bowed low before her at the close of each measure, — all this was for the eye only ; no words can describe it. Again and again the curtain fell on this revelation of the entrancing graces of motion. Again and again the fascinated audience demanded its repetition.

Meanwhile, poor Farquhar had discovered, to his chagrin, that neither look nor touch of his met any response from his charming partner. Every wreathed smile, every tender beam from her sparkling eyes, fell, not upon him, but on his fortunate rival, who sat in a box on the right, in complacent consciousness of being the chosen and acknowledged suitor of pretty Mistress Oldfield. Farquhar had been deeply in love with her, but even the most ardent flame will burn low if one pours upon it a sufficient quantity of cold water, and Farquhar, handsome, used to success in affairs of the heart, and only twenty-five years old, was not capable of sighing eternally without encouragement. He was beginning to flag in the ardor of the dance, when, just as he relaxed his grasp a little on the unanswering finger-tips of his chilling companion, a pair of soft eyes from a box on the left met his own, and revived his waning enthusiasm. At least there was more than one pair of woman's eyes in the world. If Nan Oldfield looked one way, he could turn the other. And he danced on, with finer and more fascinating grace than before, only instead of fixing on Mrs. Oldfield the glance of respectful adoration which he at first had bent upon

her alone, he turned all its force upon the eyes which he was suddenly conscious followed absorbingly his every movement.

The box was provokingly dark. He could see neither the figure nor the face, which was obscured in the dim light reflected into the box from the candles of the footlights; only a pair of soft, gleaming eyes, that never ceased their gaze while the dance lasted. Farquhar thought that he caught vaguely the outline of a rounded chin, and a brow with hair falling over it; but players and playwrights are habitually imaginative, and although he conjured up a whole face to fit the eyes, he could not be certain that any trait was really true to his own fancy.

It happened that night after night for a week Hartley remained ill, and Farquhar went on in the dance-scene. Half a dozen others might in this time have been trained to fill the place, but somehow Farquhar did not speak of relinquishing it, and Rich found the minuet too decided a hit to suggest any change. Meantime, the denizens of the green-room shook their heads every evening over Farquhar's madness, which led him to pursue his hopeless passion for the queen of comedy; and every night the same pair of eyes gleamed duskily on him from the box on the left, with the same fascinated attention. He could perceive no coquetry in the gaze, only an all-absorbing interest, which seemed to make the owner unconscious that her glances were answered, or even that they attracted the notice of the object on whom they were so constantly fixed. Every night, as the dance ended, and he bent low before his partner, he cast the gaze of reverent admiration which accompanied the obeisance into the box on the left. He saw the figure sink into the deeper shadows of the background, as if all interest ceased with his last movement. On leaving the stage he rushed to his dressing-room, resumed

his ordinary dress, and ran to haunt the door of the box, the passages, and the entrances of the theatre; he walked up and down the street in front of the play-house, even stared into the passing carriages, till the play was over, and the last play-goer had left Drury Lane. It was in vain. The occupant of the box must have left the theatre as soon as he had left the stage. He could find not the slightest trace of her.

At length, — it was on the sixth and last evening of the comedy, — Farquhar took a sudden resolve. He left his long military cloak in the wings, as he went on the scene. When the dance ended he made his exit. Enveloping himself in his cloak, he ran to the front entrance of the theatre. A solitary coach stood at the doorway. A lady was just entering it as Farquhar hastily bounded upon the pavement. As she was seating herself she turned toward him. He was sure he saw the gleam of her eyes in the faint reflection of the wretched oil-lamps which vaguely lit up the muddy sidewalk.

What transports he felt, when a voice, soft as the glance which had allured him, said half inquiringly, "Captain Farquhar?"

"Faith, she has my name already," said he to himself, and his foot was on the step and his hand on the fastening of the coach door before it had time to close. "I beg your ladyship's pardon, but you spoke to me?"

The lady had sunk back among the cushions. Perhaps she was frightened at her temerity; perhaps she was an acquaintance, whom he had failed to recognize; perhaps — No matter what doubts assailed him; this was the beginning of the eighteenth century, when a brave man did not wait to be resolved in the outset of an adventure either of love or of war. Farquhar was a gallant man, a military officer, and an Irishman, — a triple-headed reason for being rapid in his action on such an occasion. He did

not wait further, but stepped into the carriage and shut the door.

"I am sure your ladyship has something to say to me, and since we can talk much more at our ease driving than standing still, may I bid your coachman drive home?"

There was a low murmur, which Farquhar readily took for consent. He gave the order to the coachman, and took his seat by his companion.

"You called me by name, madam," he said, in his tenderest modulations. "May I ask if I have the honor of a previous acquaintance?"

"You have never seen me before," answered the lady, a little tremulously.

("Hanged if I can see you now," said Farquhar to himself. "Delicious voice, though, melting and sweet as honey just dropped from the comb.")

"But I have seen *you*, six times in all," she continued, "from my box, on the left of the stage."

"T is the eyes, sure enough," said Farquhar internally. Then aloud, "Madam, you mistake when you declare I have not seen you. I swear to you I've seen nothing but your eyes, waking or asleep, for a week past. But I can't for the life of me imagine how you know my name, for even in my dreams I have not been able to guess at yours."

"Oh, that was not so difficult. I found that Mr. Rich was the manager, and I wrote him three days ago to ask who you might be. I described you so well there was no fear of his mistaking."

"Confound the fellow," muttered Farquhar to himself, "he gave me no hint of this." Then audibly, "And Mr. Rich answered you?"

"Most immediately, and gave me a whole history about you."

"Ah-ah!" said Farquhar. "But permit me to say, dearest madam, that it would have been a more direct way if you had conveyed a billet to me, in person. In that case I might have tasted

the bliss of knowing you at least three days earlier."

"Indeed, I *had* thought of that, too," returned the lady; "but besides the fear that my note might fall into other hands than yours, I was not sure, if I used no more ceremony, but you might think it strange of me."

"My dear madam," said Farquhar, more ardently than he had yet ventured, "you may be sure no man of sense will think anything she does not wish, of a charming woman who commits so very slight an indiscretion on his account; and in that respect I am the most discreet as well as the most gallant of my sex." And here his hand found in some way the hand he had been cautiously seeking in the darkness, and he gave the soft fingers a reassuring pressure. The hand was quickly withdrawn, and the lady shrank further back into the corner. Farquhar, a little rebuffed, began to consider the situation rather more deeply.

The coach, driving on rapidly all this time, was already a good distance from Drury Lane. It had passed, by several tortuous and narrow streets, into Leicester Square, then a lonely and deserted-looking place enough, past the stately mansions in its vicinity, and was now in the open road, leading westward, where the houses grew more isolated and infrequent. Farquhar, left to a moment of sober reflection, began to inquire whither he might be going.

"A plague upon my cursed rashness," he thought, as the lady remained silent, nestling away from him in the corner of the coach. "Here am I, engaged to a woman of whom I know nothing but that she has a pair of fine eyes. She may be as old and as ugly as sin. A little paint and powder would conceal the deepest wrinkles, in all the light I've yet seen her in. True, the hand I just pressed was soft and small enough, but everybody knows that a woman's hand and arm may be young and fair till she's near sixty. I may be following some old

coquette, who laughs now in her sleeve at having caught a young fellow like me. Or — Gads my life! — she may be some cut-throat in petticoats, who does not know how empty my pockets are, or fancies that the diamonds in Sir Harry's shoe-buckles are more valuable than I know them to be. I have no mind to turn from a comedy-writer into a theme for a tragedy." And here the adventure of the Chevalier de Chastillon in France, which he had just made the catastrophe of the last act of his new comedy *The Inconstant*, came into his head all of a sudden; and in spite of the fact that he was a brave man, and by no means a tyro in affairs of gallantry, the cold chills ran over him. His blood, warmed hitherto by the dance, and the excitement of the adventure, seemed to congeal and stop in its course through his veins.

At this moment the carriage stopped. The prospect, what little there was of it in the gloom of a November midnight, on which a thin moon was struggling to shed a gleam through a bank of dense clouds that surrounded her, was not reassuring. They had driven up through a thick avenue of trees to reach the portal of a great, dreary-looking house, from whose windows not a ray of light was emitted. The place was frightfully lonely, remote from other dwellings, and as silent as the grave. The coach had driven close to the door; the lady leaped lightly from the carriage, turned and extended her hand. The outer door of entrance yielded to her touch, and they went in, Farquhar still holding fast by the hand which she had held out to him.

"Step softly, and make no noise," she whispered. "It would be a sad affair for us both if we waked anybody."

Whatever might be his misgivings, Farquhar felt that it was no time to turn back. He pressed the hand for answer, and followed fast on her footsteps. Through a long hall, then up a flight of steps to a winding corridor, then on

through a denser darkness, till some gleams of light from under a door at the end of the passage warned him he was nearing the light. The lady pushed open this door; they entered, and she closed it softly and bolted it after them.

It was a delicious change from the cold and darkness outside. They were in a lady's boudoir, elegantly and a little fantastically fitted up. There were hangings of Spanish stuff on the walls, an Eastern carpet underfoot, some strange bits of decoration on the chimney-piece, which looked like Moorish, and one or two luxurious couches and chairs from Italy. These, mingled with the hideous china ornaments and the stiff furniture of Queen Anne's time, made an effect which was then unusual. Best of all, a brilliant fire burned on the hearth, soft light from a dozen candles gleamed from the chimney-piece. The whole room had the appearance of awaiting some expected guests. Farquhar threw off his cloak on entering, and instinctively approached the blaze. The chill of the evening was penetrating, and his white satin breeches and silk stockings were but a light costume for his long ride. He reached the chimney-piece, and then turned to look at his companion.

She too had dropped the heavy mantle which had enveloped her from head to foot, and remained in the middle of the room as her companion advanced to the fire.

Neither the biting cold, which he felt more sharply on entering to the warmth, nor the chill of distrust which had been creeping over him as he reflected on what might be the issue of his night's adventure, could keep every drop of blood in George Farquhar's body from mounting hotly to his heart, and then rushing tingling to his finger-tips as he looked at her. Never in his life had he seen so lovely a creature. The beautiful brown eyes he already knew by heart. He could see now that the hair, soft and

wavy, fell in golden masses over the brow, almost to the delicate line of the eyebrows. The chin was rounded and dimpled, as his fancy had drawn it; the complexion, rose-tinted and lustrous. No inventory of her charms could even suggest them. She was so perfect a piece of nature's handiwork that to have changed anywhere the curve of a line or the position of a dimple would have been to spoil the whole piece.

Her dress was suited to her eyes and hair. It was made of a brocaded stuff of pale gold, with low square-cut bodice and short sleeves, over a white satin petticoat, stiff with embroideries of silver. Pearls were round the fair throat, and on the exquisite arms, and in the tiny ears, each themselves a pearl. Is it any wonder that Farquhar's blood leaped to his heart at the first sight of her?

She could not have been more than eighteen years old at the most; doubtless she was a year or two younger, although she had all the perfections and none of the crudities of sixteen. But neither her youth nor her lovely face constituted her charm. She stood there, smiling a little shyly at Farquhar, the very embodiment of virginal purity, of child-like candor, of a serene and unconscious innocence, that was as palpable an atmosphere about her as the light of the candles or the blaze on the hearth. Farquhar had made one involuntary movement toward her, with arms outstretched; he fell back as involuntarily as he had advanced, and remained motionless, gazing on her almost awestruck, as a young Greek might have stood in the presence of the Uranian Venus, if she had chosen to reveal herself to him.

And Farquhar himself, although he described the scene afterwards with no vanity as to his share in it, must be remembered as no unbecoming figure in the picture. As he stood half leaning against the chimney-piece, the light of the fire falling on his elegant person, attired in the brilliant dress he had as-

sumed for the stage, his mobile face lighted up by a glow of rapturous admiration, he was perhaps—at any rate we shall believe so—as attractive a figure in her eyes as she was in his.

Meantime she stood looking at him with an air of candid and smiling interest, as if she had entirely forgotten the oddity of the position, or rather as if she had never been conscious of it.

"Let us sit, Captain Farquhar," she said, motioning him graciously to a seat, and drawing a cushioned chair toward the hearth. Farquhar hastened to help her, and as she seated herself at her ease, and stretched out her little feet, clad in slippers of white fur, toward the blaze, he drew a chair, and placed himself at her side.

The most natural thing for Captain Farquhar, on any previous occasion in his life on which he had found himself alone with a woman, even passably good-looking, would have been to open the conversation with a compliment. But now the words that rose to his lips stuck there unuttered. He sat waiting for her to begin the conversation.

She met his eyes frankly, but gravely. "I should like to know, first of all, what you think of this adventure," she asked.

"Before Heaven, madam, I can think nothing, except that you are the most beautiful creature I have ever seen," answered Farquhar, recovering himself.

"I did n't mean that," she said, flushing slightly. "I doubt if you ought to begin with that sort of compliment. I mean, what do you think of my bringing you here in this way?"

"Faith, on that point," he answered, speaking with perfect sincerity, "I am more puzzled than about anything that ever has happened to me before in all my life."

"My story, which I am about to relate to you, will explain all," she said seriously; "but before I begin, you will take your oath, as a true knight of chiv-

alry, to serve and help me to your utmost in my need. Kneel, and make your oath of allegiance."

Farquhar looked at her to see if her senses were wandering, but her face was so earnest and so calm that he did not hesitate. He dropped on one knee, took the hand she graciously extended, and lifted it to his lips with an air that one of the knights of Arcadia might have patterned after.

"I swear, madam, as your humblest and most abject servitor, to defend, counsel, and serve you in all things, in accordance with your honor and mine own, only trusting in the end for such reward as may befit my devotion and your gracious clemency."

"Rise, sir," said the lady. "I see I am not mistaken in you, and I will tell you enough of my history and the danger which threatens me to enable you to act in my defense. You must know, then," she continued, settling herself at ease in her chair, that she might turn her eyes full upon Farquhar as she spoke, "that I am not by birth native to this cold and wet England of yours, although my father is an Englishman. I was born in Algeria, where my father married a Spanish lady, and where for many years he lived. I was only a babe when my mother died, and I have known scarcely any woman except my nurse, Antonetta, who has had charge of me since my birth; nor any man except my father, who is much of the time occupied with affairs which call him away from home. Thus I should, as you see, have grown up without knowledge of the world, or of the people in it, if it had not been for a great love for reading, which led me to study men and women in books, especially in those romances, written both in English and Spanish, which have taught me how chivalric gentlemen and noble ladies comport themselves, and how one is able to detect them from the rest of the world."

Farquhar's eyes, which had been fixed

upon her, partly in admiration, partly in curious interest, here widened visibly.

"It is in the reading of such books, among which are the beautiful accounts in English of the chivalrous deeds of Sir Launcelot and of the knights Sir Pyrocles and Musidorus, as related by Sir Philip Sidney, that most noble of gentlemen and of writers, that I have principally passed my time from childhood, and it is through these examples that I have learned to know and to admire the English people and the English character. Six months since, my father sent me here under the escort of Antonetta and other trusted servants, to await his coming hither, where he intends to take up his abode. I must say, however, that in spite of the nobility of the people this is a most detestable land of rain and bad weather, where the sun shines less, I believe, than in any other land in the world."

"The sun, no doubt, has shone less than usual since your arrival in this poor island," said Farquhar, "since he must know the radiance of your beauty would put him quite out of countenance."

She bowed in grave acknowledgment of the compliment, and continued: "Here I have lived in the solitude and foggy weather, content enough with my books, till a month ago there comes from my father, traveling then in Italy, a long letter, in which he informs me he will arrive in London on a day now near at hand, and bring with him—I shudder to reveal his dreadful design—a man whom he intends for my husband, and to whom he will marry me directly on his arrival."

Here the tender eyes turned upon Farquhar a look so made up of dread at the fate preparing for her and of confidence in his ability to protect her, that he scarcely knew whether he was in the real world or in a land of dreams.

"You can fancy," she went on, "the despair into which I was plunged. So far as I can compare it, no lady in any

romance was ever in deeper anguish than I. In my wretchedness I called upon Heaven to send me a knight, such as he who owed service to the peerless Oriana, or like him whom the Princess Philoclea found in her misfortunes. Antonetta, seeing the misery which I could not hide, and wishing to beguile me out of it, took me to the playhouse, and there, a week ago, I saw you, and recognized you at once, by your bearing and appearance, as the knight whom Heaven was to send me. Every night during this week I have been to see you. My coachman, who is a faithful servant, I have persuaded, by means of a jewel of some value, to take me nightly to the play, and bring me home, keeping my visits there a secret. I have stolen away as soon as Antonetta, who retires early and sleeps soundly, has sunk into her first slumbers. Alone, and with no confidant but my own heart, I have sought out your name, have found you, and now have related to you my sad history. I implore you to help me in my hour of utmost need."

Here the unfortunate damsel, whose soft eyes were now brimming over with tears, extended her clasped hands, with an appealing gesture, towards Farquhar. He felt himself divided between an almost overwhelming desire to take the hands in his and cover them with passionate kisses, and an honorable impulse to behave with the chivalric reserve maintained by the heroes of those romances out of which she had fashioned him.

Farquhar was a man of gallantry, a man of the eighteenth century, at a time when the estimate of women was by no means at its highest, and he would have laughed as heartily as any of the heroes of his own comedies at a man who would hesitate to press the hands or even the lips of a beautiful woman, when they were so nearly offered him. He said afterward, in telling the story, that he could never quite resolve him-

self what spell he was under: whether the audacity of innocence in the young girl, educated only in romances and knowing nothing of the world either for good or evil, forced him into respect of her; whether a lurking memory of Mistress Oldfield, and the slight difficulty of taking on a new love before his heart was fairly off from the old, restrained him; whether (and this is what we would most like to believe) a remnant of the chivalrous reverence for all womanhood which prevailed in the sixteenth century for once animated the breast of a man of the world in the reign of Queen Anne, — whether it was any of these reasons or all three together, he himself could not have told. It is certain that he did not even touch the rosy finger-tips she extended toward him so imploringly; that he did not even incline his head toward the trembling lips that curved themselves, ready for kisses, in a direct line with his left shoulder.

"Madam," he said gravely, when she had finished her story, "what do you expect me to do in your behalf? What service can I render you?"

"What service? Can you not take me away from this loathsome marriage, and hide me from my father's persecutions till the danger be averted?"

"Great heaven, what a child!" cried Farquhar, rising from his seat, and pacing up and down the room in his excitement. "Madam," he said, pausing before her, "I find it difficult to talk to a lady who knows so much of the world from books as you do, but I beg to assure you that the manners of London at the present are not those of Arcadia, and that if I should accept your method of serving you I should be the most despicable knight who ever professed honorable service to an unhappy lady. If, as you seem to propose, I should run away with you, I should lead you into a misery which your present imagination cannot compass. But let

me beg you, if you have a father who loves you, to confide in his affection. If you implore him to listen to you, he will not, I trust, force you to a marriage so dreadful. It is not possible," he added, with a return of his native gallantry, "that even a father could be quite unmoved by the tears in such a pair of eyes. Try them on him, at all events. As for the lover, you know nothing of him?"

"No," she answered, bursting into tears.

"Has your father written nothing of him?"

"Nothing," she sobbed, "but that he is young, — twenty-two years, — endowed with all honorable virtues, and the heir to a good estate in England."

"Young, rich, and no doubt a handsome fellow to boot," muttered Farquhar under his breath, with a smart twinge of something which resembled jealousy. "In your place," he added aloud, "I should wait to see if the affair were so bad on a nearer view as you have painted it in your fancy."

She made no answer, but, crouched among the cushions of her chair, in complete abandonment to grief, continued to sob audibly.

What extremity her passionate grief might have driven Farquhar into, who found his heart fast melting in her tears, was here averted by the sound of some confusion below, and a sudden knocking at the door of the apartment. A voice outside cried in Spanish, —

"Señorita! Señorita! Your father has come! Open the door! Your father is below! Open to me, — to Antoneta."

The girl lifted a pale and scared face to Farquhar, who felt that the situation was becoming perilous. With the instinct of a brave man, who turns to meet danger in the face, he snatched up his hat and cloak, and advanced to the door by which he had entered.

"Not that way!" she cried, seizing his

arm. "I had provided for an escape, if we were interrupted. Here is another door." And putting aside the hangings she disclosed a door at the side, which he had not before seen. Grasping his hand, she led him more rapidly than they had entered, through passages, down flights of steps, and by many windings and turnings, till they reached an entrance, evidently on a different side of the house from that by which they had come in. She drew the bolts quickly and opened the door. The door fronted a high wall inclosing the grounds. Farquhar could see clearly by the light of the moon, now emerged from clouds and shining brightly in a cold, clear sky, a gate opening out upon the highway. He crossed the threshold hastily, then turned to look once more on the heroine of his nocturnal adventure. Her tear-stained face, lovelier than ever in grief, was upturned to him in the moonlight, with a yearning sadness like that of a grieved child in its gaze.

Farquhar controlled a last passionate longing to catch her in his arms and hold her to his breast for one instant. Taking her hand, he bent over it, kissed it respectfully, whispered "Farewell," and a minute later he stood in the empty street, shivering in the sharp air of a November morning.

"If I have to walk to town in this cursed cold, with my teeth shaking in my head like the bones of a skeleton, I shall believe I am rightly served for the confounded fool that I am," he said to himself bitterly, as he stood there.

Fortunately, at this moment a hackney chaise without an occupant drove down the deserted highway. He hailed it, and was soon driving, at the best pace the wretched hack could muster, to his lodgings in Fleet Street, where he arrived with the first rays of dawn, dead tired, chilled to the marrow of his bones, and, as his valet afterwards described him to one of his confidants, "in the very old Nick's own temper."

The story of Farquhar's marriage is well known. It could not, one is sure, have been a very happy marriage. When he was in the last stage of that decline of which he died, then only twenty-nine years old, a carriage stopped one day at his shabby-genteel lodgings, and a lady, alighting, asked to see him alone.

His wife, whose native jealousy had abated at the near approach of death, herself ushered the lady into his room, and withdrew at once. Farquhar, half reclining on a couch, wasted and enfeebled by disease, still retained some of his old vivacity in his looks, and his eyes were more brilliant than ever.

The lady threw aside her veil. He saw again the woman of his night's adventure. Four years had added much to her face, without taking away any of its charm. There was a womanliness, a dignity in it now, which had been born of a broader experience. Farquhar, who had a keen eye for faces, saw at once that he was looking into the face of a happy woman.

"Captain Farquhar," she asked, a little timidly, "you have not forgotten me?"

"You may be sure I should remember you, madam, if I had so turned to earth that there was nothing left of me but a clod."

"I heard recently that you were ill.

I have tried all these years to keep trace of you, and I could not, hearing you were so ill, do other than come to tell you that I had not forgotten you, and that I never realized, till I was a happy wife and a happy mother, how much reason I had to be grateful to you."

"Then your father's choice was not so bad, after all?"

She flushed scarlet over neck and face. "My father's choice has given me the best of husbands. He adores me, and I love him with all my heart. But I have never forgotten you,— I never say my prayers without putting your name in them,— and I could not resist the wish I had to see you once more, and to tell you that nobody but yourself knows the madness from which you saved me; and no one but myself knows how deeply I am in debt to you for giving me the first hint of a folly that might have led me to my ruin." Here, approaching the couch, she lifted his thin hand to her lips, and left a kiss and a tear there together.

"Faith, madam," said Farquhar, with all his old grace and a touch of his old gallantry, "I hope I am just going to heaven on the strength of that one action, for when I resisted the temptation of taking you at your word and running away with you, I did the most difficult good deed that ever I did in my whole life, before or afterwards."

Abby Sage Richardson.

AN OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

THIRTY years ago there stood in the heart of the Blue Grass Country an old stone homestead, nominally occupied only by a rich planter, his wife, and son, but usually overrun, especially during the summer vacations, by all the children in the connection. I say, instinctively, *stood*, though the truth is, the house still

exists, and is so substantially built that it is likely to outlast many more changes than those which it has already experienced; but these have been so great that the place seems now but an empty shell. Its glory has departed, its whole outlook is dreary and decayed. But in those prosperous years just before

the war, it was the Mecca toward which many youthful hearts turned during the long school year, and most of all in those enchanting, exasperating spring days, when to the young human animal, as to all others, comes a return of the savage instinct, a wild desire to break all bonds and take to the woods; that stirring of the blood like sap in the trees, which later makes the young fancy "lightly turn to thoughts of love."

When the first leaves came on the trees, making the streets beautiful with a tender green haze, there came also visions of the delights of a summer at Uncle Doctor's; visions which often obtruded themselves between our eyes and the dingy school-books, and yet were a spur to our flagging efforts. Finally the last lessons were said, the trunk was packed with a good supply of strong, partly worn garments, and the sweet freshness of some early June morning found us rolling away on the cars toward the capital of the State. Every station along the railway was a well-known landmark, for which we watched with absorbing interest; and when we reached our destination there was something delightful even in the noise and dirt and confusion of the crowded depot. There was a little feeling of uneasiness for fear no one had come to meet us, and then a thrill of perfect pleasure, as we saw among the crowd the tall form of Uncle Doctor, his sunburned face smiling a hearty welcome. He was a genuine Kentuckian, over six feet in height, with a frame that must have been very powerful in youth, but now, at sixty, was somewhat burdened with flesh. His face was clean-shaven, showing well-cut, vigorous features; thick iron-gray hair hung over his forehead, below a broad-brimmed straw hat; and his keen blue eyes could beam with hospitality and fun, or flash with sudden anger. A suit of light jeans, no vest, but a broad expanse of purest linen, relieved only by a loose black tie under the rumped,

rolling collar, — this was a summer costume perfectly suited to his age and occupations.

We were promptly stowed away: some squeezed into the rockaway along with baskets and bundles which excited our liveliest curiosity, one or two favored ones taken into the buggy, with an enviable prospect of holding the reins part of the way, and off we started for an eight-mile drive out to "the place."

We jolted along for a time through the streets; then the houses became fewer and meaner; we passed some scattered negro cabins on the outskirts, and soon were fairly on "the pike," making our way over the bulwark of hills that shut in the town. The ride was full of interest: we knew every farmhouse, every turning; we watched for the bridge, that had been for years in exactly the same shattered condition, and necessitated careful driving to one side through the water; we watched even more eagerly for the mill at Elkhorn Forks, where we should stop, perhaps, to take up a bag of meal which had been left in the morning to be ground. Before long we escaped from the white glare of the turnpike, and the wheels rolled smoothly over the soft brown clay of shaded lanes; the last one bordered our uncle's fields, and as he stopped now and then to ask some question of the farm hands at work there, we received many an enthusiastic "Howdy" and welcoming grin.

When we neared the big gate, the entrance to the farm, our excitement knew no bounds. A dozen little negroes were perched there on the watch. When we came in sight they made a wild rush at the gate, tumbling over each other in their zeal to open it. These were our chosen playfellows, and no one without experience can realize the fascination that the little darkies then had for white children; the most attractive companion of their own color was tame in comparison. They ran along beside us with



beaming faces, but their answers to our fire of questions were more reserved than we could wish, restrained by the awe felt for "Ole Marsa," at whom they stole furtive glances.

From the gate to the house was a distance of at least half a mile. The road, noticeably better than the one we had just left, ran through rolling, richly wooded, and well-watered lands: on one side, broad corn and wheat fields; on the other, gentle slopes where sheep were grazing, and richer meadows where horses were turned out. Then came the "sugar-camp," its stately maples bringing delightful memories of great crackling fires where we had seen the kettles of boiling sap, and afterwards, when they were emptied, tasted the crisp, delicious compound, half candy, half sugar, that had hardened along their edges. From the top of a hill just beyond the sugar-camp we had a first glimpse of the house; soon another gate was entered, and we had arrived. Passing the "lot," with its great whitewashed barn and stable, we reached the stile which led to the house-yard, and quickly scrambled up the three outside steps and down the three inside ones, eager for the first greeting from Aunt Sis.

We loved the Doctor, but we adored his wife, and had we not done so we should have been the most ungrateful of mortals, for she was untiring in her love and care for us. She had married late, and had no children of her own, but if ever a motherly heart beat in woman's breast, it was hers. There were often from six to a dozen children under her roof, at all the trying ages between five and fifteen. She was watchful of us, and restrictions, even punishments, were not uncommon, but no one ever heard from her an impatient word. She always had many questions to ask about the school year, was proud of our progress, and could shame for a moment the most inveterate laggard.

All the long summer days we lived

out-of-doors, and found ample amusement for ourselves; but when there came an occasional rain, we turned to Aunt Sis to furnish us entertainment in-doors. There was a battered backgammon board, and a dingy pack of cards with which we learned to play Old Maid and Smut; as the evenings grew long and cool, we roasted apples, popped corn, or made candy on the big wood fire. When all else palled upon our restless spirits, an unfailing source of delight remained in the stories she could tell of Indian fights, and of her adventures in early life during a carriage trip through Texas. We regarded this wholesome, cheery woman as our property, our natural prey, in those days, but some of us look back now and wonder at her patience. There was one delicate child who could not join in the rougher sports, and who sometimes sat watching them with wistful eyes, or limped into the house when the running games began. For her Aunt Sis could always find some new amusement, or, what is better still to an intelligent child, some useful occupation; and soon the little cripple excelled all the others at quieter games, and had some private accomplishments as well in the way of sewing and knitting. No one could know how her heart swelled with delight when one day a way was contrived for her to ride without hurting the tender ankle; after that, when Black Mary or Old Maria was brought up, with the side-saddle on, for the children to ride around the circle, she had her turn with the rest.

One of our favorite haunts was a broad, gentle slope just outside the yard, but within sight and call of the house. It was bare except at the top; here grew a magnificent walnut-tree, and under its ample shade we spent many a happy hour. We had no regular toys, but there were smooth, polished buckeyes, fairy cups of acorn shells, velvet-lined chestnut burs, and the spicy walnuts, with which we once stained our

hands and faces in order to act a favorite Indian story. We made hickory whistles in endless succession, collected shining pebbles from the "branch" and gay feathers from the poultry-yard, and dressed our corn-cob babies with as much pleasure as if they had been Paris dolls.

Every child who does not know something of country life is deprived of its natural birthright, — a birthright which, once enjoyed, can never be wholly lost. Town-bred children, who are kept unnaturally clean and well dressed, and taken decorously to walk once a day, are pitifully ignorant of the rapture of old clothes, bare feet, and absolute freedom of action in investigating every nook and corner of a large farm. They know the country only by an occasional drive beyond the city limits, where they gaze longingly at the dusty, wayside flowers, and at stray blackberries hanging here and there. No knights in search of adventure ever knew more eagerness than they at the entrance to a wood; the great trees towering above the denser undergrowth, a study in cool browns and grays and greens, with little patches of sunlight dotting it here and there like bright, watchful eyes. They long to explore those distant shadowy recesses, to push their way through brier and brake, deeper, deeper into the woods, until its secret charm, its mystery, is discovered, sleeping like Dornröschen in the tangled depths. An Indian jungle does not appeal to an adult mind more strongly than does an ordinary wood to an imaginative child. The delightful quiver of mingled hope and fear, the breathless interest of reading the unknown by what we have seen, the confident pride of doing something great simply because it is something new, — all these delicious sensations, peculiar to the period of youth, we knew in perfection. No city pleasures could ever have given us half the delight that we found in feeding the poultry, seeing the milking, visiting a new-born calf or lamb, carrying salt to

the cattle, or wandering about the fields looking for a turkey's nest among the brush in the fence corners, or seeking some stray turkey-hen with her quaint, wild-eyed brood. Sometimes we would brave the intense heat of an August noon to watch the harvesters, and ride home in the cool of the evening on a load of fragrant clover. Sometimes Aunt Sis would take us all, black and white, for a walk in the "big woods," and drop by the way many a bit of homely information about bird and tree and flower. We always begged to come home by way of the spring, ostensibly to get some mint for the Doctor, or for a drink of the cool, delicious water from the large gourd dipper that always lay close by on a flat rock; but our real object was the rare treat of wading in the "branch," which took its rippling way hence to water the lower meadows. We envied the train of little negroes with whom this was no unusual privilege.

There was one place which we often visited with Aunt Sis. Down below the garden, within sound of the brook's "friendly brawl," was a little plot of ground where the grass grew long and rank, and was so choked with weeds and briars that it was not easy at first to distinguish the low mounds that lay here and there. At head and foot stood dilapidated slabs of marble or granite, which told, often in quaint type with the long Old English *f*, of those who rested here in their last quiet asleep. The tombstones were mouldy and weather-stained; some had sunk deep in the rain-softened soil, others slanted forward over the graves, and a few lay quite flat and helpless on the ground. The only element of beauty about this spot was a wild-rose bush filled with open-hearted pink blooms; but to us it was full of interest, for there we heard of aunts and uncles and cousins who were shades before our young lives began. Here lay the mother of our grandmother, herself a stately, straight-backed, keen-eyed old

lady, with whom it was difficult to associate the idea of youth. These family burying-grounds, which may be often seen scattered through Kentucky, are peculiar to this State, and to her neighbor and parent, Virginia. The custom doubtless was brought from England, growing out of church-yard burials there, and continuing here on account of the extent of the plantations, and consequent difficulty of finding a convenient meeting-place, even in death. There were no ghastly removals; where the dead were first laid by the hands of faithful slaves, there they remained; so that the great-grandmother of a present generation rests to-day within sound of the rippling water, as she did thirty years ago. It may be that the headstones are all gone now, and the mounds leveled by the indifferent plough of a stranger.

The homestead was of square, rough-hewn blocks of granite, and had been built before the days of professional architects by a former Governor of the State, who was a stone-mason in early life, and worked honestly at his trade until the people called him into another sphere of action. The house was at once thoroughly comfortable and extremely inconvenient; additions had been made to the main building at different times, with no idea of general effect. From the broad front porch one entered at once a large, high room, which was parlor, library, and sitting-room all in one; and very attractive it was with cheerful paper and carpet, comfortable rocking-chairs and sofas, and big open fireplace with great brass-knobbed andirons. Opposite the front door and leading to the back porch was a hall, from which a door opened directly upon some steps leading to what was called the "big up-stairs." This room, which was of necessity entered head-foremost as one ascended the stairs, took in the main body of the house, and held always three double beds, with ample space for as many more when the house was crowded. Two bedrooms

opened from the parlor below, and from the back one another flight of stairs ascended to rooms above, known as the "little up-stairs." The characteristic feature of the building was the entire lack of any means of communication between the two parts of the upper floor. In the large room over the parlor one might hear plainly the voices of the occupants of an adjacent room, but to reach them it was necessary to descend one stairway, traverse the whole length of the house, and ascend another flight. Above the "little up-stairs" was the attic: here hung festoons of okra, red peppers, onions, and garden herbs for seasoning; in the corners were bags of nuts and bunches of pop-corn, and apples and peaches were spread on deal boards to dry; there were bits of old harness, a ragged side-saddle that was to be re-covered some day, a shot-gun or two, and some hunting-coats; and in a dark, shelving recess were some relics of the day when Uncle Doctor was a medical student and practicing physician, — some bones which Mr. Venus would have classified as "human wariious." These were a source of infinite terror to every child and negro on the place, and made a visit to the attic after dusk a perilous expedition, necessitating ample companionship and subject to sudden panics.

From the front bedroom down-stairs — for it was impossible to go anywhere about the house without passing through somebody's private apartment — three or four steps led down to a large porch, open only on two sides, and these so trellised and covered with vines that it was the most delightful of summer dining-rooms. From this porch opened capacious storerooms, and just around the corner was the kitchen, large, disorderly, often crowded, but clean in the main, and the source of most toothsome and abundant fare. At one corner of the porch stood an iron-bound hogshead, which caught and stored the rain-water from the roof. We used to listen in a

summer storm to the raindrops on the shingles, and hear them gutter along through the tin spout down to this old receptacle; and when the rain was over, when the fresh, sweet, earthy odor was abroad, and the sun was hanging glistening jewels on every flower and shrub, we would climb upon the balustrade of the porch and peer eagerly into the depths of the old hogshead, looking for the real diamonds that the negroes said were sometimes brought down by the rain. After breakfast there was always a group of negroes about the porch, each one armed with a tin cup or plate, and waiting for the daily allowance of molasses, sugar, and coffee to be given out from the storeroom, hoping also for some special tidbit from the remains of the meal.

Walks made of flat, irregular stones led from the kitchen door to various points in the yard: to the lot where the milking was done; to the smoke-house, the duck-pond and poultry-yard, and the line of orderly cabins known as "the quarters;" to the garden, with its picturesque mingling of fruit and vegetables and old-fashioned flowers; and to the cisterns, to whose water the limestone rock gave the same tonic quality that it imparts to the blue grass, making this the finest grazing country in the world. Near the garden was the circular ice-house, a most seductive building, whose slanting roof began about two feet above the ground, and was delightfully mossy and slippery. There we would slide by the hour, and many were the rents — not only in our clothes, but in our small persons as well — which were due to its ragged shingles and bent nails. We knew also the delicious coolness and dimness of the interior on a hot summer day, and enjoyed tossing aside the damp straw and sawdust, and dragging out the great crystal blocks, especially if there was ice-cream in prospect.

About the yard, as indeed about the whole farm, everything was neat and

orderly. The fields were carefully and to a certain extent scientifically cultivated; the woods were free from weeds and harmful undergrowth; the out-houses and stable (the word "barn" was rarely used in central Kentucky in those days) were kept whitewashed and in good repair; and if there was one thing more than another about the place in which its owner took pride and pleasure, it was the line of "stone fence" that formed nearly the whole boundary of the farm. Whenever there was a slack time and suitable weather, the whole force of field hands was put to work to extend this structure; and so well were the rocks selected and fitted that there were few better stone fences than the Doctor's in the whole Blue Grass Country.

The negroes were a good-natured, careless, happy set, full of impulsive, if shallow, devotion to those who were kind to them, and with imaginations quick to seize upon and magnify any beauty of person or richness of dress in a favorite. Slavery had its shadowed side in Kentucky as elsewhere, but what we saw of it here was bright and sunny. This was not an immense plantation, but only a very fertile and valuable farm of five hundred acres, worked by about thirty hands, who lived in the quarters. These were eight or ten well-built log huts, whitewashed within and without, the floors scrubbed clean and spread with bits of rag carpet. They were full, but not crowded beyond the limits of health and decency. Most of the men were married, and the family relations were recognized and respected. The clothing of the negroes was extremely good; this was in our aunt's department, and under her direction two trained seamstresses were almost always at work. In one storeroom were piles of unbleached cotton shirts, jeans pantaloons, and other articles, which were distributed as they were needed. Stout boots and brogan shoes were bought by the box, and wives

and daughters were constantly knitting gray yarn socks and stockings; this was the earliest lesson taught to a negro girl, except nursing, which began as soon as she left the cradle, to make way for a new occupant. The negroes were cared for and treated very much as children: scolded for neglect of duty or of themselves, and, when sick, called up to be dosed from a brass-mounted cherry medicine chest, of which they stood in wholesome dread. Quinine, calomel, rhubarb, and similar drugs were dealt out in alarming quantities; for their master was a doctor of the old school, and his treatment was sometimes heroic.

There was little or no waste labor about the farm. One woman cooked both for the family and the field hands; another was laundress, and attended also to the milking and churning. In the house there were several maids, but they did rather more than the average, and were all taught to sew. They always flocked into the room of a newly arrived guest, one or two with some small duty to perform, the others without even this semblance of an excuse, all eager to see the trunks opened. They watched every article as it was taken out, with admiration not loud but deep, and occasionally their enthusiasm would break out into some such expression as, "Law', Mistis, ain't you gwine to gimme dat 'ar when you done wore it out?" — for they begged with the same frankness and freedom from shame which we consider part of the general picturesqueness of the Italians, and were content with quite as little. We children delighted in their simple ways, and sympathized with their little hopes and enjoyments, as they with ours. They were the best and most patient of nurses, always gentle and affectionate, and sang quaint songs and told odd stories to our hearts' content. One of the latter was recalled by those of Uncle Remus, for its hero was Brer Rabbit. It told of his stealing a jar of butter from a dairy, and agreeing with

his partner, Mister B'ar, to keep it for a Christmas feast. They hide the jar in a hollow tree; but Brer Rabbit is haunted by the thought of its sweetness, so he leaves home after a while, under pretense of going to a christening where he must be godfather, eats part of the butter, and on his return tells Mister B'ar that the child's name is Top-off. He goes several times on the same errand, with the same excuse, and each time the alleged name of a mythical child tells the state of the jar: "Half-done," "Mos'-gone," and "Licked-clean." Were these fables dispersed through the South by that saddest of all mediums, the slave-trade? Or did the negroes, as a nation, once have an animal epic with the rabbit for its hero, like Reynard the fox, and Isengrim the wolf, in France and Germany?

The negro men all had general and particular duties, and even the youngsters were spasmodically put to use in keeping order about the yard, cutting weeds in the woods, or, in the autumn, in gathering apples for the cider-press and cutting corn-stalks for winter fodder. The men had an air of steadiness and self-respect, and seemed to work cheerfully and intelligently. One of them, Joe, was a man of fine bearing and good ability. He was the carpenter, and had built most of the out-houses, which his skill also kept in order. The Doctor always spoke to him kindly, and indeed with an underecurrent of respect, though he was sometimes severe to the others, doubtless with good reason. He was not a hard master, although, perhaps, not a particularly indulgent one. A practical farmer, he insisted that the work should be properly done, and to keep the indolent, careless negroes up to the mark required an immense amount of oversight. His horse was saddled before breakfast, and he was mounted and about the farm early and late, knowing the old maxim that the eye of the master will do more work than both his hands. He went to

bed as soon as it was dark, usually rose at three o'clock in the morning, and smoked a meditative pipe on the back porch before any one else was about; and then at "sun-up" his stentorian voice would be heard "starting the hands." His constant companion was a corn-cob pipe filled with Kentucky tobacco, which was always lighted by a live coal; and one of the most common sounds about the place was his call to one of the little darkies, "Bring me a coal of fire, Polly," or Lizzie, or Tom, as the case might be. The piece of glowing wood was carried in a pair of short tongs from the kitchen fire, and as he blew away the ashes and applied it to his pipe, he put good-natured, teasing questions to the little negro who had brought it. These colloquies were the source of infinite enjoyment to him and of embarrassment to his victim, who stood uneasily on one foot, twisting the other about and boring into the ground with one bare toe, until the tongs were handed back with some extravagant compliment, and the interview ended.

In the evening came from the quarters the enticing sounds of the banjo and of "pattin' Juba," when nothing short of explicit commands kept the white children from seeking their cherished companions. Not only at night, but often during the day, were heard those sudden, inconsequent bursts of melody, so characteristic of the race. Sunday was a time of abundant leisure with them, but one in which we were rarely allowed to share. Memory always brings back that day as clear and hot, when it was something of a trial to get into clothes as disagreeable in their stiffly starched propriety as some prim spinster, and go to church. This involved a start soon after breakfast, and a drive of several miles along the glaring white pike, with the sun beating unsparingly down and being mercilessly reflected from below, while the unusual number of vehicles bound for the same

point raised the fine limestone dust in clouds.

The church, a bare white building with green shutters, stood just off the road, surrounded by a well-trodden grass-plot. On one side was a row of hitching-posts, with rude troughs for corn; also a large shed for shelter in case of rain. About these points the farmers grouped, discussing crops and neighborhood news, comparing, and occasionally, it must be confessed, trading horses; while the women exchanged whispered confidences and young people flirtatious greetings. It was no uncommon thing to see a belle dismount with that fearlessness and consequent grace in horsemanship which seems to be a birthright with most Kentucky women, and then, stepping out of an alpaca riding skirt, appear miraculously in all the crisp freshness of white draperies and blue ribbons. Such an arrival caused a flutter of excitement, which was only allayed, or turned into another channel, when some young fellow dashed up on a local celebrity in horse-flesh. The social features of meeting continued until the minister came in sight, ambling along on his well-known mare, whose sides, as he rode, he continually kicked, more from force of habit than from any hope of quickening its conservative pace. Behind him came his worthy helpmeet, with a delegation of their offspring; the lady seated well forward in the buggy, her arms extended at full length, holding the reins very far apart, and flapping them up and down on the horse's back after the manner of her sex. The minister led the way into the church, and preached a good, old-fashioned, drowsy sermon; after which everybody started for home, with that cheerful alacrity born of a duty fulfilled and a pleasure in prospect in the way of a good dinner.

Several times during the season there were family gatherings at the farm, in honor of the summer visitors. The guests — all relatives — arrived early in

the day. The ladies, in gala costume of black *glacé* silk, with a bit of real lace at the neck pinned with a round miniature brooch, sat in state in the parlor, busy with sewing and knitting, or solemnly waving to and fro a turkey-tail fan, with the firm conviction of being suitably dressed for any occasion, from a wedding to a funeral. The men walked about looking at the stock, and admiring the fine points of some "likely" colt, coming into the house just in time for a generous mint julep before dinner. It was apropos of these juleps that the lines were quoted with regard to the special products of the State, namely, whiskey, horses, maple-sugar, and fair women:—

"The first is strong, the second are fleet,
The third and fourth are exceedingly sweet,
And all are uncommonly hard to beat."

Dinner was the event of the day, and was worthy to be so. First came the rich gumbo soup, which cannot be properly made in less than three days; then at one end of the table juicy lamb; at the other a great dish of fried chicken, flanked by hams, spiced and baked in a way peculiar to Kentucky; every vegetable possible at the season, headed by that dish for the gods, a corn pudding; jellies, amber and crimson; pickles whose fame descended from generation to generation; milk that was like cream, and cream that might almost be cut with a knife. Aunt Sis knew what was due the honor of her house; every woman there was a connoisseur, whose opinions and receipts were worth having. There were wonderful cakes, and ices, and puddings for dessert; and finally came luscious melons that had been buried for days in the ice, and were as good to look upon as to taste. The children were served at a separate table, and afterwards played with added freedom on account of the preoccupation of their elders, and with added zest from the presence of unusual companions. Our choicest possessions were displayed, our

favorite haunts visited, and when the sweet, cool twilight came on we had glorious games of hide-and-seek, from one end of the yard to the other; the cabins, smoke-house, and great locust and beech trees affording every opportunity of adding vigor and variety to the game. At last the happy day was over; we saw our aunts and uncles and cousins depart, and then crept off to bed, too tired to live over our pleasures again even in dreams.

The halo which childish enthusiasm—and later, the glamour of tender recollection—wreathes about the life on the farm bursts into a blaze of glory at the thought of an event which took place during the last untroubled summer. The son of the house was to be married to a pretty girl in an adjoining county. The wedding was to take place at her father's house, and the younger members of the family heard, to their sorrow, that they were not expected; but the following day our cousin was to bring his bride home, and that evening there was to be a certain solemnity known as an "infair." We were on the spot, and we meant to stay. Our notions with regard to the said solemnity were somewhat vague: we had general ideas of a procession with brass-band accompaniments, resembling a circus parade, but at the same time were humbly conscious that this was an occasion to which neither our experience nor imagination could do justice. For a week beforehand the whole place was in a state of profound excitement. The spring wagon made daily journeys to town, and returned laden with a profusion of eatables that savored of barbaric magnificence: barrels of oranges and boxes of lemons,—the fruit wrapped in tissue-paper, which eager little fingers delighted in removing; bags of coffee; kegs of brown sugar and blue-covered cones of white; melon-shaped citrons and all the spices of Araby; squat blue-figured jars of preserved ginger; fancy

cheeses; cases of wine; and at the last moment a box from the confectioner of a distant city that was positively bewildering. Several experienced cooks in the neighborhood were loaned for the occasion, and their mistresses came too, with grave advice and practical assistance. Everybody wanted to take part in preparing for the feast; even the hens seemed to strut about with an important, self-conscious cluck! cluck! as if they realized that more than usual was expected of them in the matter of fresh eggs, and were anxious as to the result.

Some one was always ordering the children away, and they as persistently returned to help after their fashion. Now and then a little black face, looking all eyes and teeth, would peer around a corner of the porch, and a ragged excuse for a hat would be held out, with the information that the bearer had "done foun' some mo' aigs fer Ole Miss." A choice sheep was killed; a young pig that had been fed for weeks on cream was another victim of the festive spirit; and all the cooks, white and black, went in solemn conclave to the smoke-house to select the best hams.

The day of the wedding came at last, and in the early twilight all the vehicles on the place drove away from our envious eyes. Quiet settled down on the old home; twilight gave way to starlight, and soon the young moon rose. The air was damp and heavy with the breath of the sweet honeysuckle near the porch where we sat; bats and night-birds began to fly, and the tree-toads to chant their monotonous, sleepy song, and soon we were glad to go to bed. There was some flavor of festivity even in this every night occurrence, for we were to sleep on pallets in the big room up-stairs, as the beds were reserved for relatives who were to come after the wedding. About midnight there mingled with our dreams the sound of wheels and the voices of the guests who had invaded

our quarters, but everybody was tired, and soon all was quiet again.

Next day we were early astir, for there was still much to be done: ices and cream to be frozen, cakes iced, fruit candied, pitchers of lemonade and claret-cup to be made, and a priceless Japanese bowl filled with such punch as only the Doctor knew how to brew; it combined the mildness of the dove with the guile of the serpent. Perhaps it was a sip, a very moderate one, of this deceptive compound that makes the recollection of the "infair" itself a delicious blur of ices, cakes, jellies; pyramids of black faces looking in at the doors and windows; white-jacketed waiters so impressed with a sense of their own importance that they were utterly useless; fair, happy faces, and graceful figures moving about to the music of a trio of negro fiddlers, who called the figures vigorously, and sometimes sang the inspiring tunes as they played. The beaux were handsome, gallant fellows, who rode, shot, and danced well, boasted a good deal of their horses and their sweethearts, quoted Byron and Tom Moore, and approached all women with instinctive reverence; altogether they were favorable specimens of the much-sneered-at Southern chivalry. Their costume of white linen trousers, low-cut vest, and dark body-coat may not have been fashionable, but it was appropriate and becoming. The belles were frank, cheery girls, with more than the average amount of beauty, fearless horsewomen and tireless dancers, but with a fund of romance and true womanliness in their hearts that gave promise of loving wives and tender mothers.

Already that summer of the wedding there was a cloud in the sky, of which we were dimly aware from hearing bits of somewhat animated talk concerning "Southern rights" and the probability and consequences of Lincoln's election. During the following summer, that of 1861, the family gatherings were marred

by violent debates and bitter words; for the members represented all parties then existing in the State,—the thorough Union man, the advocate of strict neutrality, the “Southern sympathizer,” and the fiery youth who was chafing under restraint, and eager to be off “beyond the lines.”

The women, of course, had most to say, and said it most uncompromisingly. One day in August, after the state elections, we children slipped away from dinner,—which was prolonged beyond our patience by the violent political discussions,—and took refuge under our favorite walnut-tree, whose ample, catholic branches sheltered us all alike, no matter how much our parents differed. That day marked the beginning of a breach which was long in healing: two brothers separated without a word of farewell, and for years did not cross each other's threshold. That night there were high words in the old house between father and son; they parted angrily; the latter went to his room with flushed face and resolute lips, and when they met next morning he was in traveling suit, and his saddle-bags were packed for a journey. The young man ate his breakfast in grave silence, looking now and then at the tear-stained face of his wife, and speaking to her with more than usual gentleness. After a leave-taking that all tried to make like an ordinary one, he went to the stile to mount his horse, but there at the hitching-post, arching her beautiful neck, was Nelly Gray, the pride of the place, a magnificent iron-gray mare which he had broken and ridden, but never called his own. He looked inquiringly at his father; the stern old face melted, their hands joined silently but closely, and the next moment the mare and her new master were moving toward the big gate. Before long everybody knew that he had gone to Humphrey Marshall's camp in Owen County. Poor Nelly Gray was shot under him in the first battle.

During the war the house harbored parties from both sides. It was searched more than once, and not in the most considerate fashion, by the Union soldiers, for suspected persons. No one was ever found, although, during Bragg's campaign and Morgan's raids, the old homestead welcomed and ministered to many a poor fellow, who rode away blessing its hospitable owners. Sometimes about dusk a group of horsemen would be seen coming down the hill beneath the drooping branches of the beech-trees; but before morning they were far away again. Often, as the Doctor and his wife sat at night by the wood fire, they would hear a long, low whistle, answer the signal cautiously from the open door, and a figure would emerge from the darkness,—the son on a visit to his young wife, or perhaps one of his comrades with a letter. Once they were roused at midnight by a troop, under orders of the provost marshal to look for arms and their bearers, only a few hours after a rebel soldier had left them to make his cautious way beyond the lines; and during another search a wounded man, who had been in the house for weeks, was hidden in the slanting recess of the attic, in the ghastly company of those very bones which were the terror of our childish dreams.

After the war the old place was never the same. Some of the negroes, with the feeling common to all of them that they could never be quite free so long as they stayed with their former owners, went away, not openly but secretly, and, as it seemed, ungratefully. Others who remained were not perfectly obedient, and the Doctor, though never a harsh master, had been too long an absolute one to brook the slightest check. At the beginning of the war he was a firm advocate of the Union and of the neutral policy first attempted by the State; its end found his opinions and sympathy entirely on the side of the South. The emancipation was to him “legalized rob-

bery ; " he had no respect for " a government that would forcibly take property without compensation," and thenceforward he never cast a vote. He was never " reconstructed ; " he could not adjust himself in his old age to the new order of things, and he became a bitter, disappointed man.

The farm passed into other hands ; and those who knew it in youth think of it now as desolate and deserted, though it may be that the outward change is less than we imagine, and it is only the free, joyous spirit of a former time that has gone from this representative old Kentucky home.

Patty B. Semple.

WHEN ALL IS SAID.

WHEN all is said, — when all our words
Of love and pleasure, one by one,
Have taken wing and flown like birds
That seek the southern sun, —

Naught shall be changed. The sweet delay
Of April dusks, the rapturous dawn,
The glowing height of golden day,
Shall all go on, and on.

The birds shall thrill the rosy bough
With ecstasy of spring-tide song ;
And in the meadows, then as now,
The grass shall crowd and throng.

There shall be flowers and flowers ! — to waste
Along the paths where victors tread,
Or where the feasters singing haste ;
And wreaths to deck the dead.

And not the less, cool streams shall run
Through secret haunts of woodland gloom ;
And I shall smile, as smiles the sun
On cradle and on tomb.

When all is said, soul of my soul !
Could all be said of love's delight
'Twixt thee and me, though time should roll
Beyond earth's day and night ?

Julie K. Wetherill.

THE SECOND SON.

XXII.

A MIDNIGHT TALK.

THE house, however, was not so still as Mr. Mitford supposed. It contained at least one room in which an exciting act of the same family drama was being carried on. The brothers had not met immediately after Edmund had left his father: for a few hours they had been alone, following each the thread of his own excited and troublous thoughts. Roger had gone out to calm the fever of his mind in the coolness and darkness of the night. Edmund, hastening out of his father's presence after his dismissal, had sunk into a chair in the hall, where all was vacant, the night air breathing in through the open door, the shadows of the trees waving faintly, the leaves rustling. He had thrown himself down there in the dark, where no one could see him, to escape from the necessity of doing or saying anything. As he sat there Nina's little white figure came out from the drawing-room, peered about with anxious curiosity, then vanished up-stairs; and Larkins appeared, with a footman after him, to shut up for the night. Edmund did not move while they passed from one room to another, closing the windows, letting down the bolts and bars. The jar of these noises gave a kind of unwilling accompaniment to his troubled mind. Then a quick step, unsteady with passion and excitement, approached rapidly and rang upon the pavement. "Is it you, Roger?" his brother said, rising out of the shadows. Roger was in no mood to talk; he waved his hand as if to put all interruption away, and hastened to his room with an evident disinclination for any further intercourse. But an hour or two later, when all was still, Edmund,

who had taken refuge in the mean time in the billiard-room, which was the one room of the house left alone by Larkins, always a refuge for the young men, — their sulking-room when they were indisposed for family society, — heard the door suddenly open and his brother come in. The only light in the room was from the lamp suspended over the billiard-table, and throwing a vivid glow upon the green cloth. The large bow-window at the end let in a prospect of pale sky and waving branches. The room was in an angle separated from the rest of the house. Roger came in like a ghost, scarcely seen, and threw himself upon a chair near the one which Edmund had himself taken; and there they sat for some time, stretching out their long limbs, extending, as it were, their minds, racked with distracting thoughts, with nothing to say to each other, and yet so much; communicating a mutual *malaise*, misery, difficulty, without a word said. They had a degree of family likeness which made this mute meeting all the more pathetic. They were antagonists in interest, according to any vulgar estimate of the case. The younger brother disapproved profoundly, miserably, of what the elder had done. He felt the inappropriateness of it, the folly of it, to the bottom of his heart; and yet in this troubled chaos, where all landmarks were disappearing and every established law being abrogated, he was one with Roger, smarting with him under the wounds of his father's rage, and even moved (though he was so much against it) by a sort of instinctive sympathy with that fatal infatuation of foolish love.

They began to talk at last in monosyllables, which dropped now and then into the silence with a question and answer half expressed. "All settled, then?"

— "Nothing to be done?" — "All" — "Nothing." Then another long pause. By degrees a few more words came to Edmund's lips, and a longer reply from Roger's; then, the ice once fully broken, the brothers settled into talk.

"Don't spoil your own life for me, Ned," said Roger; "the die is cast for me. And in every way it is better, when you come to think of it. I don't say there is not reason in it, from his point of view. I've never been blind to that side of the question. I know that it might not be easy to reconcile everything — the father and mother" —

"You see that," exclaimed Edmund, "and yet it makes no difference."

"I have always seen it," said Roger, almost fiercely: "you know I have. I see everything. No! it makes no difference, — rather the reverse."

"It pushes you on?"

"It pushes me on. Ned," he added, leaning forward, "you don't know what it is to be caught in the tide like this. Every disadvantage pushes me on: because it is not what I may have dreamed — because, God help us! there may be, even afterwards, things to overcome" —

"Roger, for God's sake" —

"Don't speak to me," he said, holding up his hand. "I'll quarrel with you, if you do, — though, Ned, old fellow, Heaven knows I trust you and hold you closer than any other man in the world. Only don't touch that subject. Yes," he went on dreamily, leaning back in his chair again, "I don't disguise it from myself: there may be things to overcome. We have lived in very different spheres, we have different ways of thinking, and all the associations and habits — I scorn myself for thinking of them at all, but I overlook nothing. I am as cool and cold as any calculating machine" —

"And yet you sacrifice everything, you throw away everything."

"Hush!" said Roger again, "not a word. What do I sacrifice, — the chance

of marrying a woman like my sisters? And suppose that there are differences between her and me, — what are they? Conventionalities on my side, things that mean nothing, mannerisms to which we choose to attribute an importance; to sit down in a certain way, to speak in a certain tone, to observe certain ceremonies. What is all that? Who would put these nothings in comparison with a pure nature, — a pure, sweet nature and a good heart?"

To this Edmund made no reply. A self-pleading so pitiful wanted none. The depths out of which Roger spoke, a happy lover, feeling the world well lost for the sake of the woman he loved, were too dark and tragic to be fathomed by any sympathizer, even a brother. And perhaps when Edmund did speak it was still more dangerous ground upon which he trod. "Are you sure" — he said, then paused, feeling the insecurity of the soil.

"Am I sure — of what? That there is no further question as to what I have done and mean to do? Yes, quite sure."

"That was not what I meant to ask — and you may be offended by my question; but it is serious enough to risk your anger for. Are you sure that she loves you, Roger, — you who are giving up so much for her?"

Roger did not reply at once, but when he did so did it in haste, turning quickly upon his brother, as if he had not allowed a minute to elapse before giving him his answer. "Would you like her to have thrown herself at my head, clutched at me as a good *parti*, not to be let slip? That's what she would have done if she were a girl in society; but, fortunately for me, she is not that."

"Forget the girls in society," said Edmund; "they are not what you choose to think them, or at least I don't believe it. But, Roger, there's no question so important to you as this. Think how many inducements there are for her besides love. I will say nothing else,

— I will allow that everything has gone too far to be altered, — but only this: are you sure that she shares your feelings? I don't want to bother you; you know that."

"Am I so disagreeable?" demanded Roger, with a laugh; "beside all the people she is likely to see, am I so little worth considering? You pay me a poor compliment, Ned. But of this I'm sure: if it is so, she'll have nothing to say to me. You can comfort yourself with that thought."

"Perhaps not," said Edmund, hesitating; "but if so, she will have great strength of mind. Roger, for Heaven's sake, make sure. She has everything to gain, and you have everything to lose" —

"That's enough!" Roger rose impatiently, and held out his hand to his brother. "You're a Job's comforter, Ned! I don't doubt you mean very well, but this is not the way to encourage a man when he's — when he's at a difficult point in life. Good-night, old fellow! I know you wish me well. Don't spoil your own chances for me, that's all."

"Good-night!" Edmund said; and he sat still in the silent room after his brother had left him, thinking over this new danger, — that Roger might give up everything he had in the world for the sake of a girl to whom he was merely the means of rising, a fine match, a gentleman elevating her out of her own small sphere. Love! how could it be love? What did she know of him to make love possible? It might even be that it was a hard thing to expect from such a girl indifference to the advantages which Roger could offer her: she would be flattered, she would be dazzled, she would see herself in a moment placed high above all her equals. Neither she nor her parents would believe in Roger's disinheritance; and he, with this fatal passion in him, this fate which he had not been able to resist, would barter

away his heart and his life — for what? — for the privilege of making Lily Ford a lady; not to win love and all its compensations, but to serve as a stepping-stone to the ambition of an artificially trained girl. The tragedy deepened as he thought it all over, sitting alone, feeling the chill of the night steal upon him in the silent house. Oh, what a mystery is life, with all its mistakes and tragic blunderings! What fatal darkness all about us, until all illumination is too late! It is the spectator, people say, who sees the game, not those whose whole fortune is staked upon it. But in this case it was not even so; the gamester, who had put his all upon the touch to win or to lose, saw too, — was aware of the ruin that might be before him, the wasted sacrifice, the spoiled life, — and yet would neither pause nor think. Perhaps it is the tender-hearted looker-on, in such circumstances, who has the worst of it. He has none of the compensations. Even the excitement which is sometimes so tragic is sometimes also rapturous for the chief actor: but the sympathizer can never get its realities out of his eyes; they overshadow everything, even the hope, which might be a just one, that, after all was said, the soul of goodness would vindicate itself even amid things evil. For Roger there was still the chance that joy might be the outcome; at all events, there was no happiness for him except in this way. But Edmund saw the evil and not the good, nor any good, however things might turn.

XXIII.

GOING AWAY.

When Roger woke next morning, and opened his eyes in the familiar room, and saw the peaceful sunshine streaming in through that familiar window, as he had done for the greater part of his life, it was not for some minutes that

he realized to himself all that had happened, — all the difference there was between this awakening and that of any other day. It flashed upon him suddenly after a moment of wonder and trouble, — a moment in which care confronted him, awake before him, but with the mists of morning over its face. What was it that had happened? Then recollection came like a flood. He had declared himself to Lily, his love-tale was told, he was hers whatever might happen. All doubt or question was over so far as that was concerned. A gleam of troubled sunshine passed over his memory, a vision of her, timid, shrinking, with that frightened cry, "Oh, Mr. Roger! — nothing more responsive; but what could that be but her modest way, her shy panic at the passion in him, her unselfish fears for her father? It could be nothing more. Then out of this sunshine, out of this transporting certainty, his mind plunged into the darkness again. He saw the dim library, the shaded lamp, his father, furious, opposite to him, calling for the renunciation of all his hopes. He raised himself slowly from his bed, and looked round him. All was so familiar and so dear; it was home. There cannot be two homes in this world: he had grown up here, he knew every corner of it, and there was not a nook, out of doors or in, that had not some association for Roger. As in a vision he suddenly saw his mother standing just within the door, shading the candle with her hand so that the light should not fall on his eyes. He seemed to see her, though it must have been twenty years ago. Twenty years ago! and all this time he had been here, with short absences; coming back always to the same place, always the chief person in the house next to his father, knowing that all was his whatever should happen. And now it was his no longer. To-day was to be the last he should spend under the paternal roof; to-day was the last day on which he could call

Melcombe his home: and up to this time there had never been any doubt that he would be master of all. It was not a thing that had ever been taken into discussion or questioned. He was his father's eldest son, the head of the family after him. What could happen but that Roger should succeed his father? He had no more wished for this as an advantage over his brothers than he had wished for his father's death in order that he might succeed. There was no reasoning in it, no personal thought. It was the course of nature, taken for granted as much as we take it for granted that to-morrow's sun will shine.

Now the course of nature was stopped, and everything that had been sure to be was turned aside and would be no more. Bewilderment was the chief feeling in Roger's mind; not pain so much as wonder, and the difficulty of accepting what was incredible, — a state not of excitement, still less of struggle, but of a certain dim consternation, incapacity to understand or realize what nevertheless he knew to be true. He knew it so well to be true and irresistible that, as he dressed, he arranged in his mind how his few private possessions were to be disposed of. Some of them he would no longer have any use for, — his hunters, his dog-cart, the many things which somehow had come to be his, without either purchase or gift, the natural property of the heir of the house. Were they his at all? What was his? Almost nothing; a legacy his godfather had left him, a little money he had at the bank, the remains of the allowance he had from his father: that, of course, would stop. He must find work of some kind, — something which he could do, enough to maintain himself — and his wife. His wife! Good heavens! was it to poverty he was to bring her? Instead of transporting her to the higher sphere in which he had (O fool!) foreseen so many difficulties, was he to give her only the dullness of genteel pov-

erty, — a poverty harder and less simple than that to which she had been used? Was this what it had come to? He thought for the first time seriously of Edmund's question, — "Does she love you?" She was not mercenary; no, not like the society women. She would not count what he had or weigh the advantages of marrying him, but — The question had become more serious even in the very moment of being put. It might have been enough for the future master of Melcombe to love his bride, whom he could surround with everything her heart could desire. But if Lily were to wed a man disinherited, she must love him. The chill of that thought came over him like a sudden storm-cloud. He had not asked if she loved him. She was a timid, modest girl, who perhaps had never even thought of love. She would love him *after*; she would come to love him: he who could make her life like a fairy-tale, who could change everything for her, realize her every dream, — what could she do but love him? He would be the fairy prince to Lily, the giver of everything that was delightful and sweet. He had never been exigent, he had not expected from her a return which he believed she was too innocent, too inexperienced, to have thought of. It would almost have wounded the delicacy of Roger's passion had she thrown herself into his arms, and acknowledged that her heart had already awakened and responded to the fervor of his. But now the question was altogether changed. Now that he had nothing to offer, nothing to give her, it was necessary before she accepted the only remainder, which was himself, that Lily's heart should have spoken, that she should love him. He had not thought of it in this light even when Edmund put the question to him, nor had Edmund thought of it in that light, but he saw it now.

The effect upon Roger of this thought was extraordinary. Certainly he had not intended to carry away from Ford's

cottage an unwilling bride. He had looked for a sweet consent, a gentle yielding to his love, a growing wonder and enchantment and delight; but now — In spite of himself, a chill got into Roger's veins. What had he to offer her? Poverty, obscurity; an existence differing from that in which she had been brought up in nothing except that it would be far harder in its necessities than those of the gamekeeper's cottage ever could have been. Acquiescence would not do any longer. Lily must choose, she must know what her own heart said. This change altered all possible relations between them at once. She must take a woman's part, which, he said to himself with a groan, she was not old enough nor experienced enough to take, and judge for herself. It was for her sake that he would be poor, but perhaps she would be in the right if she refused his poverty. It would have to be put to her, at least, and she must decide for herself. The shifting scenes which surrounded this resolution in Roger's imagination were many and various. He imagined how he would tell her, and half a dozen different ways in which she might reply. She might put her hand in his and say, "You need me more if you are to be poor;" or she might whisper that it was he, and not his fortune, that had ever moved her; or she might tell by nothing but a smile, by nothing but tears, what her meaning was. There were a hundred ways. Ah! if that were so, it would be easy to say it; but if it were not so?

He set out with a very grave face, after the pretense at breakfast which he had made alone, having waited until the family had dispersed from that meal, — all but Nina, who sat faithful by the urn, with large eyes expanded by curiosity, watching all her brother's movements, until she had poured out the tea for everybody. Roger did not even notice her watchful looks. He had not an idea that she perused all the faces at that

table, one after another, and made them out. But something more was going on than was within Nina's ken: it was not enough, she knew, to conclude that papa had been scolding the boys, — that was the only way of putting it which she was accustomed to; but by this time she was aware that it was more serious than that. Roger's face, however, was all shut and closed to her scrutiny; the upper lip firmly set against the lower, the chin square, the eyes overcast.

"Will you have another cup of tea, Roger?" she said.

"No, Nina, thanks."

"Won't you have something to eat, Roger? You have had nothing. A gentleman can't breakfast on a cup of tea."

"Thank you, my dear; I have had all I want."

"Oh, Roger, I'm afraid you are not well. Oh, Roger, do eat something before you go out."

Her voice was so much disturbed that he paused to pat her upon the shoulder, as he passed her.

"Don't trouble about me, Nina. I have more to think of than breakfast," Roger said. His tone was more gentle than usual, his hand lingered tenderly upon her shoulder. Nina got very quickly to her window, when he had left the room; there was no more occasion for keeping her place by the urn. She watched till he came out from the other side of the house and took his way across the park. To the West Lodge again, and so early! It became clear to Nina that something more must be involved than a scolding from papa.

Roger had not the air of a happy lover; his face was grave and pale and full of care. He went straight across the park as the bird flies, not even perceiving the obstacles in his way. It was a mode of progress as different from the manner in which he used to approach that centre of his thoughts, circling and circling until, as if by accident, he found

himself close to the little humble place in which was his shrine, — as different as the evening leisure, the soft nightfall, when beasts and men were alike drawing homeward, was to this morning hour of life and labor. Ford's cottage was different, too; it was astir with morning sounds of work and the rude employments of every day. One of the helpers about the Melcombe stables was busy outside with something for the pheasants, with half a dozen dogs following him wherever he moved; and the sound of his heavy footsteps coming and going, the rattle of the grain in the baskets, the scuffling and occasional barking of the young dogs, jarred upon Roger, whose first impulse was to order the man away. But he remembered, with a half smile which threw a strange light upon his face, that he had no longer any authority here, and passed on to the house.

Mrs. Ford was busy with her domestic work within, — very busy cleaning bright copper kettles and brass candlesticks, which stood in a row upon the table and made a great show; but though she seemed so hard at work, it was probable that Mrs. Ford was not working at all. Her honest face was disturbed with care. She was red with trouble and anxiety. When she curtsied to the young master, as he came in, the salutation concealed a start which was not of surprise, but rather acknowledged the coming of a crisis for which she was on the outlook and prepared.

"I have come," said Roger, quickly, "to see Lily, as you will understand; but I have also come, Mrs. Ford, to see you. Where is Ford? I suppose you told him what I said to you last night."

"Oh, Mr. Roger!" cried Mrs. Ford, wiping her hands in her apron, with another curtsy. "Oh, sir, yes, I told him."

"Is he here? You must have known I should want to come to an understanding at once."

"Oh, sir! It's early, Mr. Roger —

we never thought — Ford's away in the woods; he would n't bide from his work."

"I suppose he told you his mind; of course you know it well enough. Mrs. Ford, I've got something more to tell you to-day."

"Oh, Mr. Roger," said Mrs. Ford, "don't, sir, don't tell me no more! I've not got the strength for it. Oh, don't tell me no more! We are that upset, Ford and me, that we don't know what to think or what to say."

"Am I not to be trusted, then?" asked Roger, with a smile of conscious power, grave as he was. "Have you higher views? No, I ought n't to say that. Why should you be so upset, Ford and you?"

"Oh, Mr. Roger," she said again, "oh, when we thinks how it would be — What will the master say, as has been a good master, taking one year with another, ever since him and me was married, — what would he say? He has a rough tongue when he's put out of his way. He'd say as we'd inveigled you, and set snares for you, and I don't know what. He'd think this is what we've been aiming at first and last, giving her her eddication for, and all that."

"You need not trouble yourself to think what he'll say; he'll take no notice. We have had some words, he and I, and I don't think he will interfere any more. Where is Lily? I have much to say to her. And as for you, my father will not be unjust to you."

He was turning along the narrow passage which led to Lily's parlor, when Mrs. Ford caught him by the arm. "Mr. Roger! Lily's not there."

"Not there? Where is she? I hope you don't mean to interfere between her and me?"

"Oh, no, sir, not I would n't," cried the keeper's wife. "She's out somewhere; I don't know where. She is just distracted, Mr. Roger. Speak of being upset, she's more upset than any one. Oh, wait a bit, sir; don't go after her.

She's distracted, Lily is. All this morning she's been wringing her poor hands, saying, 'What shall I do, — what shall I do?' She's very feeling, too feeling for her own good. She takes thought for us, and for you, and for every one afore herself. I should n't wonder if she were to go and hide herself somewhere. I don't know at this moment where she is."

"Mrs. Ford," said Roger, almost sternly, "I must know the truth: is this because Lily does not — care for me?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the woman, trembling, watching him with furtive eyes; and then a small hysterical sound, half cough, half sob, escaped her. "Mr. Roger, is it possible she should n't be proud? A gentleman like you — and stooping to our little place to seek her out! Not but what my Lily is one as any gentleman might" —

"Yes, yes," he cried, — "yes, yes! There is no question of that. The question is, Has she any answer to give me? It is not because I am a gentleman, but because I am a man, that I want my answer from Lily. Does she want to avoid me? Am I not her choice, — am I not" — Roger paused and turned to the door. "I must find her, wherever she is," he added.

Mrs. Ford caught his arm again. "Oh, Mr. Roger, she do find such places among the trees as nobody 'ud ever think of. Oh, don't go after her, Mr. Roger! Is it natural, sir, as she should n't give her 'eart to you? Who has she ever seen but you? You're the only gentleman — Oh, sir, don't stop me like that. My girl, she's a lady in her heart. Do you think she would ever look at the likes of them common men? And she has never seen nobody but you. It's not that. I understand what it is, Mr. Roger, if you, that are young, don't understand. It's turning everything wrong, everything upside down, everybody out of their way, all for one young little bit of a girl. She can't abear it.

Her father and me as will be turned out of house and home, and you as will be put all wrong with the Squire, and everything at sixes and sevens! Oh! I understand her, though it may n't be so easy for a young man like you."

"As for Ford and you, I'll see to" — Roger had said so much before he recollected how powerless he now was. He stopped short, then added hastily, "I don't think you have any cause for fear, Mrs. Ford; my father has done all he can. He will not trouble himself with other matters. He has disinherited me. It does not matter to him now what I do. Of course, you have a right to know it; and I must see Lily; I must speak to Lily; there must be no doubt upon the subject now. She must look at it, and think of it, and make up her own mind."

"Disinher—" It was too big a word for Mrs. Ford's mouth, but not for her understanding. She gazed at Roger with round, wide-open eyes. "Oh, sir, has he put you out, — has he put you out? and all for our Lily!" She wrung her hands. "Oh, but Mr. Roger, it's not too late. You must n't let that be. A girl may be both pretty and good, and that's what my Lily is; but to be turned out of house and home for her! Oh, no, no, — it's not too late, — it must n't be."

"There is nothing more to be said on that subject," said Roger, with a certain peremptory tone. "But tell me where she is. Where is she? Why am I kept from her? You understand that I am leaving to-day, and that I must see her. To keep her back is no kindness; it is rather cruelty. Let me see her at once, Mrs. Ford."

"Oh, Mr. Roger!" she cried again, wringing her hands, "you can go into the parlor and see for yourself. She's been distracted-like in her mind since last night. She's gone out, and I can't tell where she is. Oh, sir, for all our sakes, make it up with the Squire.

Don't make a quarrel in the family; go back to your father, Mr. Roger, and don't mind us no more!"

A smile passed over his face at the strange futility of the idea. As well suggest that the pillars of the earth might be shaken, to make his seat more comfortable. He waved it aside with a movement of his hand.

"You will perceive that I must see her to-day. I will come back before the time for the afternoon train. Tell her — tell her to think it all over; and don't attempt to come between us, for that is what cannot be done now."

Was he almost glad in his heart to put off this interview, although he was so anxious for it? There are times when, with our hearts beating for the turn of an event, Nature, sick with suspense yet terrified for certainty, will with both her hands push it away.

XXIV.

MR. MITFORD'S WILL.

Roger left Melcombe by the afternoon train, to which his brother accompanied him with feelings indescribable, but no faith in anything that was happening. It seemed to Edmund like a feverish dream, which by and by must pass, leaving the world as it was before. Roger was not very communicative as to what he was going to do. Indeed, it would have been difficult, for he did not have any distinct plans. He meant to get something he could work at, with a great vagueness in his mind as to what that would be. Something would be found, he had no doubt, though what he was fit for, what he could do, it was more difficult, nay, almost impossible, to say; but that was the least of his pre-occupations. He was sombre and downcast about matters which he did not confide to his brother; saying, indeed, nothing about the Fords, or Lily, or anything

that went below the surface of affairs. His father and he had met at luncheon, but nothing had been said between them. He left the house of his birth without a word of farewell, without any sign on his own part or that of others that he was doing more than going out for a walk. Nina, who had gained an interest in his eyes, he could not himself tell how, by dint of the anxious curiosity in hers, which Roger, forlorn, took for affectionate interest, received from him a kiss upon her cheek, a most unusual caress, which astonished her greatly. "You are not going away, Roger?" she said, scanning him all over with those keen eyes, seeing no indication of a journey, no change in his dress, yet suspecting something, she did not know what. "Good-by, little Nina; be good, and take care of yourself," said he. And these were all the adieux he made. When they reached the station, Edmund observed that his brother glanced round him anxiously, as if looking for some one; but he did not say for whom he looked. His last glance out of the carriage window was still one of scrutiny; but it was evident that he did not find what he was expecting, and it was with an air of dissatisfaction and disappointment that he threw himself back into his corner, not making any response to Edmund, nor, indeed, seeing him as he stood to watch the train go away. The station was as little frequented as usual; one or two passengers, who had been dropped by the train, dispersing; one or two vacant bystanders turning their backs as the momentary excitement died away; Edmund watching the line of carriages disappear with a sensation of sickness and confusion of faculties far more serious, he said to himself, than could be called for. There was nothing tragic in the matter, after all. Even if Roger were disinherited, as his father threatened, some provision must be made for him, and no doubt there would be time for many changes of sentiment before

any disinheritance could be operative, the Squire being a man full of strength and health, more vigorous than any of his sons. What if Roger did make an unsatisfactory marriage? Hundreds of men had done that, and yet been little the worse. If a woman were pretty and pleasant, who cared to inquire into who her father was? Lily would no doubt put on very readily the outside polish of society. After all, there was nothing tragic about it; and yet—

Edmund, as was natural, strayed into the Rectory on his way home, and, what was equally natural, unbosomed himself to Pax, who had seen the brothers pass, and who knew somehow, neither she herself nor any one else knew how, that something was wrong at Melcombe. "My father speaks very big, but of course he will never do it," Edmund said.

"I would not be too sure of that. He may sometimes say more than he means to carry out, but when he is set at defiance like this"—

"Pax, you go in too much for the authorities. A man over thirty may surely choose a wife for himself."

"He should choose for his father too, when he is the eldest son," said Pax. "Don't talk to me. It's all an unnatural system, if you like. I don't mind what you say on that subject; but granting the system, it's clear to me what must follow. If you're to carry on a family, you must carry it on. It is quite a different thing when you live an independent life. The predestined heir can never be an independent man."

"That is not the opinion of the world," returned Edmund, with a smile.

"It's my opinion, and I don't think I'm a fool. Now you are free to please yourself. You might marry Lily Ford and welcome. No one has any right to interfere with you."

"Thank you," said Edmund; "my tastes don't lie that way."

"No," answered Pax; "you might,

and won't; and Roger ought not, but does. That is the way always. I blame him very much, though I'm sorry for him. She is not worth it. There are some women who are, though. If Lizzie Travers had not a shilling, she would be worth it. She's a fortune in herself."

"Why bring in her name?" said Edmund; "though I don't doubt you are right enough."

"I bring in her name for this, Edmund: that your father is quite right about her, and that if you let her slip through your fingers it will be wicked as well as foolish. There, that's my opinion. Roger's out of the question. Now, Edmund, *à vous*" —

"You speak as if it did n't much matter which, so long as it was one of us; that is highly disrespectful, I think, to one of whom — to one who" —

"Yes," said Pax, "that's right; resent it on her account. That's exactly what I knew you would do. Why bring in her name, as you say? Poor Roger, poor boy! So he thinks the world well lost for Lily Ford. I could hope he would never live to change his mind; but I fear that is not likely to be. Lily Ford! Well, she is neither a bad girl nor a silly one, any more than she can help being. I don't think ill of her at all. She wants to be a lady, naturally, after her ridiculous bringing up, but she has not a bad heart. There's nothing bad about her. If she is fond of him, if she has any sort of love for him, all may come well."

Though Edmund had himself expressed a doubt on this point, he could not hear it suggested by another. "If she does not, she must be perverse indeed," he said. "Whom can she have seen equal to Roger? I suppose he is the only gentleman who has ever come in her way."

"Who knows?" observed Pax, oracularly. She had not the slightest intention in what she said, nor did she know anything about the people whom

Lily might have met. But she had a rooted objection to assumptions generally. "Who knows? A girl like that finds men to admire her in the depths of a wood, where other people would see nothing but twisted trees."

Altogether she did not give much comfort to her visitor; and Edmund did not find any pleasure in that day. He had to meet his father at dinner, who did worse than inquire about Roger; he took no notice of his absence, not even of the empty chair at the other end of the table, which Edmund would not take, and which marked painfully the absence of the eldest son. Mr. Mitford talked a great deal at dinner; he told stories which made Nina laugh, and even produced from the young footman a faint explosion, for which Larkins made him suffer afterwards. Edmund, however, would not laugh; he sat silent, and let his father's pleasantries pass, the presence of his pale, grave face making a painful contrast with the gayety of the others. Larkins was as deeply conscious of the strained state of affairs as Edmund was, and went about the shaded background of the room with more solemnity than ever, while the Squire went on with his story-telling, and Nina laughed. Nina, indeed, did not want to laugh; she wanted to know why Roger had gone away, and what was the meaning of it all. But papa was "so funny," she could not but yield to the irresistible. The dinner is always a dreadful ordeal at such periods of family history, and most likely it was to hide his own perception of this, and do away with the effect upon himself of that significant vacancy at the other end of the table, that the Squire took refuge in being funny, which was not at all his usual way.

Next day Edmund was called to his father in the library. He found him in close consultation with Mr. Pouncefort, the solicitor who had been charged with the family business almost all his life, having inherited that, with other lifelong

occupations of the same kind, from his father. Mr. Pouncefort sat at Mr. Mitford's own writing-table, with a bag full of papers at his feet, and turned a very rueful countenance upon Edmund as he entered. He accompanied this look with a slight shake of the head, when Edmund came up and shook hands with him. "Pretty well, pretty well," he said, mournfully; "as well as can be expected, considering" — in answer to the young man's question. He was a neat little old man, with silver-gray hair carefully brushed, and a way of puckering up his brows which made his face look like a flexible mask.

"Look here, Edmund," said his father, "I have been settling my affairs, as I told you."

"He means destroying his will, a very reasonable will, and making one that ought n't to stand for a moment," broke in Mr. Pouncefort, shaking his head and pushing up into his hair the folds of his forehead.

"Nothing of the sort, you old croaker! Pouncefort knows every man's business better than he does himself."

"It's my business to do so, and I do. I know your affairs all off by heart, which is a great deal more than you do. And I can see to-day from to-morrow, which you can't in your present state of mind. I don't know my own affairs a hundredth part so well as I know yours. Look here, a bargain: take my advice about *your* business, and you shall say what I'm to do with mine."

The county gentleman looked at his solicitor with eyes in which familiar friendliness scarcely concealed the underlying contempt. They had known each other all their lives, — had been boys together, and called each other, in those days, by their Christian names. Mr. Pouncefort was as independent and nearly as rich as the Squire, but he was only a solicitor when all was said. "What!" Mr. Mitford cried, "if I advise you to let your son marry the house-

maid? Come, Pouncefort, no folly. Read the stipulations to Edmund, and if he likes to abide by them it's all right. If not, I think I know another who will."

"I declare to goodness," asserted Mr. Pouncefort, "I'd rather see my son marry anybody than put my hand to this."

"I did n't send for the pope nor the bishop to tell me what was right," said the other old man. "I sent for my solicitor — I dare say Edmund has a hundred things to do, and you're wasting his valuable time."

"I have nothing to do, and I wish you would listen, sir, to what" —

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Squire, jumping up from his chair, "is this my business, or whose business is it? Let him hear it, and let us be done with it. I can't stay here all day."

Upon which Mr. Pouncefort, occasionally pausing to launch a comment, read the new settlement of the Mitford property, which after all was not so cruel as appeared. Roger was not cut off with a shilling; he was to have ten thousand pounds: but his successor as Mr. Mitford's heir was strictly barred from conveying back to him or his heirs, under any pretense, any portion of the property. Roger was excluded formally and forever from all share in Melcombe. Any attempt at the transgression of this stipulation was to entail at once a forfeiture of the estate, which should then pass to the persons to be hereafter named. The spaces for the names were all blank. Mr. Pouncefort, shaking his head, interjecting now and then an exclamation, read to the end, and then he opened out the crackling papers on the table, and turned round first to the Squire, who had resumed his seat and listened with a sort of triumphant complacency, then to Edmund, who had stood all the time leaning on the back of a high carved chair. "There!" cried the lawyer, "there's your confounded instructions

carried out, and I'm ashamed of myself for doing it; and now, Edmund, it's for you to speak."

"My answer is very simple," said Edmund. "It can be no disappointment to you, sir, for you must have foreseen it. I refuse" —

"You refuse! You are a great fool for your pains. You had better take time to think it over. A day or two can't make much difference, Pouncefort."

"A day or two might make all the difference," replied Mr. Pouncefort. "Why, you might die — any of us might die — before dinner."

Once more the Squire jumped out of his chair. "I think you want to drive me to" —

"Suicide?" said little Mr. Pouncefort. "Oh, no; but I'll tell you one thing, Mitford. If you thought you were going to die before dinner, — ay, or after it, either, — you would not make this will."

"You think yourself privileged," cried the Squire, with a puff of hot breath. "So far as I'm aware my death is nothing to you, or when it takes place. Edmund" —

"Oh, yes," returned the lawyer, "it's a great deal to me, for we're the same age; and when you go, I'll have to be looking to my preparations for the voyage. I don't want it to happen a day sooner than can be helped."

"Edmund," said Mr. Mitford, "all this is utterly beyond the question. Take a day or two to think. I don't want to hurry you. I like to deal justly with everybody. You're the next, and I don't want to pass you over; but don't think you can bully me by refusing, for I'll stick to my intention whether you go in with it or not."

"I want no time to think, sir; there can't be a question about my decision. I am as grieved about Roger as you can be, but I will never step into his place."

"'Never' is a long word. He might

die, as Pouncefort's so fond of suggesting, and then, of course, you would take his place."

"I never will while he lives; I never will to his detriment. Father, don't do anything about it now. You are as young as the best of us. What does it matter whether it's decided now or in six months' time? For the moment let it alone. We are all excited" —

"Not I," declared the Squire, "though Pouncefort thinks I may die before dinner."

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders. "Edmund's a very sensible fellow," he said; "suppose we put it off for six months."

"What! to leave me time to die, as you say, and balk myself? No, I tell you. I know where to find a man to do what I want, if you refuse. Let it be yes or no, then, on the spot, if that's what you choose."

"It must be no, then, sir, — no, without a shadow of hesitation," Edmund replied. He was very grave and pale, — as different as could be imagined from his father's red and angry physiognomy. Mr. Mitford knew it was bad for him to be thus excited. Dying before dinner is not such an impossible thing, when a man is stout, of a full habit, and allows himself to get into states of excitement. He had a roar of rage in his throat to deliver upon his son, but was stopped by this thought, which had more effect upon him than a high moral reason. He pulled himself up with another puff of heated breathing, which was half a snort; and then he assumed the air of mockery which was, he was aware, his most effectual weapon.

"Very well, then, sir," he said, with that very detestable mimicry of his son's tone. "It shall be no, then, sir, and there's an end of it. And I know some one who will not have a shadow of hesitation, not a — Stephen knows very well on what side his bread's buttered. I'll telegraph for Steve, Pouncefort."

"Writing will do quite well; I'm in no hurry. One would think it was I that was pushing this matter on."

"Why, I might die — before dinner," the Squire retorted. To be mimicked is never pleasant, but to be mimicked badly is a thing beyond the power of mortal man to support. Mr. Mitford had no imitative powers. Mr. Pouncefort grew an angry red under his gray hair.

It was at this moment that Larkins opened the door, and came in in his dignified way, — a way that put an end to everything in the shape of a scene wherever he appeared. He was in the habit of making a wide circuit round the furniture, with a calm and decorum which made excited persons ashamed of themselves, and which transferred all their attention, in spite of themselves, to this perfectly *digne* and respectable messenger from a world outside which made no account of their excitements.

"Mr. Edmund, sir," Larkins said, "there is a person outside who wishes to see you."

Larkins was far above making private communications to any man, especially to one of the family; but there was something in his look which startled Edmund.

"A person," he repeated involuntarily, "to see me?"

"A very respectable person, sir," Larkins said. Then he walked round the furniture again, making the circuit of the room, and stood at the door, holding it open to let his young master pass.

Mr. Mitford had seated himself in his chair at the appearance of Larkins, with the aspect of a judge upon the bench, severe but amiable; and Mr. Pouncefort had smoothed down all the billows of his forehead, as if nothing had ever disturbed him. Calm and self-respect came back with that apparition. Edmund was too glad to take advantage

of the interruption. He hurried out, with little thought of the object of the call, — glad to be delivered anyhow.

"I have taken her up to your room, sir. I thought you'd be quieter there," Larkins said.

"Her! Whom? Who is it? Has anything happened?" cried Edmund, scarcely knowing what he said.

"It is a female, Mr. Edmund; very respectable, and in a deal of trouble."

Edmund rushed up-stairs, three steps at a time. He did not know what he feared. His rooms were at the end of a long corridor, and the mere fact that his visitor should have been taken there was startling. What woman could want him in this way? But imagination could not have helped him to call up that homely figure in the garb of a perfect rustic respectability, such as Larkins knew how to value, which came rushing forward as he opened the door, turning upon him an honest face, red with crying and misery. "Oh, sir, where's my Lily? Oh, what's been done with my Lily? Oh, for the love of God — if you care for that! Mr. Edmund, Mr. Edmund, where is my girl? Tell me, and I'll go on my knees and bless you. Oh, tell me, tell me, if you don't want to see me die before your eyes!"

"Mrs. Ford!" Edmund cried, with an astonishment beyond words.

"Oh, for God's sake, Mr. Edmund! Yes, I'm her mother, her poor mother, that has trained her, may be, for her ruin. Oh, where is my girl? Where's my Lily? Tell me, sir, tell me wherever it is, and I'll thank you on my knees."

And the poor woman flung herself, in her big shawl and respectable bonnet, her eyes streaming, her face working with wild supplication, heavily at his feet upon the carpet; a figure half ridiculous, wholly tragic, in all the abandonment of despair.

M. O. W. Oliphant.
T. B. Aldrich.

COUNT TOLSTOÏ AND THE PUBLIC CENSOR.

It is a well-known fact that the sympathy between Count Lyof Tolstoi and the censor of the Russian press is the reverse of profound. Nevertheless, the manner in which the two men are working together, unwittingly, for the confusion of the count's future literary executors and editors, furnishes a subject of interest, not unmixed with amusement, to spectators in a land which is not burdened with an official censor. The extent of the censorship exercised over the first eleven volumes of his works will probably never be known. But the twelfth volume is a literary curiosity, which can be appreciated only after a comparison of its contents as printed there with the manuscript copies of works prohibited in Russia, or with copies of such works printed out of Russia.

The contents of the volume are of a very miscellaneous character, and consist of sixteen short moral tales for popular reading, some of which are cast in the form of legends, folk-tales, and explanatory texts to accompany cheap chap-book pictures; a fragment entitled *In What Happiness Consists*; an article on the Census of Moscow, written in 1882; one written two years later, called *Thoughts Evoked by the Moscow Census*; a psychological study of death, — *The Death of Ivan Ilitch*; and an article on *Popular Education*, which was originally printed in a journal in 1875, and accidentally omitted from the fourth volume of the collected works, where it properly belongs, in company with a large number of the stories for popular reading. This last article serves, in some measure, to explain why so highly talented an author has devoted himself, of late years, to the production of the peculiar stories begun in his pedagogical journal, entitled *Yasnaya Polyana*, after the name of his estate, and continued

to the present time in various publications. As he has added no qualifying notes, the article may be taken as still presenting his views. They may be summed up as follows: that the German method of elementary instruction (evidently the Kindergarten) may be suited to the capacities of "Hottentots, negroes, and small German children," but that it certainly is not to the little Russian *muzhik*, who knows more at the age of two years than all the elaborate puerilities of the two chief Russian authorities on the subject can teach him from their books. He believes that the peasant himself is the best judge of what he should be taught, even though the latter does hold the Dogberrian theory that schools need not be permanent institutions, since, if the parents once learn, the following generations will inherit their wisdom. Count Tolstoi's personal experience in the peasant schools has shown him that Russian, Slavonic (the language of the church), and mathematics, "and *nothing* else" should constitute the course of study in schools for the people, since these branches of learning are at the foundation of all others. In order that the people may have proper reading matter for due progress, he has prepared the simple stories contained in the present volume, as well as those referred to as preceding them. They are written in the simplest, most concise peasant language, and in accordance with his theory that the people always speak good Russian, while the educated classes do not. They are all ingenious, though, at times, the moral truth which he seeks to convey is rendered difficult of perception by the involved allegories by which it is obscured. "Love one another, resist not evil, despise money:" such is the burden of his exhortation, and as a rule, it is beautifully and touch-

ingly expressed. If the peasants are observing, however, they will not fail to note some discrepancies in his arguments on the subject of money. In one of the tales, for instance, he represents the subjects of Ivan the Fool—who are fools like their ruler, yet the only wise in truth—as refusing money altogether except for the purpose of necklaces for the women and playthings for the children, since it is nothing but an invention of “the real gentleman, the old Devil,” to lead men astray. In another, a man who finds a heap of gold by the wayside, and devotes the whole of it to the founding of asylums for orphans and old people, and other works of charity, is rebuked by an angel of the Lord for having even touched the accursed thing. In still another, a poor peasant, who has with difficulty scraped together enough money to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the salvation of his soul, spends nearly the whole of it in restoring a starving family to prosperity, and is obliged to return home. Yet he or his wraith is seen at the Holy Sepulchre by his friend and traveling-companion, as a heavenly reward for the good accomplished with gold, that lure of the Evil One. The giving of money in alms is directly commended in other tales. The author’s opinions on this question, elsewhere expressed, show that he entertains strong doubts as to whether money is not an unmixed evil, and the old-fashioned system of barter the only true solution of the difficulty. These stories, as printed in this volume, do not correspond, in all respects, with the versions furnished the people in the separate penny copies, but it can hardly be a question of the censor, in this case.

The fragment entitled *In What Happiness Consists* represents all of the work popularly known as *My Religion* which is allowed in a printed form, in Russia. It corresponds with a portion of chapter x., beginning with the sentence, “Christ preaches the truth.” (*My Reli-*

gion, Crowell, page 179; *What I Believe*, Gottsberger, page 171.) Throughout, the “doctrine of the church”—where the phrase is permitted at all,—is replaced by the words, “the teaching of the world.” The references to asceticism, voluntary torture in this life, and the scriptural quotation on which monasticism is founded are expunged. The remark that the circle of friends which emperors and kings can have is very restricted also strikes the censor as objectionable. The outspoken passage on pages 191, 182 (respectively, as above), beginning with the comments on the servant in a bath-house, including observations on cabinet ministers perpetually engaged in signing documents of no importance, and men following a gaudy uniform to the wars, like a herd of cattle, and so on, is the next omission. The wickedness of oaths to authorities and the results of a refusal to perform military service follow, as well as the phrase about torture in Sevastopol and Plevna. (*What I Believe*, page 184.) The quotation and reference to poverty as one of the indispensable conditions of following Christ’s doctrine is also omitted, possibly out of consideration for the feelings of wealthy ecclesiastics. The passage concerning the millions of men in Russia who do not practice the doctrine of Christ, and yet do not starve, the miracle of the loaves and fishes (pages 203–207; 191–194, as above), and one or two lesser omissions complete the list of the censor’s cancellations. The cuts are significant and leave very little of even that one chapter to stand as the authorized version.

The Death of Ivan Ilitch is the most important thing, in the line of strictly literary work, which Count Tolstói has written since *Anna Karenina*, and consists mainly of a subtle psychological study of the cultivated man in general, during the hopeless illness preceding his death. There is enough ordinary description connected with this to admit us

into the circumstances of Ivan Ilitch's life, before and during his illness, and the unfeeling conduct of his family, which leaves him dependent for sympathy, in his sufferings, on the cheerful, simple-minded peasant who waits upon him. It is through the unconscious influence of this peasant that Ivan Ilitch is at last brought into a state of mind where he no longer fears death, but dies with the calm composure of the muzhik. As is natural, this portion of the narrative outweighs the rest in the reader's interest, but there is some equally fine analytical work in the opening chapter, where Petr Ivanovitch, Ivan Ilitch's old friend, calls upon the widow.

The most important article in this volume, however, is that devoted to the Census of Moscow. In general character, it is a continuation of *My Religion*, many of the same subjects being considered in the light of his personal experience as one of the census-takers in one of the poorest quarters of the city, to which he had been appointed at his own request. It was not to be expected that such a social study would be allowed to pass the censor un mutilated. The omissions are numerous and noteworthy. A hint of this state of things is sometimes conveyed by a line of dots, but in other cases no indication whatever is vouchsafed. Copies of the article, printed abroad, and under a different title, supply the suppressed passages, which are generally the most interesting of all. Count Tolstoi's idea of a census is to combine works of mercy with the technical labor: if a starving woman should come under the notice of one of the agents, she should be attended to, even if the census proper should go to destruction in consequence, the succor of the suffering being the most important task of our lives. In short, the census should be simply a means to that end.

In 1882, Count Tolstoi went to live in Moscow, where he was speedily struck with the numerous beggars, by whom he

was cheated, in accordance with methods universally prevalent, when he offered them work, or gave them money for specific objects. He found that old inhabitants of the city spoke with considerable satisfaction and pride of the 50,000 beggars, just as people in London had boasted to him of the poverty of London. Prompted by a desire to inspect this wretchedness in person, he finally went to a certain square, which was a sort of headquarters for an army of beggars, after having made several attempts and beaten a retreat, overcome by his feelings. Thence he followed the crowd to the Lyapinsky free lodging-house for the night. While waiting with the throng for the doors to open, at five P. M., he conversed with various poor people, treated them to hot *sbiten* (poor man's tea, made of water, honey, and laurel or salvia leaves), and gave them all the money he had about him, amounting to twenty rubles. He was conducted over the house, as soon as it was opened, by some of his new friends, and got his first sight of the double row of bunks and their wretched occupants, as the latter prayed, cursed, and jested. The passage which follows is omitted from the version authorized by the censor. It describes his sensations of personal guilt, on returning to his own house, with its carpeted stairs and anterooms, where, after removing his fur cloak, he sat down to a dinner of five courses, served by two lackeys, in dress-coats, white ties, and white gloves. He also describes an execution which he had witnessed thirty years before, in Paris, and announces his conviction that he was guilty of murder, because he bestowed his tacit approval on it by being present without offering a remonstrance. He compares his sensations on that occasion to those experienced on the present one, when he might have given, not only the small change in his pocket, but the coat from his back and the entire contents of his house, and declares that he shall always hold

himself to be an accomplice in crime so long as he possesses two garments, while there is any one who has none at all. In the evening he discussed the question with a friend, and unconsciously shouted at the latter, as he says, with tears in his voice, "I can't live so; it is impossible to live so, — impossible!" until his wife rushed in from an adjoining room to inquire the cause of his excitement. He was then made to feel ashamed of his heat in argument, was told that he never could talk quietly, that he became unpleasantly excited, and it was proved to him that the existence of such unfortunate wretches could not possibly afford him any excuse for embittering the lives of those about him. "I felt that this was perfectly just," he adds, "and held my tongue; but at the bottom of my heart I knew that I was right, and I could not calm myself."

The luxury of his city life became intolerable to him, but his friends assured him that it was only because he was very good and tender-hearted, which he gladly believed. He then set about devising a plan of philanthropic activity, which would exhibit all his benevolence, although secretly persuaded that this was not what he wanted. This plan was the one above referred to in connection with the census, after exercising the exhaustive benevolence of which, the rich would be able to enjoy their luxuries without any compunction. All the friends to whom he wrote or spoke about banishing poverty from Moscow treated him with consideration, but appeared sorry to hear him utter nonsense which they could not qualify as such to his face. They allowed him to put down their names for various sums, but not one of them gave him ready money, as they would have done for a box at the theatre to see Sarah Bernhardt. At one elegant house, he found a large circle of ladies engaged in dressing dolls, which were to be raffled for the benefit of the poor, but lack of means prevented their

giving him anything. He returned home with a mortified sense of having been engaged in something very shameful, but shame itself forbade the relinquishment of the scheme. He wrote his article on the census, containing an outline of his plan (it is given in this twelfth volume), and then read it to the city council, "blushing almost to tears" with embarrassment as he did so. No official action was taken; they all seemed to regret his folly; so did the students appointed to take the census; so did his wife, his son, and various other persons. He was still conscious that he was not on the right track, but his article was printed, and he entered on the duties connected with the census. He was assigned to a quarter of the city in which was situated a stronghold of the direst poverty, popularly known under the name of the "Rzhanoff house," or the "fortress." On the appointed day, the students who were to assist him made their appearance at that house early in the morning, but, as he did not rise until ten o'clock, and had to drink his coffee and smoke for his digestion, he, the benefactor, did not reach the fortress until twelve o'clock. His description of the sights which he witnessed there is graphic and terrible, as was to be expected; but at the end, he was ashamed to confess that he felt rather disappointed to discover that these people were not in the least peculiar, but exactly like his ordinary associates. He had gone there with the idea that he should find people in need of immediate assistance, and he saw petty artisans of various sorts, all cheerful and busily working. Where help was required, it had already been given by the poor people themselves. What these people needed, like people in the higher ranks, was to have their false views of life corrected. A comparison between the miserable women whom he found in this house and ladies of the higher classes has been suppressed by the censor. Among the children, he

was particularly struck with a lad of twelve, named Serozha. He took Serozha to his own house, and installed him in the kitchen, being unwilling to introduce to his own children a boy fresh from the haunts of vice. Having thus, as he expresses it, shifted the feeding of the boy upon the cook, and presented him with some old clothes, he felt himself to be extremely good and benevolent. The child remained there one week, in the course of which Tolstõ addressed a few words to him on two occasions, and spoke to a shoemaker about taking the lad as an apprentice, as the latter had refused an offer to go to the country. At the end of the week, the boy ran away, and hired out for thirty kopeks a day, as one of a band of savages in costume, who led an elephant in a procession, and he appeared utterly ungrateful for Tolstõ's kindness. Thereupon the latter blames himself for having brought the boy into demoralizing contact with his own children, thereby imbuing him with the notion that enjoyment without labor was permissible to him also, since he saw the little Tolstoïs soiling and spoiling everything about them, breaking the dishes, eating dainties, and flinging to their dogs food which would have seemed a delicacy to this beggar lad. His criticism of his own course is very frank. His experience of giving assistance with money was a bitter disappointment; genteel beggars were voracious in their demands, and the really poor lied and deceived him, until his faith in his scheme was destroyed. Not one of the people who had offered their help or had promised money (he had reckoned their subscriptions at 3000 rubles) ever gave him a single kopek; but the students who were under his charge contributed what they received for their work on the census, — about twelve rubles. To this was added twenty-five rubles, sent to him by the city authorities, in compensation for his own work. "And I positively did not know," he

adds, "to whom to give them." Before he went to the country for the summer, he made a special trip to the Rzhanoff fortress, for the purpose of "getting rid of those thirty-seven rubles." He found one poor old man to whom he gave five rubles. He gave the rest to a trustworthy man, for distribution in the neighborhood, as he could find no proper subjects for charity himself, and as those who begged of him were too well known to him, and in a roistering carnival state. Thus ended his scheme of benevolence, and he went off to the country, irritated with others because he had done a stupid and unprofitable deed. But though his experimental philanthropy was at an end, the thoughts evoked by it and the sentiments with which it had inspired him did not cease, and the inward conflict proceeded with redoubled vigor.

In the country, he says, he had done very little for the poor, but the demands upon him were so moderate that this little created an atmosphere of love and union with the people, which enabled him to believe what he had always heard, namely, that wealth is the gift of God, and that one can help the poor while continuing a life of luxury. A short personal investigation of city poverty convinced him that these wretched working classes could not be helped, because the very fact of their toil attached them to life more closely than he was himself attached, and because their chief misfortune lay in their being exactly the same as himself. For a long time, a false shame, and a liking for the self-satisfaction of feeling himself to be a benefactor, prevented his abandoning his attempts to render material aid. His mistake, which it took him three years longer to discover, lay in thinking that in order to live a good life it was necessary to amend the lives of others, not his own. The result of his reflections has been suppressed by the censor. It is, that the first cause of the peculiar poverty of the city, which he was unable to

alleviate, lies in the fact that he deprives the country people of their necessities, and carries them off to town with him. The second cause is, that he employs the goods which he has collected in the village in senseless luxury, thereby demoralizing those country people who follow him thither, in the hope of in some way recovering a portion of their property. One day, as he was talking to his sympathizing sister, and to a peasant named Siutaeff, the latter gave him the first real gleam of light on the subject of true charity, and as to the reason why Tolstoi had been unsuccessful with his gifts of money. "True charity," said Siutaeff, "consists in teaching the poor. Take your proportion of the poor, work beside them in the fields, and they will learn; eat at the same table with them, and let them hear your words." At this point the censor intervenes, and cuts out over a thousand words containing reflections on this theme. Every effort in the life of the wealthy, says Tolstoi, from their food, clothing, and dwellings, down to their cleanliness and their culture, is directed towards keeping the poor at a distance, and nine tenths of their money is spent in attaining this object alone. His socialistic utterances upon this subject are delightfully unconventional, but those on cleanliness, which is regarded as a moral virtue, though in reality only valued as a mark of class distinction, are of the most radical sort. "White hands love other people's work," is the proverb which he takes for his motto. The popular idea of the grades among the upper classes is thus defined: Culture signifies fashionable clothing, political conversation, and clean hands. In the circle next above, a knowledge of French, the ability to play the piano and to write a letter in Russian free from orthographical errors, and a "still greater degree of outward cleanliness" are the requisites. The next step in the social scale brings a knowledge of English, a diplo-

ma from one of the higher institutes of learning, and still greater personal cleanliness. "I am convinced," he says, "that between the poor and the rich there rises this wall of cleanliness and culture, and that in order to assist the poor we must break down this wall, first of all, adopt the plan of Siutaeff, and receive the poor among ourselves."

Another of Count Tolstoi's experiences puzzled him not a little. If he gave a beggar a few kopeks, when requested, without stopping to speak to him, the beggar looked grateful, and the Count was conscious of an agreeable sense of benevolence himself. But if he conversed with the man he felt obliged to give more, and the more he gave the more displeased the beggar appeared. The gift of ten rubles caused the beggar to look as though he had been insulted, and to walk off without saying so much as "Thank you," leaving Tolstoi feeling conscience-stricken and guilty. He concludes that this is the result of deliberately abandoning the rôle of a good-natured passer-by, and assuming that of a kind-hearted man. The solution of this puzzle was furnished him by a little scene at his country place, which the censor has seen fit to omit. He wanted twenty kopeks to give to a tramp, and sent his son to the house to borrow it of some one. It was lent by the cook. Shortly afterwards Tolstoi wanted another twenty kopeks for a tramp, and went to the kitchen to see if the cook could change a ruble for him. The cook called to his wife to take the money, and she, supposing that it was a gift, kissed Tolstoi's hand, whereupon the latter fled from the kitchen, groaning with shame, and did not undeceive her. The conclusion which he comes to is, that if any man asks three kopeks, or twenty, or even several rubles, one must give them, if one has them, this being merely a "matter of politeness, and not charity," with which view the censor, evidently, does not agree.

When Tolstõï first went to Moscow to live, he took up the habit of going to the Sparrow Hills to saw wood with a couple of peasants, for the sake of the exercise. One night he walked into town with them, and gave twenty kopeks to an old man who begged of them, thinking what a good impression such charity would make on Semyon, one of the peasants. Semyon pulled out his purse, gave the man a three-kopek piece, and asked for two kopeks in change. The man had but one, and after a momentary hesitation Semyon took off his cap, crossed himself, and went on, leaving the man the money. This set Tolstõï to thinking. Semyon had a wife and two children, and no reserve fund; Tolstõï had about 600,000 rubles saved up. In order to proportion his alms to Semyon's, Tolstõï reckoned that he should have given 3000 rubles, have asked 2000 in change, and then, leaving it all, have crossed himself, and proceeded quietly with his conversation. His deductions do not meet with the favor of the censor, who has cut out some reflections on the source of Tolstõï's fortune. "A part," says the author, "I inherited from my father. The peasant sold his last sheep to furnish me with it. Another part has come from the sale of my books. If my books are injurious, then I only lead people astray with them by selling them, and the money which I receive for them is ill-gained; but if they are helpful to people, my case is even worse. I do not give them to people, but I say, 'Give me seventeen rubles, and then I will give them to you.' And as the peasant sells his last sheep in the country, so here the poor student, the teacher, every poor man, deprives himself of necessities in order to give me this money. And then I take this money to the city, and only give it to poor men when they comply with my whims, and come to town to clean my sidewalks, my lamps, my boots, and to toil in factories for my benefit. And I

get as much as I can out of them, and give them as little as possible. I have erred so far that I have regarded this grasping of thousands with one hand, and this squandering of kopeks with the other, on any one who might strike my fancy, as good. It is no wonder that I was ashamed of myself." Very little of the following chapter meets with the approval of the censor. It contains comparisons of the ways of the rich — the Demidoffs and other families being mentioned by name, the bankers, merchants, and the land-owners, to which latter class the writer himself belongs — with those of the poor. "I go to help the poor," he says. "Who is poorer than I? No one. . . . I am a weak, good-for-nothing parasite, who can exist only under special conditions; who can exist only when thousands of people toil for the support of this life, which is useful to no one. . . . I know how to do nothing but eat, and talk, and listen, and write, and sleep. . . . The only wonder is that I should ever have had so stupid a thought as helping people who are good for something," is his conclusion. "I have never done anything in my life. I do nothing, and never shall do anything except cut off coupons, and yet I firmly believe that money represents labor. This is amazing! Talk of lunatics after that!" he exclaims, at the conclusion of an earnest argument that money is only a new form of slavery. The root of all slavery is the use of the labor of others; and having once perceived the "immorality" of his position, Count Tolstõï resolved to use no more of his money to compel slavery, to do everything for himself, or to do without it. "This simple and inevitable deduction enters into all the details of my life," he says. "It alters it completely, at once frees me from those moral sufferings which I experienced at the sight of the sufferings and vice of men, and instantly annihilates all those causes of my inability to help the poor which I discovered while seeking the reason of

my failure." These causes are, the herding together of the poor in towns, the isolation of the rich from the poor, and the shame consequent on the consciousness of being wrongfully in possession of the money with which he tried to assist the poor; money, being in itself an evil thing, cannot be used as an instrument of good. The sum of the matter is contained in the words of John the Baptist: "Let him that hath two garments give to him that hath none, and let him that hath food do likewise." As Tolstoi puts it, it means "to give away everything superfluous, and never more take what is superfluous from men. . . . For him who is sincerely pained by the sufferings of those about him, there is the easiest, simplest, and most evident remedy, the only possible one for the alleviation of the evil which environs us, and for conferring on us a consciousness of the legitimacy of our life, the same which John the Baptist gave and which Christ confirmed, — to have but one garment, and no money. Having no money signifies making no use of the labors of others, and therefore doing with our own hands all that it is possible for us to do."

The next thing to which the censor takes exception is the description of a ball in fashionable society (in which Tolstoi expresses himself in the plainest language, with regard to the dresses and conduct of both men and women), which is introduced as a companion picture to a sketch of the factory girls who work in the vicinity of his Moscow house.

Tolstoi's argument on behalf of wearing one shirt a week, instead of paying a laundress to provide him with two clean ones each day, and of making his own cigarettes, is, that the money thus saved can be given to the laundress for less work, or to some superannuated working people. To this he suggests the retort, that "if one goes in dirty linen, and does not smoke, but gives the money to the poor, the latter will be deprived of

the money all the same, and an individual drop in the sea will do no good." It is a shame to reply to such a commonplace objection, he says, yet he does make a reply, to the effect that he would not eat savory outlets made from a prisoner, among cannibals, even if his refusal did the prisoner no good; but the censor disapproved of this, possibly the author himself thought better of it, for it is replaced in his collected works with an Indian fable about dipping the sea dry with a bucket, to find a lost pearl, which the spirit of the sea restored in affright on the seventh day. In a brief section he sketches life in the country, and shows the selfish proprietors during their short summer residence, and the hardships of the peasants. This is followed by a lengthy consideration of the merits of science and art. His chief objection to these latter lies in the fact that they are the outcome of the division of labor, and cannot exist on any other conditions than those of rendering many people slaves, for the production of the necessities of life for those engaged in them. "Science has now become a distributor of premiums on idleness. . . . With frightful struggles and conflicts men have freed themselves from many delusions. And now a new and still worse delusion has sprung up in their path, — the delusion of science. . . . The theory of evolution, to speak in ordinary language, merely asserts that by accident, in an endlessly long space of time, out of anything you please any other thing you please may issue." He denies that art and science have given a great deal to mankind, as is usually affirmed. They have not devoted themselves to the interests of the people, and those who exercise them simply live on the necks of the laboring classes. "We have become so accustomed," he says, "to our weakly and tenderly cared for representatives of mental labor that it seems barbarous to us that a learned man or an artist should till the soil or cart manure. It

seems to us that all his wisdom will be ruined and shaken out of him on the cart, and that the grand artistic conceptions which he bears about in his bosom will get soiled in the manure." He thinks that art and science should not be exempted from serving themselves and others, simply because they are such very beautiful things.

Tolstõï admits that telegraph, telephone, spectroscope, chloroform, and many other inventions and discoveries are wonderful, but he maintains that the condition of the majority — of the working people that is — has been rendered worse by them, since the railways, factories, and so on have only served to make poor men the slaves of capitalists. According to his views, the province of science is to teach the poor man what axe is the best to cut with, what is the swiftest saw, the best way to mix bread and the proper flour to use, how to set and bake it, and how to build an oven, also the right sort of food and the best utensils. He complains that instead of doing this, science has enumerated two million beetles. He frequently returns to this complaint. Not a single plant has been added to the list of foods since the days of ancient Egypt, when wheat and the lentil were already known, except the potato, which was not the contribution of science. He goes into this question with a good deal of detail, pointing the moral at doctors, artists, teachers, musicians, and so forth, in turn. The poet and author should, for example, throw aside their poems and romances, and write songs, histories, and tales which the people can understand; and Tolstõï considers the so-called division of labor, which has formed in our days the indispensable condition of activity on the part of artists and scientists, to be the chief reason for the slow progress of mankind. Science, in the true meaning of the term, he says, has existed as long as man himself has existed, and consists in the knowledge of

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those things which it most imports men to know. Such was the science of Confucius, Buddha, Socrates, Mahomet, and others, — a science which is within the comprehension of every one. This has degenerated, and art also, which has descended from its true sphere of activity in the church; so that those who exercise chorographic, culinary, cosmetic, and wig-making arts are now as much entitled to the name of artists as poets, painters, and musicians.

Tolstõï declares that if he in any way differs from the average man, on this question of the misapplication of art and science, it is because he, more than the average man, has served and forwarded this false conception of science which is held by the world, has received more applause from the people who belong to the reigning scientific circle, and has therefore sinned more than others and wandered further from the true path. For this reason, he thinks that the solution of the question which he has found for himself will fit the case of all sincere people, who have put the same question to themselves, namely, "What is to be done?" First of all, he has resolved not to lie, either to others or to himself, not to fear the truth, no matter whither it may lead him; since he firmly believes that in whatever position truth and conscience may land him, however terrible it may be, it cannot be worse than one that is founded on a lie. He has been rewarded for his boldness in doing this; all the incoherent, complicated, senseless phenomena of life have grown clear to him, and his own attitude among these conditions, formerly strange and oppressive, has become natural and easy. Too high an opinion of himself and his position led him to the second answer to the question, "What is to be done?" Thorough repentance, a just estimate of himself, a confession that he is ignorant and unlearned instead of cultured, harsh and immoral instead of kind and moral, lowly, instead of exalted, are what is



required. "How am I, so fine a writer, a man who has acquired so much learning and talents, to use them for the benefit of the people?" is the erroneous form in which he put the question to himself. It should have run: "How am I, who have wasted the best years of my life in useless occupations which are ruinous to the soul" (this includes the French language, playing on the piano, grammar, geography, verses, novels, romances, and so forth), "to repay the people who fed and clothed me during all that time, and who still feed and clothe me?" The answer to this is: "I must learn not to live on others, and, having learned this, I must devote to the service of the people hands, and feet, and heart, and brain, and everything that the people may require; for the first and indubitable duty of man is to share in the struggle with nature, for his life and the lives of others." Count Tolstói regards it as his and every man's first duty to provide his own food, clothing, fuel, and shelter, and thus help others; and departure from this law entails the inevitable penalty of the annihilation of the bodily or mental life of man. "At first," he says, "I thought that in order to carry out this plan some establishment was necessary, some institution, a company of men entertaining the same ideas, the consent of my family, life in the country; then I felt rather ashamed to show myself thus before people, to undertake a thing so unusual in our society as manual labor, and I did not know how to set about it." This false shame was expelled, however, by the real shame which he felt at not undertaking it, and he came to the conclusion that the strangeness would last only a week (in which calculation he appears to have been mistaken), and that no society or institution was required. He had also thought that this manual labor would absorb all his time, and deprive him of all possibility of pursuing intellectual occupations, "which I love," he says, "and

which, in moments of self-sufficiency I have thought not unprofitable to my fellow-men." He found, however, that when he had given up the eight hours, during which he had formerly battled with *ennui*, to physical toil, he still had the five hours necessary for mental exertion; and he enters on a curious computation, which proves that, if he had pursued the same plan, reading and studying during those five hours every day, and writing only a couple of pages on holidays, he would have accomplished as much in fourteen years as he has actually accomplished in forty. Physical exertion spurs up his mental faculties, and the nearer it approaches rude agriculture, the closer and more affectionate is his communion with men, his enjoyment of art and learning, and the true happiness of life. The writer also finds that many of his former requirements, in the way of dainty food, bed, clothing, "conventional cleanliness," all of which interfere with work, have disappeared without any effort on his part, and that he prefers the simplest food: cabbage soup, groats, black bread, and tea *à la pri-kusky* (that is, tea which is not sweetened, but accompanied by bites at a lump of sugar). Thus, he sees that "the most costly needs of his life, vanity and relief from *ennui*," have vanished, and that his health is improved, in spite of his age. He decides that our arts and sciences and improvements of the pleasures of life are mere attempts to deceive the moral demands of man, and he refers to a peasant of his district who lost his wits through beholding the luxury of official life, and who now declares that he "lives to pass the time." Tolstói declares that he gazes on this crazy muzhik as in a mirror. He has, accordingly, divided his days into four portions. The first is to be occupied with some heavy labor, of a nature to produce perspiration; the second, with labor of hands and wrists, some sort of artisan toil; the third, with exercise of the mind

and imagination ; and the fourth, in communion with others, since no one has a right to devote himself to a specialty, unless he feels within himself an irresistible impulse, and a demand is made by others, when he is justified in making this sacrifice to his brethren.

Count Tolstoi's hope is that if a number of his "caste" engage in a similar life, young people will be induced to follow their example. He argues that as it is now the fashion to do many things for one's self which no gentleman thought of doing when he was a boy, so it is a mere question of fashion when gentlemen will feed their own cows and hens, dig, plant potatoes, clean their boots, and wash their shirts ; and he defines property as that which cannot be taken from a man, — in other words, his own person alone. It is worth noting that he permits the use of scientific improvements, and his perfect man will use a steam plough, if obtainable, or will scratch the soil with a hoe, if nothing better be within his reach ; and people, perceiving his efforts, will strive to render his work as profitable as possible. Others, observing a handful of "lunatics tilling the soil and making shoes, instead of smoking cigarettes and playing cards," will comprehend what it behooves them to do, will cease to ruin each other, and will find happiness. He predicts that before long people of his class will consider it not disgraceful to make calls in

boots made with the outside of the leather in, but disgraceful to wear overshoes in the presence of people who have no shoes at all ; that it is not disgraceful to be ignorant of French, but disgraceful to eat bread, and not to know how it is made ; that it is not disgraceful not to have starched shirts and clean clothes, but disgraceful to go about in clean clothes, thereby demonstrating one's idleness ; that it is not disgraceful to have dirty hands, but disgraceful not to have callouses on the hands. And all this will come about when public opinion demands it, like the emancipation of serfs and the destruction of other errors which concealed the truth. This section of the book closes with the author's views on the duties of women, which are expressed in the plainest of language. Their duty is to their family solely, and he concludes, "Yes, ye mothers, in your hands, more than in those of all others, rests the salvation of the world." There is much more that is worth quoting, in this volume, since it is pervaded with the strong personality of the great author, who has endeared himself to thousands of hearts outside of his own country, in spite of the disadvantages under which they have learned to know him, and who is revered by other thousands at home ; but nothing less than a full translation would convey a complete idea of its contents, especially of the striking Moscow article.

Isabel F. Hapgood.

THE DECAY OF SENTIMENT.

THAT useful little phrase, "the complexity of modern thought," has been so hard worked of late years that it seems like a refinement of cruelty to add to its obligations. Begotten by the philosophers, born of the essayists, and put out to nurse among the novel-writers, it has

since been apprenticed to the whole body of scribblers, and drudges away at every trade in literature. How, asks Vernon Lee, can we expect our fiction to be amusing, when a psychological and sympathetic interest has driven away the old hard-hearted spirit of comedy?

How, asks Mr. Pater, can Sebastian Van Stork make up his mind to love and marry and work like ordinary mortals, when the many-sidedness of life has wrought in him a perplexed envy of those quiet occupants of the churchyard, "whose deceasing was so long since over"? How, asks George Eliot, can Mrs. Pullet weep with uncontrolled emotion over Mrs. Sutton's dropsy, when it behooves her not to crush her sleeves or stain her bonnet-strings? The problem is repeated everywhere, either in mockery or deadly earnestness, according to the questioner's disposition, and the old springs of simple sentiment are drying fast within us. It is heartless to laugh, it is foolish to cry, it is indiscreet to love, it is morbid to hate, and it is intolerant to espouse any cause with enthusiasm.

There was a time, and not so many years ago, when men and women found no great difficulty in making up their minds on ordinary matters, and their opinions, if erroneous, were at least succinct and definite. Nero was then a cruel tyrant, the Duke of Wellington a great soldier, Sir Walter Scott the first of novelists, and the French Revolution a villainous piece of business. Now we are equally enlightened and confused by the keen researches and shifting verdicts with which historians and critics seek to dispel this comfortable frame of darkness. Nero, perhaps, had the good of his subjects secretly at heart when he expressed that benevolent desire to dispatch them all at a blow, and Robespierre was but a practical philanthropist, carried, it may be, a little too far by the stimulating influences of the hour. "We have palliations of Tiberius, eulogies of Henry VIII., and devotional exercises to Cromwell," observes Mr. Bagehot, in some perplexity as to where this state of things may find an ending; and he confesses that in the mean time his own original notions of right and wrong are growing sadly hazy and uncertain.

Moreover, in proportion as the heavy villains of history assume a chastened and ascetic appearance, its heroes dwindle perceptibly into the commonplace, and its heroines are stripped of every alluring grace; while as for the living men who are controlling the destinies of nations, not even Macaulay's ever useful schoolboy is too small and ignorant to refuse them homage. Yet we read of Scott, in the zenith of his fame, standing silent and abashed before the Duke of Wellington, unable, and perhaps unwilling, to shake off the awe that paralyzed his tongue. "The Duke possesses every one mighty quality of the mind in a higher degree than any other man either does or has ever done!" exclaimed Sir Walter to John Ballantyne, who, not being framed for hero-worship, failed to appreciate his friend's extraordinary enthusiasm; and while we smile at the sentiment, — knowing, of course, so much better ourselves, — we feel an envious admiration of the happy man who uttered it.

There is a curious little incident which Mrs. Lockhart used to relate, in after years, as a proof of her father's emotional temperament, and of the reverence with which he regarded all that savored of past or present greatness. When the long-concealed Scottish regalia were finally brought to light, and exhibited to the public of Edinburgh, Scott, who had previously been one of the committee chosen to unlock the chest, took his daughter to see the royal jewels. She was then a girl of fifteen, and her nerves had been so wrought upon by all that she had heard on the subject that, when the lid was opened, she felt herself growing faint, and withdrew a little from the crowd. A light-minded young commissioner, to whom the occasion suggested no solemnity, took up the crown, and made a gesture as if to place it on the head of a lady standing near, when Sophia Scott heard her father exclaim passionately, in a voice "something be-

tween anger and despair," "By G—, no!" The gentleman, much embarrassed, immediately replaced the diadem, and Sir Walter, turning aside, saw his daughter, deadly pale, leaning against the door, and led her at once into the open air. "He never spoke all the way home," she added, "but every now and then I felt his arm tremble; and from that time I fancied he began to treat me more like a woman than a child. I thought he liked me better, too, than he had ever done before."

The whole scene, as we look back upon it now, is a quaint illustration of how far a man's emotions could carry him, when they were nourished alike by the peculiarities of his genius and of his education. The feeling was doubtless an exaggerated one, but it was at least nobler than the speculative humor with which a careless crowd now calculates the market value of the crown jewels in the Tower of London. "What they would bring" was a thought which we may be sure never entered Sir Walter's head, as he gazed with sparkling eyes on the modest regalia of Scotland, and conjured up every stirring drama in which they had played their part. For him each page of his country's history was the subject of close and loving scrutiny. All those Davids, and Williams, and Malcolms, about whom we have an indistinct notion that they spent their lives in being bullied by their neighbors and badgered by their subjects, were to his mind as kingly as Charlemagne on his Throne of the West; and their crimes and struggles and brief glorious victories were part of the ineffaceable knowledge of his boyhood. To *feel* history in this way, to come so close to the world's actors that our pulses rise and fall with their vicissitudes, is a better thing, after all, than the most accurate and reasonable of doubts. I knew two little English girls who always wore black frocks on the 30th of January, in honor of the "Royal Martyr," and tied up their hair

with black ribbons, and tried hard to preserve the decent gravity of demeanor befitting such a doleful anniversary. The same little girls, it must be confessed, carried Holmby House to bed with them, and bedewed their pillows with many tears over the heart-rending descriptions thereof. What to them were the "outraged liberties of England," which Mr. Gosse rather vaguely tells us tore King Charles to pieces? They saw him standing on the scaffold, a sad and princely figure, and they heard the frightened sobs that rent the air when the cruel deed was done. It is not possible for us now to take this picturesque and exclusive view of one whose shortcomings have been so vigorously raked to light by indignant disciples of Carlyle; but the child who has ever cried over any great historic tragedy is richer for the experience, and stands on higher ground than one whose life is bounded by the schoolroom walls, or who finds her needful stimulant in the follies of a precocious flirtation. A recent critic, deeply imbued with this good principle, has assured us that the little daughter who, ninety years ago, surprised her mother in tears, "because the wicked people had cut off the French queen's head," received from that impression the very highest kind of education. But this is object-teaching carried to its extremest limit, and even in these days, when training is recognized to be of such vital importance, one feels that the death of a queen is a high price to pay for a little girl's instruction. It might perhaps suffice to let her live more freely in the past, and cultivate her emotions after a less costly and realistic fashion.

On the other hand, Mr. Edgar Saltus, who is nothing if not melancholy, would fain persuade us that the "gift of tears," which Swinburne prized so highly and Mrs. Browning cultivated with such transparent care, finds its supreme expression in man, only because of man's

greater capacity for suffering. Yet if it be true that the burden of life grows heavier for each succeeding generation, it is no less apparent that we have taught ourselves to stare dry-eyed at its blankness. An old rabbinical legend says that in Paradise God gave the earth to Adam and tears to Eve, and it is a cheerless doctrine which tells us now that both gifts are equal because both are valueless, that the world will never be any merrier, and that we are all tired of waxing sentimental over its lights and shadows. But our great-grandfathers, who were assuredly not a tender-hearted race, and who never troubled their heads about those modern institutions, wickedly styled by Mr. Lang "Societies for Badgering the Poor," cried right heartily over poems, and novels, and pictures, and plays, and scenery, and everything, in short, that their great-grandsons would not now consider as worthy of emotion. Jeffrey the terrible shed tears over the long-drawn pathos of little Nell, and has been roundly abused by critics ever since for the extremely bad taste he exhibited. Macaulay, who was seldom disposed to be sentimental, confesses that he wept over *Florence Dombey*. Lord Byron was strongly moved when Scott recited to him his favorite ballad of *Hardyknute*; and Sir Walter himself paid the tribute of his tears to Mrs. Opie's dismal stories, and Southey's no less dismal *Pilgrimage to Waterloo*. When *Marmion* was first published, Joanna Baillie undertook to read it aloud to a little circle of literary friends, and on reaching those lines which have reference to her own poems,

"When she the bold enchantress came,
With fearless hand, and heart in flame,"

the "uncontrollable emotion" of her hearers forced the fair reader to break down. In a modern drawing-room this uncontrollable emotion would probably find expression in such gentle murmurs of congratulation as "Very pretty and

appropriate, I am sure," or "How awfully nice in Sir Walter to have put it in that way!"

Turn where we will, however, amid the pages of the past, we see this precious gift of tears poured out in what seems to us now a spirit of wanton profusion. Sterne, by his own showing, must have gone through life like the Walrus, in *Through the Looking Glass*,

"Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes;"

and we can detect him every now and then peeping slyly out of the folds, to see what sort of an impression he was making. "I am as weak as a woman," he sighs, with conscious satisfaction, "and I beg the world not to smile, but pity me." Burns, who at least never cried for effect, was moved to sudden tears by a pathetic print of a dead soldier, that hung on Professor Fergusson's wall. Scott was always visibly affected by the wild northern scenery that he loved; and Erskine was discovered in the Cave of Staffa, "weeping like a woman," though, in truth, a gloomy, dangerous, slippery, watery cavern is the last place on earth where a woman would ordinarily stop to be emotional. She might perhaps cry with Sterne over a dead monk or a dead donkey, — he has an equal allowance of tears for both, — but once inside of a cave, her real desire is to get out again as quickly as possible, with dry skirts and an unbroken neck. It may be, however, that our degenerate modern impulses afford us no safe clue to those halcyon days when sentiment was paramount and practical considerations of little weight; when wet feet and sore throats were not suffered to intrude their rueful warnings upon the majesty of nature; when ladies, who lived comfortably and happily with the husbands of their choice, poured forth impassioned prayers, in the *Annual Register*, for the boon of indifference, and poets like Cowper rushed forward to remonstrate with them for their cruelty.

"Let no low thought suggest the prayer,
Oh! grant, kind Heaven, to me,
Long as I draw ethereal air,
Sweet sensibility."

wrote the author of *The Task*, in sober earnestness and sincerity.

"Then oh! ye Fair, if Pity's ray
E'er taught your snowy breasts to sigh,
Shed o'er my contemplative lay
The tears of sensibility,"

wrote Macaulay as a burlesque on the prevailing spirit of bathos, and was, I think, unreasonably angry because a number of readers, his own mother included, failed to see that he was in fun. Yet all his life this mocking critic cherished in his secret soul of souls a real affection for those hysterical old romances which had been the delight of his boyhood, and which were even then rapidly disappearing before the cold scorn of an enlightened world. Miss Austen, in *Sense and Sensibility*, had impaled emotionalism on the fine shafts of her delicate satire, and Macaulay was Miss Austen's sworn champion; but nevertheless he contrived to read and re-read Mrs. Meek's and Mrs. Cuthbertson's marvelous stories, until he probably knew them better than he did *Emma* or *Northanger Abbey*. When an old edition of *Santa Sebastiano* was sold at auction in India, he secured it at a fabulous price,—Miss Eden bidding vigorously against him,—and he occupied his leisure moments in making a careful calculation of the number of fainting-fits that occur in the course of the five volumes. There are twenty-seven in all, so he has recorded, of which the heroine alone comes in for eleven, while seven others are distributed among the male characters. Mr. Trevelyan has kindly preserved for us the description of a single catastrophe, and we can no longer wonder at anybody's partiality for the tale, when we learn that "one of the sweetest smiles that ever animated the face of mortal man now diffused itself over the countenance of Lord St.

Orville, as he fell at the feet of Julia in a death-like swoon." Mr. Howells would doubtless tell us that this is not a true and accurate delineation of real life, and that what Lord St. Orville should have done was to have simply wiped the perspiration off his forehead, after the unvarnished fashion of Mr. Maverick, in *April Hopes*. But Macaulay, who could mop his own brow whenever he felt so disposed, and who recognized his utter inability to faint with a sweet smile at a lady's feet, naturally delighted in Mrs. Cuthbertson's singularly accomplished hero. Swooning is now, I fear, sadly out of date. In society we no longer look upon it as a pleasing evidence of feminine propriety, and in the modern novel nothing sufficiently exciting to bring about such a result is ever permitted to happen. But in the good old impossible stories of the past it formed a very important element, and some of Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines can easily achieve twenty-seven fainting-fits by their own unaided industry. They faint at the most inopportune times and under the most exasperating circumstances: when they are running away from banditti, or hiding from cruel relatives, or shut up by themselves in gloomy dungeons, with nobody to look after and resuscitate them. Their trembling limbs are always refusing to support them just when a little activity is really necessary for safety, and, though they live in an atmosphere of horrors, the smallest shock is more than they can endure with equanimity. In the Sicilian Romance, Julia's brother, desiring to speak to her for a minute, knocks gently at her door, whereupon, with the most unexpected promptness, "she shrieked and fainted;" and as the key happens to be turned on the inside, he is obliged to wait in the hall until she slowly regains her consciousness.

Nothing, however, can mar the decorous sentimentality which these young people exhibit in all their loves and sorrows. Emily the forlorn "touched the

chords of her lute in solemn symphony," when the unenviable nature of her surroundings might reasonably have banished all music from her soul; Theodore paused to bathe Adeline's hand with his tears, in a moment of painful uncertainty; and Hippolitus, who would have scorned to be stabbed like an ordinary mortal, "received a sword through his body," — precisely as though it were a present, — "and, uttering a deep sigh, fell to the ground," on which, true to her principles, "Julia shrieked and fainted." We read of the Empress Octavia swooning when Virgil recited to her his description of the death of Marcellus; but Mrs. Radcliffe's heroines, though equally sensitive, are kept too busy with their own disasters to show this sympathetic interest in literature. Their adventures strike us now as being, on the whole, more amusing than thrilling; but we should remember that they were no laughing matter to the readers of fifty years ago. People did not then object to the interminable length of a story, and they followed its intricate windings and counter-windings with a trembling zest which we can only envy. One of the earliest recollections of my own childhood is a little book depicting the awful results of Mrs. Radcliffe's terror-inspiring romances upon the youthful mind; a well-intentioned work, no doubt, but which inevitably filled us with a sincere desire to taste for ourselves of these pernicious horrors. If I found them far less frightful than I had hoped, the loss was mine, and the fault lay in the matter-of-fact atmosphere of the modern nursery; for does not the author of the now forgotten *Pursuits of Literature* tell us that the *Mysteries of Udolpho* is the work of an intellectual giant? — "a mighty magician, bred and nourished by the Florentine muses in their sacred solitary caverns, amid the pale shrines of Gothic superstition, and in all the dreariness of enchantment."

That was the way that critics used to

write, and nobody dreamed of laughing at them. When Letitia Elizabeth Landon poured forth her soul in the most cheerless and melancholy of verses, all London stopped to listen and to pity.

"There is no truth in love, whate'er its seeming,
And Heaven itself could scarcely seem more true.
Sadly have I awakened from the dreaming
Whose charmed slumber, false one, was of you,"

wrote this healthy and heart-whole young woman; and Lord Lytton has left us an amusing account of the sensation that such poems excited. He and his fellow-students exhausted their ingenuity in romantic speculations concerning the unknown singer, and inscribed whole reams of fervid but indifferent stanzas to her honor. "There was always," he says, "in the reading-room of the Union, a rush every Saturday afternoon for the *Literary Gazette*, and an impatient anxiety to hasten at once to that corner of the sheet which contained the three magical letters L. E. L. All of us praised the verse, and all of us guessed the author. We soon learned that it was a female, and our admiration was doubled, and our conjectures tripled." When Francesca Carrara appeared, it was received with an enthusiasm never manifested for *Pride* and *Prejudice* or *Persuasion*, and romantic young men and women reveled in its impassioned melancholy. What a pattering of tear-drops on every page! The lovely heroine — less mindful of her clothes than Mrs. Pullet — looks down and marks how the great drops have fallen like rain upon her bosom. "Alas!" she sighs, "I have cause to weep. I must weep over my own changefulness, and over the sweetest illusions of my youth. I feel suddenly grown old. Never more will the flowers seem so lovely, or the stars so bright. Never more shall I dwell on Erminia's deep and enduring love for the unhappy Tancred, and think that I

too could so have loved. Ah! in what now can I believe, when I may not even trust my own heart?" Here, at least, we have unadulterated sentiment, with no traces in it of that "mean and joecular life" which Emerson so deeply scorned, and for which the light-minded readers of to-day have ventured to express their cheerful and shameless preference.

Emotional literature, reflecting as it does the tastes and habits of a dead past, should not stand trial alone before the cold eyes of the mocking present, where there is no sympathy for its weakness and no clue to its identity. A happy commonplaceness is now acknowledged to be, next to brevity of life, man's best inheritance; but in the days when all the virtues and vices flaunted in gala costume, people were hardly prepared for that fine simplicity which has grown to be the crucial test of art. Love, friendship, honor, and courage were as real then as now, but they asserted themselves in fantastic ways, and with an ostentation that we are apt to mistake for insincerity. When Mrs. Katharine Philips founded her famous Society of Friendship, in the middle of the seventeenth century, she was working earnestly enough for her particular conception of sweetness and light. It is hard not to laugh at these men and women of the world addressing each other solemnly as the "noble Sylvander" and the "dazzling Polyerete;" and it is harder still to believe that the fervent devotion of their verses represented in any degree the real sentiments of their hearts. But Orinda, whose indefatigable exertions held the society together, meant every word she said, and credited the rest with similar veracity.

"Lucasia, whose harmonious state

The Spheres and Muses only imitate,"

is for her but a temperate expression of regard; and we find her writing to Mrs. Annie Owens — a most unresponsive young Welshwoman — in language that

would be deemed extravagant in a lover: —

"I did not live until this time

Crowned my felicity,

When I could say without a crime,

I am not thine, but thee."

One wonders what portion of her heart the amiable Mr. Philips was content to occupy.

Frenchwomen of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries found their principal amusement in contracting, either with each other or with men, those highly sentimental friendships which were presumably free from all dross of earthly passion, and which rested on a shadowy basis of pure intellectual affinity. Mademoiselle de Scudéry delighted in portraying this rarefied intercourse between congenial souls, and the billing and cooing of Platonic turtle-doves fill many pages of her ponderous romances. Sappho and Phaon, in the Grand Cyrus, "told each other every particular of their lives," which must have been a little tedious at times and altogether unnecessary, inasmuch as we are assured that "the exchange of their thoughts was so sincere that all those in Sappho's mind passed into Phaon's, and all those in Phaon's came into Sappho's." Conversation under these circumstances would be apt to lose its zest for ordinary mortals, who value the power of speech rather as a disguise than as an interpretation of their real convictions; but it was not so with this guileless pair. "They understood each other without words, and saw their whole hearts in each other's eyes."

As for the great wave of emotionalism that followed in Rousseau's train, it was a pure make-believe, like every other sentiment that bubbled on the seething surface of French society. Avarice and honor alone were real. To live like a profligate and to die like a hero were the two accomplishments common to every grand seigneur in the country. For the rest, there was a series of fads,

—simplicity, benevolence, philosophy, passion, asceticism; Voltaire one day, Rousseau the next; Arcadian virtues and court vices jumbled fantastically together; the cause of the people on every tongue, and the partridges hatching in the peasant's corn; Marie Antoinette milking a cow, and the infant Madame Royale with eighty nurses and attendants; great ladies, with jewels in their hair, and on their bosoms, and on their silken slippers, laboriously earning a few francs by picking out gold threads from scraps of tarnished bullion; everybody anxiously asking everybody else, "What shall we do to be amused?" and the real answer to all uttered long before by Louis XIII., "Venez, monsieur, allons nous ennuyer ensemble." Day and night are not more different than this sickly hothouse pressure and the pure emotion that fired Scott's northern blood, as he looked on the dark rain-swept hills till his eyes grew bright with tears. "We sometimes weep to avoid the disgrace of not weeping," says Rochefoucauld, who valued at its worth the facile sentimentality of his countrymen. Could he have lived to witness M. de Latour's hysterical transports on finding Rousseau's signature and a crushed periwinkle in an old copy of the *Imitatio*, the great moralist might see that his bitter truths have in them a pitiless continuity of adjustment, and fit themselves afresh to every age. What excitement of feeling accompanied the bloody work of the French Revolutionists! What purity of purpose! What nobility of language! What grandeur of device! What bottled moonshine everywhere! The wicked old world was to be born anew, reason was to triumph over passion, and self-interest, which had ruled men for six thousand years, was to be suddenly eradicated from their hearts. When the patriots had finished cutting off everybody else's head, then the reign of mutual tenderness would begin; the week — inestimable privilege! — would

hold ten days instead of seven; and Frimaire and Floréal and Messidor would prove to the listening earth that the very names of past months had sunk into merited oblivion. Father Faber says that a sense of humor is a great help in the spiritual life; it is an absolute necessity in the temporal. Had the Convention possessed even the faintest perception of the ridiculous, this friendly instinct would have lowered their sublime heads from the stars, stung them into practical issues, and moderated the absurd delusions of the hour.

At present, however, the new disciples of "earnestness" are trying hard to persuade us that we are too humorous, and that it is the spirit of universal mockery which stifles all our nobler and finer emotions. We would like to believe them, but unhappily it is only to exceedingly strenuous souls that this lawless fun seems to manifest itself. The rest of us, searching cheerfully enough, fail to discover its traces. If we are seldom capable of any sustained enthusiasm, it is rather because we yawn than because we laugh. Unlike Emerson, we are glad to be amused, only the task of amusing us grows harder day by day; and Justin McCarthy's languid heroine, who declines to get up in the morning because she has so often been up before, is but an exhaustive instance of the inconveniences of modern satiety. When we read of the Oxford students beleaguering the bookshops in excited crowds for the first copies of Rokeby and Childe Harold, fighting over the precious volumes, and betting recklessly on their rival sales, we wonder whether either Lord Tennyson's or Mr. Browning's latest effusions created any such tumult among the undergraduates of to-day, or wiled away their money from more legitimate subjects of speculation. Lord Holland, when asked by Murray for his opinion of Old Mortality, answered indignantly, "Opinion! We did not one of us go to bed last night! Nothing

slept but my gout." Yet Rokeby and Childe Harold are both in sad disgrace with modern critics, and Old Mortality stands gathering dust upon our bookshelves. Mr. Howells, who ought to know, tells us that fiction has become a finer art in our day than it was in the days of our fathers, and that the methods and interests we have outgrown can never hope to be revived. So if the masterpieces of the present, the triumphs of learned verse and realistic prose, fail to lift their readers out of themselves, like the masterpieces of the past, the fault must be our own. We devote some conscientious hours to Parleyings with Certain People of Importance, and we are well pleased, on the whole, to find ourselves in such good company; but it is a pleasure rich in the temperance that Hamlet loved, and altogether unlikely to ruffle our composure. We read *The Bostonians* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* with a due appreciation of their minute perfections; but we go to bed quite cheerfully at our usual hour, and are content to wait an interval of leisure to resume them. Could Daisy Miller charm a gouty leg, or Lemuel Barker keep us awake till morning? When St. Pierre finished the manuscript of Paul and Virginia, he consented to read it to the painter, Joseph Vernet. At first the solitary listener was loud in his approbation, then more subdued, then silent altogether. "Soon he ceased to praise; he only wept." Yet Paul and Virginia has been pronounced morbid, strained, unreal, unworthy even of the tears that childhood drops upon its pages. But would Mr. Millais or Sir Frederick Leighton sit weeping over the delightful manuscripts of Henry Shorthouse or Mr. Louis Stevenson? Did the last flicker of genuine emotional enthusiasm die out with George Borrow, who lived at least a century too late for his own convenience? When a respectable, gray-haired, middle-aged Englishman takes an innocent delight in stand-

ing bare-headed in the rain, reciting execrable Welsh verses on every spot where a Welsh bard might, but probably does not, lie buried, it is small wonder that the "coarse-hearted, sensual, selfish Saxon" — we quote the writer's own words — should find the spectacle more amusing than sublime. But then what supreme satisfaction Mr. Borrow derived from his own rhapsodies, what conscious superiority over the careless crowd who found life all too short to study the beauties of Iolo Goch or Gwilym ab Ieuan! There is nothing in the world so enjoyable as a thorough-going monomania, especially if it be of that peculiar literary order which insures a broad field and few competitors. In a passionate devotion to Welsh epics or to Provençal pastorals, to Roman antiquities or to Gypsy genealogy, to the most confused epochs of Egyptian history or the most private correspondence of a dead author, — in one or other of these favorite specialties our modern students choose to put forth their powers, and display an astonishing industry and zeal.

There is a story told of a far too cultivated young man, who, after professing a great love for music, was asked if he enjoyed the opera. He did not. Oratorios were then more to his taste. He did not care for them at all. Bal-lads perhaps pleased him by their simplicity. He took no interest in them whatever. Church music alone was left. He had no partiality for even that. "What is it you *do* like?" asked his questioner, with despairing persistency; and the answer was vouchsafed her in a single syllable, "Fugues." This exclusiveness of spirit may be detrimental to that broad catholicity on which great minds are nourished, but it has rare charms for its possessor, and, being within the reach of all, grows daily in our favor. French poets, like Gautier and Sully Prudhomme, have been content to strike all their lives upon a single resonant note, and men of far infe-

rior genius have produced less perfect work in the same willfully restricted vein. The pressure of the outside world sorely chafes these unresponsive natures; large issues paralyze their pens. They turn by instinct from the coarseness, the ugliness, the realness of life, and sing of it with graceful sadness and with delicate laughter, as if the whole thing were a pathetic or a fantastic dream. They are dumb before its riddles and silent in its uproar, standing apart from the tumult, and letting the impetuous crowd — “mostly fools,” as Carlyle said — sweep by them unperceived. Herrick is their prototype, the poet who polished off his little glittering verses about Julia’s silks

and Dianeme’s ear-rings when all England was dark with civil war. But even this armed neutrality, this genuine and admirable indifference, cannot always save us from the rough knocks of a burly and aggressive world. The revolution, which he ignored, drove Herrick from his peaceful vicarage into the poverty and gloom of London; the siege of Paris played sad havoc with Gautier’s artistic tranquillity, and devoured the greater part of his modest fortune. We are tethered to our kind, and may as well join hands in the struggle. Vexation is no heavier than *ennui*, and “he who lives without folly,” says Rochefoucauld, “is hardly so wise as he thinks.”

Agnes Repplier.

IS THE RAILROAD PROBLEM SOLVED?

THE enormous expansion of the railroad system of the United States, the magnitude of the business interests dependent upon it, and the immense number of persons directly or indirectly affected by its operation make the “railroad problem” one of overshadowing importance. For many years it has been an unsolved problem, and, with new elements constantly entering into it, the solution seems more difficult and further off than ever. In the opinion of some, whether doctrinaires or practical men, it never will be solved except by their special process. A vast amount of literature in relation to it has been printed, chiefly in periodicals, pamphlets, and reports of evidence and arguments before legislative and congressional committees, the greater part of which consists of discussions of some phases only of the complex problem, — questions of temporary, local, or limited importance, in which certain reforms are demanded, certain remedies for real or imaginary evils are advocated, or a cautious conservatism ad-

heres to old ideas, habits, and methods. But there have been in this country few attempts to consider all the elements of the problem, by digesting this mass of evidence and discussion, by collating facts, investigating principles, weighing conflicting opinions and theories, and thus with fair and candid discussion to present the subject to the student or the average reader in a comprehensive manner, with the means of forming an intelligent judgment thereon. A considerable library of books on railroad jurisprudence might be collected. But a large part of this relates to questions arising in the construction of railroads and affecting the rights of individuals, but not bearing upon the interests of the public at large. To a less extent, the more important questions affecting the rights and interests of communities, of trade and the general public, as well as the rights, privileges, and liabilities of the corporations, are discussed, — not always without prejudice, however, — and opinions and *dicta* are cited which are not

always uniform. But what the average layman needs is a volume, not necessarily bulky, which shall set forth (1) the present legal status of railroads and the recognized principles of law bearing on the relations of railroads and the public, leaving minor and disputed questions till they are settled by the court of final appeal; (2) the laws of trade established by the common consensus and the common sense of the commercial world as far as they are applicable to railroads; (3) the duties of the railroad corporations to the public, and the limitations of those duties as regards individuals or places whose interests may be adverse to the interests of a larger public, not overlooking the financial and physical limitations to the safe and successful operation of the roads; and (4) the rights and privileges of railroad corporations, secured to them by their charters or by general laws. These matters have been amply set forth and discussed, in turn, somewhere in the mass of railroad literature, but to present them in a compact and comprehensive manner, without prejudice or dogmatism, is the work not of a railroad advocate nor of an "anti-monopoly" advocate, but of the man who studies the *whole* problem with scientific method, and arrives at results with judicial fairness.

Within a recent period two notable books¹ have been published, in which the authors discuss the various phases of the railroad question with ability, but from different standpoints, with utterly dissimilar methods, and in a quite divergent spirit. The one proceeds by the scientific method, collating all important facts in the history of railroad development, management, and policy; studying his subject thoroughly, without any theory to maintain; seeking information

from all trustworthy sources; and citing numerous authorities, stating moot questions fairly, and drawing his conclusions with judicial fairness. He thus furnishes valuable information for those who seek it, and ample material for the fair-minded legislator. The other starts with the assumption that the present condition of railroad management and transportation is essentially bad, and he appears in the rôle of an advocate, whose clients are those who have assumed the character of anti-monopolists *par excellence*. He sharply arraigns the railroad corporations for their flagrant wrongdoing, and his indictment of some of them for their complicity in what is justly called "a commercial crime" is powerful and true. So, also, is his condemnation of those corporations which have engaged in a business *ultra vires*, and become a part of the anthracite coal combination. But these are presented only as illustrations of the inherent wickedness of the whole system as it exists, and furnish arguments for that class of persons who as greenbackers rave about "bloated bondholders," and as anti-monopolists denounce all railroad managers as "robber-barons."

It is the province of the advocate to make the most of the facts and arguments that may help his case, and to ignore what he cannot deny; but it is on the full and fair statement of facts and law, with judicial impartiality, that a fair-minded jury of the public or of legislators should determine the issue. It is not, however, the purpose of this paper further to compare or contrast the two books referred to, but there are several propositions in Mr. Hudson's volume which seem to demand attention.

Railroad corporations are the creatures of the State, and therefore subject

¹ *Railroad Transportation. Its History and its Laws.* By ARTHUR T. HADLEY, Commissioner of Labor Statistics of the State of Connecticut, Instructor in Political Science in

Yale College. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

The Railways and the Republic. By JAMES F. HUDSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1886.

to the supervision and control of the State. Railroad managers admit this as a general principle, while they seek to confine that control within the narrowest limits. The corporations have no natural rights, but by virtue of their charters and general laws they have certain artificial rights and privileges, which they are not slow to claim and exercise; and it is because they often attempt — and too often succeed in the attempt — to extend these artificial rights beyond their legitimate exercise that a conflict arises between them and individuals, communities, or the public at large, whose natural or constitutional and legal rights are, or seem to be, invaded. This conflict, like all others, leads to claims and accusations on either side which are not always well founded, and to exaggerated statements of rights and of wrongs which seldom result in good.

Jurists declare that railroads are public highways; which is true as the jurist understands the assertion. But the layman, smarting under some real or fancied injustice, broadens the doctrine to mean that railroads are public highways in the sense that county roads are public highways, and that the corporations claiming to own them have no more right to use them than he has; which is not true. Railroads are public highways under certain limitations and conditions: limitations established, from the necessities of the case, by statute and by common law as interpreted by the courts for many years; and conditions, some of which the corporations themselves are authorized by law to impose. It is well to distinguish between the jurist's statement of the doctrine and that of the indiscriminating layman who arrays himself under the attractive banner of "anti-monopoly." In his zeal as an advocate to emphasize a general principle as enunciated by the courts, Mr. Hudson treads close upon the heels of the layman in his interpretation. The burden

of his song is that railroads are simply public highways, and in asserting this in its broadest sense he misquotes and misrepresents a writer whom he is pleased, without apparent reason, to call a "typical advocate" of the "theory of the private proprietorship of the railroads." In an article by the writer referred to is the following sentence: "The necessities of modern progress render a modification of old theories, and even of old principles, inevitable; and since the introduction of railroads, the idea that private property, taken for the purpose of travel in a peculiar manner and under new conditions, becomes a public highway, *as a county road is a highway*, is no longer tenable, and in practice is not recognized." Omitting the words in italics, Mr. Hudson pronounces the proposition false, and argues against what was not affirmed.

It is futile and misleading to emphasize and exaggerate the general principle that railroads are public highways, and to assert directly or by implication, as Mr. Hudson does, that the corporations have no proprietorship in them. The statement without limitation satisfies at once the theory of the socialist, who may say that if railroads are simply highways the public ought to take possession of and operate them, regardless of any false claims of ownership. But the claim of ownership is not a false claim. Whatever a person lawfully holds against an adverse claim of anybody else is his property, whether it be an estate for life or for years, or only an easement. To the extent of his interest it is property, of which he cannot lawfully be deprived without compensation. The easement granted by right of eminent domain to a railroad corporation is its property; held for certain public uses, it is true, but property nevertheless. The capital which it invests in construction is certainly its private property before it is so converted, and remains its property afterwards, of which it cannot be

deprived even by the State, except by compensation or as a penalty for violation of its charter. Its rights and privileges, secured by the law-making power, are its property; its duties and liabilities, also imposed by the law-making power, are what make its railroad to that extent a public highway. The modern decisions of the courts are substantially to that effect. Thus the old English common-law doctrine of the rights of the public in the king's highway, when applied to the modern railroad, has been modified by the necessities of the case.

Mr. Hudson is at least logical in his views that railroads are simply public highways of the turnpike type, for he bases all his arguments on the broadest interpretation of the doctrine, and on it founds his theory, which is to revolutionize the railroad system, remove existing abuses, and solve the troublesome problem. "Legislation," he says, "should restore the character of public highways to the railways, by securing to all persons the right to run trains over their tracks, under proper regulations." To him, apparently, the practice would seem to be as easy as to promulgate the theory. He assumes to quote again from the article above referred to, as follows: "There are some traces of an intention in the earlier charters to allow the public to use their own vehicles and motive power on the railway tracks; but this soon proved to be impracticable."¹ And he asks, with the air of one who imagines his questions answer themselves, "How was it proved to be impracticable? When was the experiment made, and what proof of impracticability was the result?" As the writer to whom these questions are apparently addressed

¹ What the writer really did say was this: "When the earliest railroad corporations were chartered, it was supposed that they [the railroads] would be open to the use of everybody, each with his own vehicle and motive power (horses), upon the payment of tolls for such use, as canals had previously been used. The

said nothing about *proof* of impracticability, the questions seem to have no force. But it may be said that the common sense of experts and all others who knew anything about the cost of locomotives, and the risk, dangers, and exigencies attending their use, even in the days of small railroad traffic, determined that it was impracticable for everybody to use railroads as turnpikes and canals had been used; and the history of railroad operation ever since, with its disasters and its fearful sacrifice of human lives by wounds and fire, has satisfied the common sense of mankind for more than half a century that it is impracticable. Mr. Hudson, however, advocates going back to the system in use on canals and turnpikes sixty years ago, and while admitting that there are obstacles in the way of successfully carrying out such a scheme, he elaborates his plan of operation. He has evidently given the subject a good deal of consideration, but he probably has had no experience in railroad operation, and writes as a theorist who overlooks many difficulties which would be manifest to the practical man. Without undertaking to discuss the details of this "reform," which appears to be offered as the true solution of the railroad problem, it is safe to say that no railroad manager, who has experienced the responsibilities and anxieties attending the operation of a railroad with a large traffic, would care to continue in the business under such a system.

It might perhaps be wise, were we to begin *ab initio*, to separate the ownership and maintenance of a railroad from the business of transportation as a common carrier; but if the latter were not conducted under one exclusive management in all its parts, there would be no end to introduction of steam locomotives at once changed all that. Without taking into view the cost of locomotives, such a mode of using railroads was palpably impracticable," etc.

Mr. Hudson must have taken his quotation at second hand.

controversies, and a certain increase of accidents. With only one common carrier distinct from the owner of the road, disputed questions of responsibility are likely to arise, in which a passenger or shipper might be able to secure his just claims only at the end of costly litigation. To multiply the carriers would be sure to multiply disputes.

But how is this revolution in transportation and vested interests to be accomplished? Under grants of rights and privileges, which included the business of common carriers, railroad corporations have invested immense sums in terminals and equipment. If the States should attempt to take away those rights and privileges, except for a violation of charters, and virtually confiscate those large investments, the courts would promptly declare the act unconstitutional. Mr. Hudson would have it understood that the business of transportation on a railroad by the corporation owning it was at first usurped, and the privilege has been granted only in the more recent charters. "More recent charters" is a relative term, which may mean those granted within ten years or within forty years. Railroads have been in use in this country less than sixty years, and fifty years ago the right to exclusive transportation, if not expressly granted by charter, was recognized by general laws which have been sustained by the courts.¹ If a legislature, under the reserved rights of the State, should attempt to take the property and franchises of the railroad corporations at a valuation fixed by law, and then to separate the ownership of the roads from the business of transportation, selling the one to one party and the other to other parties, the cost would be so immense, the risk so great, and the political complications so certain that the people would soon put a quietus on the scheme.

However well the plan of separate

¹ See laws of Massachusetts and other States, from 1836 down to the present time.

ownership and transportation might answer if we were to begin anew the building and operating of railroads on the small scale of fifty years ago, the difficulties of revolutionizing the existing order of the business appear to be insurmountable, and it is not worth while to seriously consider it as a remedy for recognized abuses. By legislation, by common law as now expounded, and by universal custom, the relation of the railroad to the general public is chiefly that of a common carrier of persons and goods; and instead of contemplating the overturn of legislation and the decisions of the courts under it, it is wiser to seek, under the existing order of things, how to secure the best service on equal terms and at reasonable rates.

The object of the plan suggested by Mr. Hudson is to secure greater competition, that panacea of the "anti-monopolists" for all the grievances suffered at the hands of railroad managers, — competition between rival carriers on the same line of rails, which would indeed be raising competition to its highest power. It is a common impression that competition is the certain and only regulator of any business as it affects the public, the only preventive of monopoly. In trade and almost every industry competition has certainly been the means of reducing prices to the consumer, increasing supplies, multiplying the means of production, and stimulating invention. In this country especially it is regarded as an inalienable right. Accustomed to it, and enjoying its benefits in other branches of business, people believed, as soon as it was felt that a railroad was a monopoly, that competition would prove a certain regulator of railroad transportation also, and rival lines were projected in order to secure that competition. But it was found that here was a new and different problem from those arising in trade and manufactures, or water carriage. A railroad, from the nature of the case, is a monopoly, which the estab-

lishment of rival lines — simply other monopolies — can never wholly neutralize, because rival lines cannot well be constructed to compete at all points and in all respects. Hence competition will not prevent discrimination against places, while it will fail also to correct other abuses.

Competition in any business is by no means an unmitigated good for the consumer, while it is often a serious damage to the competitors. Unrestricted competition means survival of the strongest, not always the fittest. In railroad operation it implies the cutting of rates below the cost of operating, and consequently not only the loss of dividends to the innocent stockholder, but depreciation of road-bed and rolling stock, and danger to travelers and property. It involves utter bankruptcy to the weaker road and ruin to individuals, unless, before it is too late, a combination is made for the restoration of paying rates and a suspension of competition. And that is what always happens: unrestricted competition will go on up to a certain point, and then follows combination, by agreement or absorption of the weaker party by the stronger. The experience of fifty years has established the truth of George Stephenson's assertion that "where combination is possible, competition is impossible."

But it is not alone to the owners of railroads that competition is often ruinous. By frequent and sudden changes of rates it is a source of annoyance, anxiety, and possible ruin to shippers. A reduction of a few cents a hundred on freight from Chicago to New York may cause a fall in the market price of a commodity which may bankrupt a merchant who had received a large shipment the day before such reduction. So that competition may, and often does, result in a practical discrimination no less injurious than the intentional and unjust discrimination which is the most serious abuse in railroad transportation.

From this abuse it not only affords no relief, but contributes to its increase; for in the sharp struggle for the business of large shippers rates are more readily offered which are denied to those whose business is of much less importance. It is true that competition reduces rates — whether reasonable or unreasonable — at points where it exists, and so long as it exists, but as a regulator of transportation and a corrector of abuses it is a failure. It has fostered discrimination, disturbed trade, wrought injury to individuals, and often ruined its participants. Both in this country and in England such is the impartial verdict.

It was because competition was not only ruinous to stockholders, but demoralizing to business dependent upon railroad transportation, and the cause of endless complaints, that the trunk lines resorted to federation or the pooling system. It was the one combination possible, and so far as all the parties to it adhered to the agreement, competition ceased. There is a strong antagonism in some quarters to the pooling system, on the ground that such a combination makes the corporations far more powerful and oppressive than when conducting their business singly, and that rates are maintained above the lowest possible figure. Mr. Hudson devotes a long chapter to the consideration of the subject, in which he undertakes to refute the statements of Mr. Fink and other advocates of the system as to its working and results. Mr. Hadley, on the other hand, while not advocating the system, finds that pools have removed some of the abuses which previously existed; and considering that some combination is inevitable, he thinks it wiser to recognize and control them.

The worst that can be said of pools is that they are not a complete remedy for the evils arising from unlimited competition, and that the abuses existing under their operation are no greater than those existing under competition,

and can as readily be corrected under government control. If honorably maintained, they secure stability and uniformity in rates, which are of more importance to the merchant than very low rates. If the rates are unreasonably high, there is a way of correcting that abuse under a combination as readily as on a single road where competition does not reach. Most of the grievances complained of arise, not from the pooling system, but from breaking the pooling contract, by one or more members cutting rates and resorting to war against their associates. It is the competition, and not the pool, that creates the trouble. Fluctuation and uncertainty follow, and shippers have just cause of complaint; but the advocates of unlimited competition surely have no reason to complain if, when one party to a pool cuts rates, the other parties are compelled in self-defense to resort to the same tactics. When, tired of the folly of ineffectual and costly competition, the parties restore the pool, the raising of rates of course creates a disturbance in business. Those evils are not chargeable to the pooling system, but to a violation of contract by some party to the pool. All the pools relate to the transportation of freight in or through two or more States. The general government, in assuming supervision of this interstate traffic, could control the pools as well as a single railroad.

By the interstate commerce law, a compromise of the divergent Senate and House bills, pools are absolutely prohibited. This is one of the provisions insisted on by Mr. Reagan, the godfather of the House bill, but it has not the approval of many disinterested persons who have given the subject the most careful and candid consideration, and there are well-grounded fears that it is not likely to facilitate the correction of some abuses which occasion the loudest complaints. If pools were recognized by the law, an observance of their legit-

imate and beneficial purposes by the parties to the contract could be enforced, and the machinery of the pools could be used to secure reforms. To forbid pools of any description is to reject a form of combination which, when honestly maintained, works the least injury to the public or the individual, and can be more easily supervised and regulated than several independent and competing lines. If you resort to unrestricted competition, sooner or later combination in some form will follow; self-preservation or the avarice or ambition of managers will find some method of federation, consolidation, or absorption, and a new phase of the problem may be presented, with the solution still farther from attainment. A thorough investigation of this branch of the subject by an intelligent railroad commission ought to have preceded any legislative action.

It is not proposed to discuss here the interstate commerce law or to interpret its several sections. But there is one important provision adopted from the Senate bill, which, as it conflicts with Mr. Hudson's views, may be briefly considered, chiefly because of his reference to certain state railroad commissions. One section of the law provides for a national railroad commission, with supervisory functions as to the interstate traffic of railroads, and somewhat greater powers than are given to the state commissions; and with sufficient authority for a thorough investigation of the subject committed to them in all its branches, for the guidance of future legislation. A discretionary power is also given to the commission, by which some of the stringent features of the Reagan bill which are retained may be rendered more elastic, to meet the various conditions to which they may apply. This relates especially to what is known as the long and short haul charges. That provision in the Senate bill was drawn with great care, and was as nearly fair and just as such a regulation could well be made in

a statute, providing as it did an elasticity to meet the various conditions of railroads, the necessities of trade, and the reasonable accommodation of localities. The similar provision in the Reagan bill, which was adopted in the compromise, is more inflexible and absolute, may work serious mischief, and do injury rather than good to the public by an increase of rates for the longer distance. If, however, by the authority of a commission, as provided in the law, it can be modified or wholly suspended for good cause to meet special cases, the evil may be temporary, and wiser legislation may follow. The law will affect most seriously those lines of railroad which compete with water transportation at certain points.¹

The senatorial committee on interstate commerce, who had had the subject under consideration for several years, in 1885 made a careful investigation of its conditions in various parts of the Union, and directed special inquiry into the working of state commissions for the supervision of railroads. A more intelligent and careful examination of the subject has seldom been made by a congressional committee. Their conclusions are expressed in the report and bill presented to the Senate, one of the most important features of which was a national commission for the supervision of interstate railroad traffic. From their investigation of the working of state railroad commissions, they considered a similar commission essential to an intelligent

and just supervision and equitable control of interstate transportation, as a much-needed means of enlightening Congress on the subject, and adjusting legislation to the real conditions and necessities of the great interests involved.

On the other hand, Mr. Hudson does not believe in railroad commissions, and has a good deal to say against them; but his book affords no evidence that he has made any intelligent and fair inquiry into the subject. When he sneers at the Massachusetts commission, and asserts that "drawing its salary and holding stated sessions to discuss railway interests is the limit of its usefulness," he either manifests utter ignorance, or is guilty of willful misrepresentation. There is abundant evidence that in no other State are the relations of the railroads and the public on the whole so harmonious as in Massachusetts. There is no State in which a greater variety of questions arise, affecting the numerous and varied interests of the people, and are adjusted satisfactorily by the railroad commission. By a little inquiry Mr. Hudson might have learned that instead of "holding stated sessions to discuss railway interests," the commission is constantly in session for the hearing of grievances, affording advice as to rights, and adjusting differences; and the railroad corporations as well as the public, having confidence in its ability and integrity, must unfrequently seek its counsel. A large proportion of its work is thus performed without any public record. Massachu-

¹ There has been a good deal of misapprehension, real or pretended, even among railroad men, as to the "short haul" provision, and some absurd interpretations have been made to mislead the public. It does not mean that the charge for a shorter distance shall not exceed the rate per mile charged for a longer distance on the same line of road, but that the charge shall not exceed the aggregate of charges for the longer distance. If the charge for transporting grain from Chicago to New York via the New York Central Railroad is twenty-five cents per hundred, the charge for transporting a like quantity from Chicago to Syracuse or

Albany, under the same conditions, shall not exceed twenty-five cents per hundred. In other words, if a car-load of 40,000 pounds is hauled from Chicago to New York for \$100, the charge for hauling a like car-load to Syracuse must not exceed \$100. That would not appear to be burdensome to the railroads; but to require that the rate in all cases should be proportionate to the distance would either be ruinous to the railroads or disastrous to the farmers. The sober second thought of railroad managers has adopted the above interpretation, which has been repeatedly made by Senator Cullom. The only hardship occurs at competitive points.

setts corporations readily comply with its recommendations, for they know that the legislature is behind the commission; and when a foreign corporation operating a road in the State has ignored or defied it, the legislature has promptly given authority to enforce its orders. Moreover, a large part of the railroad legislation of Massachusetts has been shaped under its advice, and the State has thus escaped some of the crude and ill-considered laws that have proved futile or worked injustice in other States. All this the senatorial committee learned from the testimony of both railroad officials and representatives of the public. Had Mr. Hudson made similar inquiries, the result would have been too surely adverse to his theories.

Interstate commerce furnishes by far the largest part of the railroad traffic of the country, and gives rise to the most serious complaints. The recent decision of the Supreme Court, in the case of the *Wabash, Chicago & Pacific Railroad Company v. Illinois*, that a state law regulating interstate railroad traffic (that is, in this case, traffic beginning in the State and extending beyond its limits) is unconstitutional, rendered some action by Congress imperative. Previous to this decision, Chief Justice Waite, sitting as a circuit judge, had held, in the case of *Peik v. Chicago & Northwestern Railway*, that in the absence of congressional legislation a State might regulate rates so far as they are acts of domestic concern, even if incidentally they reach beyond the State.¹ The decision of the Supreme Court removed even this possible restraint on the unreasonable rates

and discriminations of the railroads, and placed the public more than ever at their mercy.

The time had come, therefore, for Congress to exercise its constitutional authority, and pass some law to regulate railroads so far as they are concerned in interstate commerce. The law finally passed, if not perfect, contains some provisions which will be a benefit to the public, and with a proper commission may be the basis of better legislation. That commission should be composed of men of known ability, unquestioned integrity, and impartiality inspiring confidence; men who will not be content with their present information, but will make a thorough study of the problem before them. If it is used simply to provide places for persistent office-seekers, or ex-members of Congress who have failed of reelection, it would be little better, perhaps worse, than useless.²

The interstate commerce law applies only to transportation that crosses state lines. In all other matters, whether relating to financial condition, construction, local facilities and rates, safety in operation, etc., the corporation is subject to the law and the supervision of the State in which its road lies. There is no reason why the national law and a national commission should not work well with the state laws and commissions acting within their recognized jurisdiction. Thus some progress may be made towards a fair solution of the railroad problem. But if through mistakes or the skillful strategy of railroad managers it fails, we may still have recourse to Mr. Hudson's turnpike system.

W. A. Crafts.

¹ In a dissenting opinion in the above-named case before the Supreme Court, the Chief Justice, with Justices Gray and Bradley, expresses similar views.

² At the time this was written the President had not appointed the commission.

AMERICAN CLASSICS IN SCHOOL.

A LEXICOGRAPHER once asked me to define for him, historically, the phrase *common school*, as used in America, and to discriminate it from the similar phrase, *public school*. I had not learning enough to answer the former half of the demand, but I conjectured that the gradual substitution of the latter phrase for the older came about from the growth of private schools, especially in the richer communities, thereby requiring a sharper distinction in terms. I suppose that the application of the word *common* to schools grew out of the familiar use of the word amongst English-speaking people in connection with other associated interests, as land, law, and worship.

The term *common school* is, at all events, a sound form of words, and one full of significance. It calls us back to the prime consideration. There is now and then rumor of an assault upon the public treasury for the support of private schools which are under the control of some society of men, religious or otherwise, and the defense against such assault is in the right that only public schools shall be supported out of the public tax. This position is not easily overthrown, yet there is a higher ground for the maintenance of common schools. A common school stands over against a class school, however the class may be defined, whether in terms of society or religion, and the commonwealth is rightly jealous of this common property in education.

There has always been, therefore, a criticism of the common school, whenever the proposal has been made to introduce studies which look to the advantage of the individual member rather than to that of the whole community; and the most potent argument against the present movement in favor of industrial studies is the instinctive feeling that the

common schools would thereby be diverted into the business of educating mechanics. It is a pity that this feeling could not have been equally appealed to in alarming the public mind over the tendency of the common schools to an over-production of clerks. A considerable part of the energy expended in our common schools seems to be narrowed into this channel.

That the safety of the republic depends upon the educated intelligence of the people is one of the truisms of our political creed. There is no more telling antithesis in a speech on public education than that which sets the sums expended for standing armies in Europe against the vast sums expended for common schools in America, though now and then some critic does interpose a parenthesis containing the figures of the great pension account; and probably nine out of ten educated Americans, if asked what is the chief end of the common schools, would answer, To make good American citizens.

The receipt for making good American citizens is not always analyzed, and one is bound to admit that in some cases the result is half-baked specimens; but the analyst, when pressed for particulars, rarely fails to fall back upon the generalities of mental development, with a saving clause in favor of the study of American history as a specific for accomplishing the end in view, while an increasing body of educators insist upon the necessity of incorporating in common-school courses of study an intelligible acquaintance with political forms.

Now I should be the last to undervalue such studies, and I earnestly hope that the common schools of the country may give distinct and marked attention both to history and to political science, and so adjust the teaching of them as to

reach the great mass of children who close their school life at the age of fourteen; but there is behind the facts of history and the methods of politics something more intangible, yet more vital to any large and lasting conception of Americanism, and the resources at our command for communicating the spirit which vitalizes national life are simple, natural, and effective.

The deposit of nationality is in laws, institutions, art, character, and religion; but laws, institutions, character, and religion are expressed through art, and mainly through the art of letters. It is literature, therefore, that holds in precipitation the genius of the country, and the higher the form of literature, the more consummate the expression of that spirit which does not so much seek a materialization as it inevitably shapes itself in fitting form. Long may we read and ponder the life of Washington, yet fall back at last content upon those graphic lines of Lowell in *Under the Old Elm*, which cause the figure of the great American to outline itself upon the imagination with large and strong portraiture. The spirit of the orations of Webster and Benton, the whole history of the young giant poised in conscious strength before his triumphant struggle, one may catch in a breath in those glowing lines which end *The Building of the Ship*. The deep passion of the war for the Union may be overlooked in some formal study of battles and campaigns, but rises pure, strong, and flaming in the immortal Gettysburg speech.

It is this concentration in poetry and the more lofty prose which gives to literary art its preciousness as a symbol of human endeavor, and renders it the one essential and most serviceable means for keeping alive the smouldering coals of patriotism. It is the torch passed from one hand to another, signaling hope and warning; and the one place above all others where its light should be kindled is where the young are met together, in

those American temples which the people have built in every town and village in the country. It may be doubted if any single voice did so much to stir young America into sympathy with the Greeks in their rising for independence as Halleck's *Marco Bozzaris*, which was shouted from every schoolhouse in the land; and while older men in the North were discussing the bearings of Webster's Seventh of March speech, their boys were declaiming from the school-house rostrum the magnificent burst at the close of Webster's second speech on Foot's resolution, ignorant that they were already hearing the trumpet-call which should lead them on to death for that Union which was Webster's highest inspiration. As men grow older they become interested in questions of government and politics, and are ready to make sacrifices of time and money to secure certain political results, in which their own individual interest is after all very slight and vague. This is practical patriotism, and, despite the pessimistic belief of those who are enlightened only by dramatic situations, it was never more at the command of the country than now. But it is not uncommon to hear from such practical patriots, especially when they remember the fervor of 1861, expressions of skepticism as to the continuous existence of the sentiment of patriotism. Of course so general a doubt may be answered by as general an affirmation, and we are no nearer the exact truth; but this is certain, that practical patriotism is by no means so dependent upon considerations of expediency and personal advantage, or even duty, as it is upon the undying sentiment of patriotism. As well might we say that practical religion rested only in a sense of duty. Its springs are in love of God; let these become dry and choked through the failure to hold conscious communion with him, and practical religion will be but a barren fig tree. Precisely thus, the sentiment of patriotism must be kept

fresh and living in the hearts of the young through quick and immediate contact with the sources of that sentiment; and the most helpful means are those spiritual deposits of patriotism which we find in noble poetry and lofty prose, as communicated by men who have lived patriotic lives and been fed with coals from the altar.

If all this be true, we are bound to make as deliberate a provision for keeping this sentiment of patriotism alive as we are to provide against the possibility of an attack upon the nation from foreign enemies. Indeed, the strongest defense is in the inexpugnable sentiment. If love of country is something more than a creature's instinct for self-preservation, if it be inwoven with love of righteousness and the passion for redeemed humanity, then it may be cultivated and strengthened, and ought not to be left to the caprice of fortune.

The common-school system is the one vast organization of the country, elastic, adapted in minor details to local needs, but swayed by one general plan; feeling the force of educated public sentiment, and manipulated by the free, intelligent association of teachers and superintendents. This organization offers the most admirable means for the cultivation and strengthening of the sentiment of patriotism, and it avails itself of it in many ways. The great national holidays are made occasions. Notable anniversaries are improved. It is not too much to say that the young men and women between twenty and thirty to-day are far more earnest citizens because of the centennial fever which raged from 1874 to 1877. But aside from and beyond these special means, the most important aid of all is to be found in a steady, unremitting attention to American classics.

It may be said, and with a show of truth, that it would be possible to bring into one compact volume the great, direct utterances of American poets, orators, and romancers upon the vital theme

of our country, and that such a book as a *vade mecum* could be mastered in a brief portion of the school curriculum. But one feels instinctively that this end of patriotism is not to be attained by the concentration of the mind upon it for a given time; that the sentiment of patriotism is not something to pass a written examination upon, at the end of a course of study. The larger results are attained in this as in other pursuits by broadening, not by narrowing, the range. The book of patriotism which might thus be culled is an indiscriminated part of the whole body of American literature, and its power is greater as one comes into acquaintance with the whole, and not with selected parts. It is not the "golden texts," so called, which animate the religious mind; it is the free and full use of the whole Bible; and the literature of America, taken in its large and comprehensive sense, is worth vastly more to American boys and girls than any collection which may be made from it of "memory gems."

I have written as if a prime advantage of making much of American classics in school lay in the power which this literature has of inspiring a noble love of country. But in the spiritual universe there are no fences, and the fields of patriotism and righteousness lie under the same stars. Righteousness transmuted into the terms of patriotism is the appeal from lower, material good to that which is higher and overarching. Now our schools, with their close relation to the business of life, demand a reinforcement on the side of spirituality. They have been more and more secularized, and it will only be as the people become largely at one on religious matters that they can ever recover a distinctly religious character. Meanwhile, literature and music remain as great spiritualizing forces, and happily no theoretic differences serve to exclude them from the common schools. It is to literature that we must look for the substantial pro-

tection of the growing mind against an ignoble, material conception of life, and for the inspiring power which shall lift the nature into its rightful fellowship with whatsoever is noble, true, lovely, and of good report. Mr. Parsons, in his thoughtful, warning paper on *The Decline of Duty*,¹ strikes the keynote of our present peril when he says, "A materialist civilization can never be a safe one." He does not point out the preservative forces, nor intimate very distinctly to what we are to look for a corrective of present tendencies; but in the same number of the journal containing his paper is a glimpse of a boyhood which leaves strongly impressed on the mind the figure of a "boy reading Plato, covered to his chin with a cloak, in a cold upper chamber." It is not so much in the story of that life that we are to seek for influences counteracting material greed as in words which have flowed from the lips of the man, whose boyhood knew privations. How many young minds have leapt at the words,

"So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, *Thou must*,
The youth replies, *I can*!"

How many, also, have felt their pulses thrill with the exultant words of that declaration of independence,

"Good-by, proud world! I'm going home"!

But how large an inheritance of spiritual power might such minds acquire, if the golden days of their youth were spent over the prose and poetry which embody a life of high endeavor and secret worship!

It is from the men and women bred on American soil that the fittest words come for the spiritual enrichment of American youth. I believe heartily in the advantage of enlarging one's horizon by taking in other climes and other ages, but first let us make sure of that

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, May, 1887.

great expansive power which lies close at hand. I am sure there never was a time or country when national education, under the guidance of national art and thought, was so possible as in America to-day. The organization of schools is practically complete; statutes and public sentiment have carried it so far that an era of criticism has set in. Meanwhile, we have now for the first time a perspective of national literature. The rise of new men and new methods was needed to give the requisite fullness to our conception of the art of the older school; and as we move away from the dividing line of 1861, we are more clearly cognizant of that body of humane letters which was then inherently fixed, but needed the vista of a score of years to become defined and clearly marked to our eyes.

We are not so much concerned to discriminate the work of the older Americans as we are ready to accept the men themselves, with their well-recognized personality. The process of sifting goes on silently, but however it may gradually set the mark of approbation on this or that particular production, it is not likely that the group of men will be much enlarged or diminished. Any list made now of what, for lack of a better word, we may call standard American authors would inevitably contain certain names, unless the maker of the list were possessed of some paradoxical humor. The majority vote in the long run determines the sway of literary rulers and governors. Just because there are a few authors who have an incontestable position in America, we may and ought to turn to them for the foundation of a love and knowledge of pure literature, and my plea is that, whatever else is done in the way of reading in our common schools, these authors should command the chief and first attention; that school courses should be arranged so as to give them a definite place, just as our American school geographies give the United

States in detail, and follow with rapid study of Europe, Asia, and Africa, and just as United States history has the preference in order over European history and ancient history.

The real point of practical reform, however, is not in the preference of American authors to English, but in the careful concentration of the minds of boys and girls upon standard American literature, in opposition to a dissipation over a desultory and mechanical acquaintance with scraps from a variety of sources, good, bad, and indifferent. In a previous article on *Nursery Classics in School*,¹ I argued that there was a true economy in substituting the great books of that portion of the world's literature which represents the childhood of the world's mind for the thin, quickly forgotten, feeble imaginations of insignificant bookmakers. There is an equally noble economy in engaging the child's mind, when it is passing out of an immature state into one of rational, intelligent appropriation of literature, upon such carefully chosen classic work as shall invigorate and deepen it. There is plenty of vagrancy in reading; the public libraries and cheap papers are abundantly able to satisfy the truant; but it ought to be recognized once for all that the schools are to train the mind into appreciation of literature, not to amuse it with idle diversion; to this end, the simplest and most direct method is to place before boys and girls for their regular task in reading, not scraps from this and that author, duly paragraphed and numbered, but a wisely selected series of works by men whom their country honors, and who have made their country worth living in.

The continuous reading of a classic is in itself a liberal education; the fragmentary reading of commonplace lessons in minor morals, such as make up much of our reading-books, is a pitiful waste of the growing mental powers. Even were

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1887.

our reading-books composed of choice selections from the highest literature, they would still miss the very great advantage which follows upon the steady growth of acquaintance with a sustained piece of literary art. I do not insist, of course, that *Evangeline* should be read at one session of the school, though it would be exceedingly helpful in training the powers of the mind if, after this poem had been read day by day for a few weeks, it were to be taken up first in its separate thirds, and then in an entire reading. What I claim is that the boy or girl who has read *Evangeline* through steadily has acquired a certain power in appropriating literature which is not to be had by reading a collection of minor poems, — the power of long-sustained attention and interest.

If we could substitute a full course of reading from the great American authors for a course in any existing graded series of readers, we should gain a further advantage in teaching children literature without frightening them with the vast spectre of literature. Molière's doctor spoke prose all his life without discovering it, and children taught to read literature may escape the haunting sense that there is a serious, vague study known as literature, which has handbooks, and manuals, and vast dictionaries, and cyclopædias, and Heaven knows what mountains shutting it out from the view of ordinary mortals. There is a deal of mischief in teaching young people about literature and perhaps giving them occasional specimens, but all the while keeping them at a distance from the real thing.

At the same time, with American literature for the great body of reading in our common schools, there would be the further advantage that just when the boy or girl was beginning to appreciate the personal element in books, to associate the author with what the author said, the teacher would be able to satisfy and stimulate an honorable curiosity. The

increasing attention paid to authors' birthdays illustrates the instinctive demand from the schools that the authors thus commemorated should be part and parcel of the school life. An immense store of fresh and delightful material is at the command of teachers, for use in illustrating the works of the greater American authors; and that part of the school course which is devoted to reading may thus be enriched and vitalized in a hundred ways, to the manifest enlargement of the mind of the pupil.

The objection is sometimes made to this general scheme that the slow development of the mind requires the books for reading to be carefully graded, and a great deal of very minute attention has been given to securing an easy, natural, and progressive grade. It is, of course, apparent that a boy who has mastered only easy combinations of words cannot at once be set to reading Thoreau's *Wild Apples*, however keen may be his interest in practical experiments upon the subject of Thoreau's paper. Grading is necessary, and it is entirely possible to apply the principle to American classics for schools. Not literature made to order to suit certain states of the juvenile mind, but those parts of existing literature selected in a wise adjustment of means to end,—that is the solution of the problem of gradation. If Hawthorne's *Wonder-Book* is too hard, there are still simpler examples of Hawthorne's sympathetic prose. The body of wholesome, strong American literature is large enough to make it possible to keep boys and girls upon it from the time when they begin to recognize the element of authorship until they leave school, and it is varied and flexible enough to give employment to the mind in all its stages of development. Moreover, this literature is interesting, and is allied with interesting concerns; half the hard places are overcome by the willing mind, and the boy who stumbles over some jejune lesson in his read-

ing-book will run over a bit of genuine prose from Irving, which the school-book maker with his calipers pronounces too hard.

The American classics have little by little been making their way into schools, edging themselves in sometimes under the awkward title of *Supplementary Reading*, and there can be no doubt that every year will see them more securely intrenched. It is noticeable that the movement in this direction is corrective of a somewhat recent condition, and encouragement may be drawn from the comparatively short life of the graded reading-books. Men in middle life remember when these books first came into vogue; before that time the reading-books were made up of selections from standard English literature. Many a person has grateful recollection of these earlier books for the stimulus which they gave to a liking for fine literature, and certain passages in Shakespeare probably owe their celebrity less to the stage and less to the popularity of the plays in which they occur than to the fact that they have been read and delivered by millions of school-children. But with the great expansion of the school system, and especially with the rapid growth of cities, the organization of schools became a prime consideration, and with this organization came a rapid development of school-books on the side which most readily appeals to the systematizing and mechanical mind. Reading-books were finely graded, and to secure this supreme good of gradation the individuality of literature was subordinated. That was used which was most convenient and lent itself most readily to the all-important end of easy gradation.

We have gone quite far enough in the mechanical development of the common-school system. What we most need is the breath of life, and reading offers the noblest means for receiving and imparting this breath of life. The tendency

of our schools is always toward an assimilation of the common life of the country, and there is no danger that they will not be practical enough. Arithmetic passes into the making out of bills and the calculation of interest. Writing gravitates toward business forms. Geography points to commercial enterprises. Reading finds its end in a Sunday newspaper. But the common life of the country has also its heroic, its ideal temper, and it is the business of those who have to do with schools to see to it that this side is not neglected. This requires thought, adaptation of means to ends, organization. To secure a just equilibrium, we need to use the great power of reading, and apply it to what is noble and inspiring. The spiritual element in education in our common schools will be found to lie in reserve in literature, and, as I believe, most effectively in American literature.

Think for a moment of that great, silent, resistless power for good which might at this moment be lifting the youth of the country, were the hours for reading in school expended upon the undying, life-giving books! Think of the substantial growth of a generous Americanism, were the boys and girls to be fed from the fresh springs of American literature! It would be no narrow

provincialism into which they would emerge. The windows in Longfellow's mind look to the east, and the children who have entered into possession of his wealth travel far. Bryant's flight carries one through upper air, over broad champignons. The lover of Emerson has learned to get a far vision. The companion of Thoreau finds Concord suddenly become the centre of a very wide horizon. Irving has annexed Spain to America. Hawthorne has nationalized the gods of Greece and given an atmosphere to New England. Whittier has translated the Hebrew Scriptures into the American dialect. Lowell gives the American boy an academy without cutting down a stick of timber in the grove, or disturbing the birds. Holmes supplies that hickory which makes one careless of the crackling of thorns. Franklin makes the America of a past generation a part of the great world before treaties had bound the floating States into formal connection with venerable nations. What is all this but saying that the rich inheritance which we have is no local ten-acre lot, but a part of the undivided estate of humanity? Universality, cosmopolitanism, — these are fine words, but no man ever secured the freedom of the universe who did not first pay taxes and vote in his own village.

H. E. Scudder.

SCHUMANN'S KINDER-SCENEN.

THE spirit of the Ingle-nook
Has come to lead me forth,
To wonder at the leaping brook,
The wind from out the north;

To wander with Haroun the great
Through groves of Eastern scent;
To watch, beyond the garden gate,
The birds fly, skyward bent;

To lie amid the grass, and dream
 Each slim and spreading spire
 A tufted palm, lit by the gleam
 Of distant heavens' fire;

To dream and dream of things beyond
 The gate, — beyond to-day, —
 Until upon the miller's pond
 The low red light shall play.

And then, when all my dreams shall swim
 To murmuring of the brook,
 I shall be led from twilight dim
 Back to the Ingle-nook.

H. C. Bunner.

PAUL PATOFF.

XII.

[Continued.]

ON the next day I went to see Paul, and told him the result of my first step. He appeared very grateful.

"It seems hard that my life should be ruined by this thing," he said wearily. "Any prospect of news is delightful, however small. I am under a sort of curse, — as much as though I had really had something to do with poor Alexander's death. It comes up in all sorts of ways. Unless we can solve the mystery, I shall never be really free."

"We will solve it," I said, in order to reassure him. "Nothing shall be left undone, and I hope that in a few weeks you may feel relieved from all this anxiety."

"It is more than anxiety; it is pain," he answered. I supposed that he was thinking of Hermione, and was silent. Presently he proposed to go out. It was a fine day in February, though the snow was on the ground and filled the ruts in the pavement of the Grande Rue de Pera. Every one was wrapped in furs and every one wore overshoes, with-

out which it is impossible to go out in winter in Constantinople. The streets were crowded with that strange multitude seen nowhere else in the world; the shops were full of people of all sorts, from the ladies of the embassies to the veiled Turkish ladies, who have small respect for the regulation forbidding them to buy in Frank establishments. At Galata Serai the huge Kurdish hamals loitered in the sun, waiting for a job, their ropes and the heavy pillows on which they carry their burdens lying at their feet. The lean dogs sat up and glared hungrily at the huge joints of meat, which the butcher's lads carried through the crowd, forcing their way past the delicate Western ladies, who drew back in horror at the sight of so much raw beef, and through knots of well-dressed men standing before the cafés in the narrow street. Numberless soldiers moved in the crowd, tall, fair Turks, with broad shoulders and blue eyes, in the shabby uniform of the footguards, but looking as though they could fight as well as any smart Prussian grenadier, as indeed they can when they get enough to eat. Now and then a

closed sedan-chair moved rapidly along, borne by sturdy Kurds, and occasionally a considerable disturbance was caused by the appearance of a carriage. Paul and I strolled down the steep street, past Galata tower and down into Galata itself.

"Shall we cross?" asked Paul, as we reached the bridge.

"Let us go up the Bosphorus," I said. "There will probably be a steamer before long."

He assented readily enough. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, — five by the Turkish clocks, — and the day was magnificent. The sun was high, and illuminated everything in the bright, cold air, so that the domes and minarets of the city were white as snow, with bluish shadows, while the gilded crescents and spires glistened with unnatural brilliancy in the clear winter's daylight. It is hard to say whether Stamboul is more beautiful at any one season of the year than during the other three, for every season brings with it some especial loveliness, some new phase of color. You may reach Serai point on a winter's morning in a driving snow-storm, so that everything is hidden in the gray veil of the falling flakes; suddenly the clouds will part and the sunlight will fall full upon the city, so that it seems as if every mosque and spire were built of diamonds. Or you may cross to Scutari in the early dawn of a morning in June, when the sky is like a vast Eastern flower, dark blue in the midst overhead, the petals shaded with every tint to the faint purple on the horizon; and every hue in turn passes over the fantastic buildings, as the shadows gradually take color from the sky, and the soft velvety water laps up the light in broad pools and delicate streaks of tinted reflection. It is always beautiful, always new; but of all times, I think the hour when the high sun illuminates most distinctly everything on land and sea is the time when Stamboul is most splendid and queenly.

The great ferry-boat heaved and thumped the water, and swung slowly off the wooden pier, while we stood on the upper deck watching the scene before us. For two men as familiar with Constantinople in all its aspects as we were, it seemed almost ridiculous to go on board a steamer merely for the sake of being carried to the mouth of the Black Sea and back again. But I have always loved the Bosphorus, and I thought it would amuse Paul to pass the many landings, and to see the crowds of passengers, and to walk about the empty deck. He was tired with the journey and harassed in mind, and for those ills the open air is the best medicine.

He appeared to enjoy it, and asked me many questions about the palaces and villas on both shores, for I was better acquainted with the place than he. It seemed to interest him to know that such a villa belonged to such a Pasha, that such another was the property of an old princess of evil fame, while a third had seen strange doings in the days of Mehemet Ali, and was now deserted or inhabited only by ghosts of the past, — the resort of ghouls and jins from the neighboring grave-yards. As we lay a moment at the pier of Yeni K j, — "New town" sounds less interesting, — we watched the stream of passengers, and I thought Paul started slightly as a tall, smooth-faced, and hideous negro suddenly turned and looked up to where we stood on the deck, as he left the steamer. I might have been mistaken, but it was the only approach to an incident of interest which occurred that day. We reached the upper part of the Bosphorus, and at Yeni Mahalle within sight of the Black Sea, the ferry-boat described a wide circle and turned once more in the direction of Stamboul.

"I feel better," said Paul, as we reached Galata bridge and elbowed our way ashore through the crowd. "We will go again."

"By all means," I answered.

From that time during several weeks we frequently made excursions into Stamboul and up the Bosphorus, and the constant enjoyment of the open air did Paul good. But I could see that wherever we went he watched the people with intense interest; following some individual with his eyes in silence, or trying to see into dark archways and through latticed windows, staring at the files of passengers who came on board the boats or went ashore at the different landings, and apparently never relaxing his attention. The people grew familiar to me, too, and gradually it appeared that Paul was constructing a method for our peregrinations. It was he, and not I, who suggested the direction of our expeditions, and I noticed that he chose certain places on certain days. On Monday, for instance, he never failed to propose a visit to the bazaars, on Tuesday we generally went up the Bosphorus, on Wednesday into Stamboul. On Friday afternoons, when the weather was fine, we used to ride out to the Sweet Waters of Europe; for Friday is the Mussulman's day of rest, and on that day all who are able love to go out to the Kiat-hané — the "paper-mill," — where they pass the afternoon in driving and walking, eating sweetmeats, smoking, drinking coffee, watching gypsy girls dance, or listening to the long-winded tales of professional story-tellers. Almost every day had its regular excursion, and it was clear to me that he always chose the place where on that day of the week there was likely to be the greatest crowd.

Meanwhile Balsamides, in whose house I continued to live, alternately laughed at me for believing Paul's story, and expressed in the next breath a hope that Alexander might yet be found. He had been to Santa Sophia, and had ascertained that the other staircase was usually opened on the nights when the mosque was illuminated, for the convenience of

the men employed in lighting the lamps, and this confirmed his theory about the direction taken by Alexander when he left the gallery. But here all trace ceased again, and Balsamides was almost ready to give up the search, when an incident occurred which renewed our energy and hope, and which had the effect of rousing Paul to the greatest excitement.

We were wandering under the gloomy arches of the vast bazaar one day, and had reached the quarter where the Spanish Jews have their shops and collect their wonderful mass of valuables, chiefly antiquities, offering them for sale in their little dens, and ever hungry for a bargain. We strolled along, smoking and chatting as we went, when a Jew named Marchetto, with whom I had had dealings in former days and who knew me very well, came suddenly out into the broad covered way, and invited us into his shop. He said he had an object of rare beauty which he was sure I would buy. We went in, and sat down on the low divan against the wall. The sides of the little shop were piled to the ceiling with neatly folded packages of stuffs, embroideries, and prayer carpets. In one corner stood a shabby old table with a glass case, under which various objects of gold and silver were exposed for sale. The whole place smelled strongly of Greek tobacco, but otherwise it was clean and neat. A little raised dome in the middle of the ceiling admitted light and air.

Marchetto disappeared for a moment, and instantly returned with two cups of Turkish coffee on a pewter salver, which he deposited on a stool before us. He evidently meant business, for he began to talk of the weather, and seemed in no hurry to show us the object he had vaguely mentioned. At last I asked for it, which I would certainly not have done had I meant to buy it. It proved to be a magnificent strip of Rhodes tapestry, of the kind formerly made for the Knights

of Malta, but not manufactured since the last century. It consists always of Maltese crosses, of various sizes and designs, embroidered in heavy dark red silk upon strips of coarse strong linen about two feet wide, or of the same design worked upon square pieces for cushions. The value of this tapestry is very great, and is principally determined by the fineness of the stitch and the shade of red in the silk used.

Marchetto's face fell as we admired his tapestry, for he knew that we would not begin a bargain by conceding the smallest merit to the object offered. But he put a brave face on the matter, and began to show us other things: a Giordès carpet, a magnificent piece of old Broussa gold embroidery on pale blue satin, curious embroideries on towels, known as Persian lace, — indeed, every variety of ancient stuff. Tired of sitting still, I rose and turned over some of the things myself. In doing so I struck my elbow against the old glass case in the corner, and looked to see whether I had broken it. In so doing my eye naturally fell upon the things laid out on white paper beneath the glazed frame. Among them I saw a watch which attracted my attention. It was of silver, but very beautifully engraved and adorned in Russian *niello*. The ribbed knob which served to wind it was of gold. Altogether the workmanship was very fine, and the watch looked new.

"Here is a Russian watch, Patoff," I said, tapping the glass pane with my finger. Paul rose languidly and came to the table. When he saw the thing he turned pale, and gripped my arm in sudden excitement.

"It is his," he said, in a low voice, trying to raise the lid.

"Alexander's?" Paul nodded. "Pre-tend to be indifferent," I said in Russian, fearing lest Marchetto should understand.

The Jew unclosed the case and handed us the watch. Paul took it with trem-

bling fingers and opened it at the back. There in Russian letters were engraved the words "Alexander Paulovitch, from his father;" the date followed. There was no doubt about it. The watch had belonged to the lost man; he had, therefore, been robbed.

"You got this from some bankrupt Pasha, Marchetto?" I inquired. Everything offered for sale in the bazaar at second hand is said to come from the establishment of a Pasha; the statement is supposed to attract foreigners.

Marchetto nodded and smiled.

"A Russian Pasha," I continued. "Did you ever hear of a Russian Pasha, Marchetto? The fellow who sold it to you lied."

"He who lies on the first day of Ramazán repents on the day of Bairam," returned the Jew, quoting a Turkish proverb, and grinning. I was struck by the words. Somehow the mention of Bairam made me think of Alexander's uncertain fate, and suggested the idea that Marchetto knew something about it.

"Yes," I answered, looking sharply at him; "and another proverb says that the fox ends his days in the furrier's shop. Where did you buy the watch?"

"Allah bilir! I have forgotten."

"Allah knows, undoubtedly. But you know, too," I said, laughing, and pretending to be amused. Paul had resumed his seat upon the small divan, and was listening with intense interest; but he knew it was best to leave the thing to me. Marchetto was a fat man, with red hair and red-brown eyes. He looked at me doubtfully for a moment.

"I will buy it if you will tell me where you got it," I said.

"I got it" — He hesitated. "It came out of a harem," he added suddenly, with a sort of chuckle.

"Out of a harem!" I exclaimed, in utter incredulity. "What harem?"

"I will not tell you," he answered, gravely, the smile fading from his face.

"I swore that I would not tell."

"Will you swear that it really came from a harem?" I asked.

"I give you my word of honor," asseverated Marchetto. "I swear by my head, by your beard" —

"I do not mean that," I said quietly. "Will you swear to me, solemnly, before God, that you are telling the truth?"

Marchetto looked at me in surprise, for no people in the world are so averse to making a solemn oath as the Hebrews, as, perhaps, no people are more exact in regard to the truth when so made to bind themselves. The man looked at me for a moment.

"You seem very curious about that watch," he said at last, turning away and busying himself with his stuffs.

"Then you will not swear?" I asked, putting the watch back in its place.

"I cannot swear to what I do not know. But I know the man who sold it to me. He is the Lala of a harem, that is certain. I will not tell you his name, nor the name of the Effendi to whose harem he belongs. Will you buy my watch? — birindji — first quality — it is a beautiful thing. On my honor, I have never seen a finer one, though it is of silver."

"Not unless you will tell me where it came from," I said firmly. "Besides, I must show it to Vartan in Pera before I buy it. Perhaps the works are not good."

"It is yours," said Marchetto. "Take it. When you have had it two days you will buy it."

"How much?"

"Twenty liras, — twenty Turkish pounds," answered the Jew promptly.

"You mean five," I said. The watch was worth ten, I thought, about two hundred and thirty francs.

"Impossible. I would rather let you take it as a gift. It is birindji — first quality — upon my honor, I never saw" —

"Rubbish, Marchetto!" I exclaimed.

"Let me take it to Vartan to be examined. Then we will bargain."

"Take it," he answered. "Keep it as long as you like. I know you very well, and I thank Heaven I have profited a little with you. But the price of the watch is twenty pounds. You will pay it, and all your life you will look at it and say, 'What an honest man Marchetto is!' By my head — it is birindji — first quality — I never" —

"I have no doubt," I answered, cutting him short. I motioned to Paul that we had better go: he rose without a word.

"Good-by, Marchetto," I said. "I will come back in a day or two and bargain with you."

"It is birindji — by my head — first quality" — were the last words we heard as we left the Jew amongst his stuffs. Then we threaded the subterranean passages of the bazaar, and soon afterwards were walking in the direction of Galata bridge, on our way back to Pera. At last Paul spoke.

"We are on the scent," he said. "That fellow was speaking the truth when he said the watch came from a harem. I could see it in his face. I begin to think that Alexander did some absurdly rash thing, — followed some veiled Turkish woman, as he would have done before if I had not stopped him, — was seized, imprisoned in some cellar or other, and ultimately murdered."

"It looks like it," I answered. "Of course I would not buy the watch outright, because as long as it is not paid for I have a hold upon Marchetto. I will talk to Balsamides to-night. He is very clever about those things, and he will find out the name of the black man who sold it."

We separated, and I went to find my friend; but he was on duty, and would not return until evening. I spent the rest of the day in making visits, trying to get rid of the time. On returning to the house of Gregorios I found a letter

from John Carvel, the first I had received from him since I had left England. It ran as follows : —

MY DEAR GRIGGS, — Since you left us something very extraordinary and unexpected has taken place, and considering the part you took in our household affairs, you should not be kept in the dark. I have suffered more annoyance in connection with my unfortunate sister-in-law than I can ever tell you ; and the thing has culminated in a sort of transformation scene, such as you certainly never expected any more than I did. What will you say when I tell you that Madame Patoff has suddenly emerged from her rooms in all respects a sane woman ? You will not be any less surprised — unless Paul has confided in you — to hear that he asked Hermione to marry him before leaving us, and that Hermione did not refuse him ! I am so nervous that I have cut three meets in the last month.

Of course you will want to know how all this came out. I do not see how I can manage to write so long a letter as this must be. But the *labor improbus* knocks the stuffing out of all difficulties, as you put it in your neat American way. I dare say I shall survive. If I do not, the directions for my epitaph are, "Here lies the body of Anne Patoff's brother-in-law." If you could see me, you would appreciate the justice of the inscription.

Madame Patoff is perfectly sane : dines with us, drives out, walks, talks, and reads like any other human being, — in which she differs materially from Chrysophrasia, who does all these things as they were never done, before or after the flood. We do not know what to make of the situation, but we try to make the best of it. It came about in this way. Hermione had taken a fancy to pay her aunt a visit, a day or two after you had left. Mrs. North was outside, as usual, reading or working in the next

room. It chanced that the door was left open, or not quite closed. Mrs. North had the habit of listening to what went on, professionally, because it was her business to watch the case. As she sat there working, she heard Madame Patoff's voice, talking consecutively. She had never heard her talk before, more than to say, "Yes," or "No," or "It is a fine day," or "It rains." She rose and went near the door. Her patient was talking very connectedly about a book she had been reading, and Hermione was answering her as though not at all surprised at the conversation. Then, presently, Hermione began to beg her to come out into the house and to live with the rest of us, since she was now perfectly sane. Mrs. North was thunderstruck, but did not lose her head. She probably did the best thing she could have done, as the event proved. She entered the room very quietly, — she is always so quiet, — and said in the most natural way in the world, "I am so glad you are better, Madame Patoff. Excuse me, Miss Hermione left the door open and I heard you talking." The old lady started and looked at her a moment. Then she turned away, and presently, looking rather white, she answered the nurse : "Thank you, Mrs. North, I am quite well. Will you send for Professor Cutter ?" So Cutter was sent for, and when he had seen her he sent for me, and told me that my sister-in-law was in a lucid state, but that it would be just as well not to excite her. If she chose to leave her room she might, he said, but she ought to be watched. "The deuce !" said I, "this is most extraordinary !" "Exactly," said he "most extraordinary."

The lucid moment lasted, and she has been perfectly sane ever since. She goes about the house, touching everything and admiring everything, and enjoys driving with me in the dog-cart. I do not know what to make of it. I asked Hermione how it began. She only said

that she thought her aunt had been better when she was with her, and then it had come very suddenly. The other day Madame Patoff asked about Paul, and I told her he had gone to the East with you. But she did not seem to know anything about you, though I told her you had seen her. "Poor Paul," she said, "I should like to see him so much. He is the only one left." She was sad for a moment, but that was all. Cutter said it was very strange; that her insanity must have been caused in some way by the shock she had when she threw herself out of the window in Germany. Perhaps so. At all events, she is sane now, and Cutter says she will not be crazy again. I hope he is right. She appeared very grateful for all I had done for her, and I believe she has written to Paul. Queer story, is it not?

Now for the sequel. Hermione came to me one morning in the library, and confessed that Paul had asked her to marry him, and that she had not exactly refused. Girls' ideas about those things are apt to be very inexact when they are in love with a man and do not want to own it. Of course I said I was glad she had not accepted him; but when I put it to her in that way she seemed more uncertain than ever. The end of it was that she said she could not marry him, however much she liked him, unless he could put an end to a certain foolish tale which is told against him. I dare say you have heard that he had been half suspected of helping his brother out of the world. Was there ever such nonsense? That was what Chrysophrasia meant with her disgusting personalities about Cain and Abel. I dare say you remember. I do not mind telling you that I like Paul very much more than I expected to when he first came. He has a hard shell, but he is a good fellow, and as innocent of his brother's death as I am. But — they are cousins, and Paul's mother has certainly been insane. Of course insanity brought on

by an accident can never be hereditary; but then, there is Chrysophrasia, who is certainly very odd. However, Paul is a fine fellow, and I will think of it. Mrs. Carvel likes him even better than I do. I would have preferred that Hermione should marry an out-and-out Englishman, but I always said she should marry the man she loved, if he were a gentleman, and I will not go back on my word. They will not have much to live on, for I believe Paul has refused to touch a penny of his brother's fortune, believing that he may yet be found.

But the plot thickens. What do you suppose Macaulay has been doing? He has written a letter to his old chief, Lord Mavourneen, who always liked him so much, begging to be sent to Constantinople. The ambassador had a secretary out there of the same standing who wanted to go to Paris, so the matter was arranged at the Foreign Office, and Macaulay is going out at once. Naturally the female establishment set up a howl that they must spend the summer on the Bosphorus; that I had taken them everywhere else, and that no one of them could die happy without having seen Constantinople. The howl lasted a week. Then I went the way of all flesh, and gave in. Mrs. Carvel wanted to see Macaulay, Madame Patoff wanted to see the place where poor Alexander disappeared, Hermione wanted to see Paul, and Chrysophrasia wanted to see the Golden Horn and dance upon the glad waters of the joyous Bosphorus in the light caïque of commerce. I am rather glad I have submitted. I think that Hermione's affection is serious, — she looks ill, poor child, — and I want to see more of Paul before deciding. Of course, with Macaulay in one embassy and Paul in another, we shall see everything; and Mary says I am growing crusty over my books. You understand now how all this has occurred.

Now I want your advice, for you not only know Constantinople, but you are

living there. Do you advise us to come at once and spend the spring, or to come later and stay all summer? Is there anything to eat? Must I bring a cook? Can I get a house, or must we encamp in a hotel? What clothes does one wear? In short, tell me everything you know, on a series of post cards or by telegraph, — for you hate writing letters more than I do. I await your answer with anxiety, as we shall regulate our movements by what you say. All send affectionate messages to you and to Paul, to whom please read this letter.

Yours ever, JOHN CARVEL.

I had not recovered from my astonishment in reading this long epistle, when Gregorios came in and sat down by the fire. His entrance reminded me of the watch, and for the moment banished John Carvel and his family from my thoughts. I showed him the thing, and told him what Marchetto had said.

"We have him now!" he exclaimed, examining the name and date with interest, though he could not read the Russian characters.

"It is not so sure," I said. "He will never tell the name of the negro."

"No; but we can see the fellow easily enough, I fancy," returned Balsamides. "You do not know how these things are done. It is most probable that Marchetto has not paid him for the watch. Things of that sort are generally not paid for until they have been sold out of the shop. Marchetto would not give him a good price for the watch until he knew what it would fetch, and the man would not take a small sum because he believes it to be valuable. The chances are that the Lala comes from time to time to inquire if it is sold, and Marchetto shows it to him to prove that he has not got any money for it."

"That sounds rather far-fetched," I observed. "Marchetto may have had it in his keeping ever since Alexander disappeared. The Lala would not wait

as long as that. He would take it to some one else."

"No, I do not believe so," said Gregorios thoughtfully. "Besides, it may not have been brought to the Jew more than a week ago. Those fellows do not part with jewelry unless they need money. It is a pretty thing, too, and would attract the attention of any foreigner."

"How can you manage to watch Marchetto so closely as to get a sight of the man?"

"Bribe the Jew in the next shop; or, still better, pay a hamál to spend his time in the neighborhood. The man probably comes once a week on a certain day. Keep the watch. The next time he comes it will be gone, but Marchetto will not have been paid for it and will refuse to pay the Lala. There will inevitably be a hubbub and a noise over it. The hamál can easily find out the name of the negro, who is probably well known in the bazaar."

"But suppose that I am right, and it is already paid for?" I objected.

"It is very unlikely. I know these people better than you do. At all events, we will put the hamál there to watch for the row. If it does not come off in a month, I will begin to think you are right."

Gregorios is a true Oriental. He possesses the inborn instinct of the bazaar.

XIII.

That night I went in search of Paul, and found him standing silent and alone in the corner of a drawing-room at one of the embassies. There was a great reception and a dance, and all the diplomats had turned out officially to see that portion of the native Pera society which is invited on such occasions.

There is a brilliancy about such affairs in Constantinople which is hardly rivaled elsewhere. The display of jewels is something wonderful, for the great

Fanariote families are still rich, in spite of the devastations of the late war, and the light of their hereditary diamonds and pearls is not hidden under a bushel. There is beauty, too, of the Oriental and Western kind, and plenty of it. The black eyes and transparently white complexions of the Greek ladies, their raven hair and heavy brows, their magnificent calm and their languid attitudes, contrast strangely with the fair women of many countries, whose husbands, or fathers, or brothers, or uncles are attached to the different embassies. The uniforms, too, are often superb, and the display of decorations is amazing. The conversation is an enlargement on the ordinary idea of Babel, for almost every known language is spoken within the limits of the ball-room.

I found Paul alone, with an abstracted expression on his face, as he stood aside from the crowd, unnoticed in his corner.

"My dear fellow," I said, "I believe I may congratulate you."

"Upon what?" he asked, in some surprise.

"Let us get out of this crowd," I answered. "I have a letter from John Carvel, which you ought to read."

We threaded the rooms till we reached a small boudoir, occupied only by one or two couples, exceedingly interested in each other.

"Read that," said I. It was the best thing I could do for him, I thought. He might be annoyed to find that I knew his secret, but he could not fail to rejoice at the view John took of the engagement. His face changed many times in expression, as he read the letter carefully. When he had finished he was silent, and held it in his hand.

"What do you think of all this?" I asked.

"She never was mad. Or if she was, this is the strangest recovery I ever heard of. So she is coming here with the rest! And uncle John thinks me a

very fine fellow," he added with a laugh, meant to be a little sarcastic, but which ended with the irrepressible ring of genuine happiness.

"I congratulate you," I said. "I think the affair is as good as settled. You have only to wait a few weeks, and they will be here. By the bye, I hope you do not mind Carvel's frankness in telling me all about it?"

"Not in the least," answered Paul, with a smile. "I believe you are the best friend I have in the world, and you are his friend. You will do good rather than harm."

"I hope so," said I. "But if any one had foretold a month ago that we should all be together again so soon, — and here, too, — I could have laughed at him."

"It is fate," answered Paul. "It would be better if it could be put off until we reach the end of our search, especially as we seem to be nearer the track than ever before. I am afraid that their arrival will hinder us — or, at least, me — from working as hard as I would like."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I fancy you will work all the harder. I have been talking to Balsamides about the watch. He feels sure that he can catch the man who took it to Marchetto."

I explained to Paul the course Gregorios proposed to follow. He seemed to think the chance was a poor one.

"I have been pursued by an idea, ever since this morning," he said at last. "I dare say you will think it very foolish, but I cannot get rid of it. Do you remember the adventure in the Valley of Roses? I told you about it at Carvel Place. Very well. I cannot help thinking that the negro who took the watch to Marchetto was the one who accompanied those two Turkish women. The man was exasperated. He probably knew us by sight, for we had constantly met him and the lady with the thick yashmak. They had often seen us come

out of the Russian embassy. No complaint was ever made against Alexander. It looks to me like a piece of private vengeance."

"Yes," I assented, struck by the idea. "Besides, if the fellow had succeeded in making away with your brother, it is natural that he should have waited a long time before disposing of his jewelry."

"I wonder what became of the other things," said Patoff. "Alexander had with him his Moscow cigarette case, he wore a gold chain with the watch, and he had on his finger a ring with a sapphire and two diamonds in a heavy gold band. If all those things have been disposed of, they must have passed through the bazaar, probably through Marchetto's hands."

At this moment Balsamides Bey's pale, intelligent face showed itself at the door. He came quickly forward on seeing us, and drew up a chair. I told him in a few words what we had said. He smiled and twirled the end of his brown mustache.

"There is something in that," he answered. "I fancy, too, that such a fellow would first part with the chain, then with the cigarette case, thirdly with the watch, and last of all with the ring, which he probably wears."

"We must find out if Marchetto has sold the chain and the case for him," I said.

"Leave Marchetto to me," said Gregorios, confidently. "I will spend the day with him to-morrow. Have you ever seen the negro since that affair in the Valley of Roses?"

"Often," replied Paul, somewhat to my surprise. "He goes to Yeni K j every Thursday."

"You seem to have watched his movements," observed Balsamides, with a smile of admiration. "Did you never tell Griggs?"

"No," said I, rather amazed.

"What would have been the use? I only watched the man because I fancied

he might be in some way connected with the matter, but it seemed so absurd, until the finding of the watch made it look more probable, that I never spoke of it."

"I am glad you have spoken of it now," said Gregorios. "It is probably the key to the whole affair."

We talked on for a few minutes, and Paul told Balsamides that his mother and the Carvels were coming, explaining his anxiety to hasten the search so as to have something positive to show when they arrived. Then Paul left us, and went to fulfill such social obligations as his position imposed upon him. He was not a man to forget such things, even in times of great excitement; and when he returned to Constantinople, his chief had expressed the hope that Paul would not shut himself up, but would go everywhere, as he had formerly done.

"This thing is beginning to interest me, Griggs," said Gregorios, arching his eyebrows, and looking at me with a peculiar expression. "You are doing more than I am, and I will not bear it," he added, with a laugh. "What is my little bit of evidence about the staircase in Santa Sophia compared to your discovery of the watch? I believe that in the end Marchetto will be the *deus ex machina* who will pull us out of all our difficulties. I believe, too, that the best thing to do is to confide the matter to him. I will go and see him to-morrow."

"He will never break his oath to the Lala," I answered.

"Perhaps not. But he has only sworn that he will not tell his name. He has not sworn that he will not let me see him. So the fellow goes to Yeni K j on Thursday. Then he probably lives there, and chooses that day to come to Stamboul. You have seen him going home. If he goes to Stamboul, he most likely visits the bazaar early in the morning. If so, I will catch him to-morrow, and to-morrow night I will tell you whether he is the man or not. I will come upon Marchetto by accident,

and he will of course want to show me the Rhodes tapestry; then I will spend the whole morning over the bargain, and I shall not miss the Lala if he comes."

Balsamides was evidently fully roused, and as we smoked a last cigarette in his rooms that night he talked enthusiastically of what he hoped to accomplish on the next day. He kept his word, and very early in the morning I heard him go out. From the sound of his walk I could tell that he had no spurs, and was, therefore, in civilian's dress. He told me afterwards what occurred.

At half past eight o'clock he was drinking a cup of coffee in Marchetto's shop in the bazaar, and the Jew was displaying his tapestry, and swearing that it was birindji, first quality. Balsamides wanted to produce the impression that he intended to make a bargain.

"Kaldyr! Take it away!" he exclaimed. "It is rubbish."

Marchetto held the stuff up over his customer's head, so that the light from the little dome could fall upon it.

"There is not a hole in the whole length of it," he cried, enthusiastically. "It is perfect; not a thread loose. Examine it; is there a patch? By my head, if you can find such another piece I will give you a present."

"Is that a color?" asked Balsamides, contemptuously. "Is that red? It is pink. It is magenta. How much did you pay to have it made?"

"If I could make Rhodes tapestry, I should be as rich as the Hunkyar," retorted Marchetto, squatting on the matted floor and slowly drawing the magnificent tapestry across his knees, so that Gregorios could see it to advantage.

"Do you take me for a madman?" asked the aid-de-camp. "I do not care for Rhodes tapestry. Kaldyr! If it were old, it would have holes in it."

"I have Rhodes full of holes, beautiful holes," observed Marchetto, with a grin.

"Fox!" retorted Gregorios. "Do you think when I buy tapestry I want to buy holes?"

"But this piece has none," argued the Jew.

"You want me to buy it. I can see you do. You are laughing at my beard. You think I will give a thousand pounds for your rubbish?"

"Not a thousand pounds," said Marchetto. "It is worth a hundred and fifty pounds, neither more nor less. Marchetto is an honest man. He is not a Persian fox."

"No," answered Balsamides, "he is an Israelite of Saloniki. What have I to do with such a fellow as you, who have the impudence to ask a hundred and fifty liras for that rag?"

"How shall the lion and the lamb lie down together?" inquired Marchetto. "And is it a rag?"

"I will tell you, Marchetto," said Gregorios, gravely. "The lion and the lamb shall lie down together, when the lion lies down with the lamb inside of him."

"Take, and eat!" exclaimed the ready Jew, holding out the Rhodes tapestry to Balsamides.

"A man who has fasted throughout Ramazán shall not break his fast with an onion," retorted Gregorios, with a laugh.

"Who eats little earns much," replied Marchetto. "Is it not the most beautiful piece of Rhodes you ever saw, Effendim? There is not a Pasha in Stamboul, nor in Pera, nor in Scutari, who possesses the like of it. Only a hundred and fifty pounds; it is very cheap."

"I will give you ten pounds for it, if you will give me a good backsheesh," said Gregorios at last. In Stamboul it is customary, when a bargain of any importance is completed, for the seller to make the buyer a present of some small object, which is called the backsheesh, or gift.

On hearing the offer, Marchetto looked slyly at Gregorios and laughed, without saying anything. Then he slowly began to fold the tapestry together.

"Ten pounds," said Balsamides. "Pek chok, — that is quite enough, and too much."

"Yes, of course it is," answered the Jew, ironically. "I paid a hundred and nineteen pounds and eighty-five piastres for it. I only ask fifteen piastres profit. Small profits. Get rid of everything quickly. Who sells cheaply sells soon; who sells soon earns much."

"I told you from the first that I did not want your Rhodes," said Balsamides. "I came here to see what you had. Have you nothing else that is good?"

"Everything Marchetto has is good. His carpets are all of silk, and of the finest colors. His embroideries are the envy of the bazaar. Marchetto has everything."

He did not finish folding the Rhodes, but thrust it aside upon the matting, and began to pull down other stuffs and carpets from the shelves. From the obstinacy Gregorios displayed, he judged that he really meant to buy the tapestry, and to make a good bargain he would willingly have turned everything in his little shop upside down.

Gregorios admired several pieces very much, whereupon the Jew threw them aside in disgust, well knowing that his customer would not buy them. The latter had now been an hour in the shop, and showed no signs of going away. Marchetto returned to the original question.

"If it is worth so much, why do you not take it to one of the embassies?" asked Balsamides at last. He had resolved that he would prolong the discussion until twelve o'clock, judging that by mid-day the negro would be on his way back to Yeni Kôj, and that there would be no further chance of seeing him. He therefore broached the subject of Marchetto's trade with the foreigners, knowing that

once upon this tack the Jew would have endless stories and anecdotes to relate. But Gregorios was not destined to stand in need of so much ingenuity. He would never have made the attempt in which he was now engaged unless he had anticipated success, and he was not surprised when a tall, smooth-faced negro, of hideous countenance, but exceedingly well dressed, put his head into the shop. He saluted Gregorios and entered. Marchetto touched his mouth and his fez with his right hand, but did not at first rise from his seat upon the floor. Balsamides watched the man. He looked about the shop, and then approached the old glass case in the corner. He had hardly glanced at it when he turned and tried to catch Marchetto's eye. The latter made an almost imperceptible motion of the head. Gregorios was satisfied that the pantomime referred to the watch, which was no longer in its place. He continued to talk with the Jew for a few minutes, and then slowly rose from his seat.

"I see you have business with this gentleman," he said. "I have something to do in the bazaar. I will return in half an hour."

The Lala seemed delighted, and politely made way for Gregorios to pass, but Marchetto of course protested loudly that the negro's business could wait. He accompanied Gregorios to the door, and with many inclinations stood looking after him for a few moments. At a little distance Gregorios pretended to be attracted by something exposed for sale, and, pausing, looked furtively back. The Jew had gone in again. Then Balsamides returned, and entered a shop almost opposite to Marchetto's, kept by another Spanish Hebrew of Saloniki, who made a specialty of selling shawls, a smart young fellow, with beady black eyes.

"Good morning, Abraham," he said. "Have you manufactured any new Kashmir shawls out of old rags of bor-

ders and French imitations since I saw you?"

Abraham smiled pleasantly, and began to unfold his wares. Before many minutes the sound of angry voices was heard outside. Gregorios had ensconced himself in a corner, whence he could see what went on without being seen. The quarrelers were Marchetto and the Lala.

"Dog of a Jew!" screamed the black man in his high, cracked voice. "Will you rob me, and then turn me out of your filthy den? You shall suffer for it, you Saloniki beast!"

"Dog yourself, and son of a dog!" bellowed Marchetto, his big face growing fiery red as he blocked the doorway with his bulky shoulders. "Behold the gratitude of this vile wretch!" he cried, as though addressing an audience. "Look at this insatiate jackal, this pork-eater, this defiler of his father's grave! Oh! beware of touching what is black, for the filth will surely rub off!"

Exasperated at the Jew's eloquent abuse, the Lala tried to push him back into the shop, flourishing his light cane in his right hand. In a moment a crowd collected, and the epithets of the combatants were drowned amidst the jeers and laughter of the by-standers, delighted at seeing the dandy keeper of a great harem in the clutches of the sturdy Marchetto.

Abraham looked out, and then turned back to his customer.

"It is Selim," he said with a chuckle. "He has been trying to cheat Marchetto again."

"Again?" repeated Gregorios, who had at last attained his end. "And who is Selim, Abraham?"

"Selim? Everybody in the bazaar knows Selim, the most insolent, avaricious, money-grubbing Lala in Stamboul. He is more like a Persian than anything else. He is the Lala of Laleli Khanum Effendi, who lives at Yeni Kôj. They say she is a witch since her husband

died," added Abraham, lowering his voice.

"I have heard so," said Gregorios calmly. But in reality he was triumphant. He knew now what had become of Alexander Patoff.

The noise outside was rapidly growing to an uproar. Gregorios slipped quickly out of the shop and made his way through the crowd, for he felt that it was time to put a stop to the quarrel. Many of the people knew him, and knew that he was an officer and a man in authority; recognizing him, they stopped yelling and made way for him.

"What is this?" he cried, violently separating Marchetto and the negro, who were screaming insults at each other and shaking their fists in each other's faces. "Stop this noise," he continued, "or I will send a score of soldiers down to keep you in order. If the Lala is not satisfied, he can go before the magistrate. So can Marchetto, if he likes. Go!" he said to the negro, pushing him away and scattering the crowd. "If you have any complaints to make, go to the magistrate."

"Who are you?" asked the fellow, insolently.

"It is none of your business," answered Gregorios, dragging the man away in the nervous grip of his white hand; then lowering his voice, he spoke quickly in the man's ear: "Do you remember the Bairam, a year ago last summer? If you are not quiet, I will ask you what became of the chain of that watch, of the silver box, and especially of that beautiful ring with the sapphire and two diamonds. Moreover, I may ask you what became of a certain Frank Effendi, to whom they belonged, — do you understand?"

The man trembled in every joint, and a greenish livid hue seemed to drive the blackness out of his face.

"I know nothing!" he gasped hysterically. But Balsamides let him go.

"Be quick," he said. "The watch

will be paid for, but do not venture to come to the bazaar again for some time. Fear nothing, — I have an eye to your safety."

The last speech was perhaps somewhat ambiguous, but the man, being once released, dived into a narrow passage and disappeared. The crowd of Jews had shrunk into their shops again. Gregorios hastily concluded a bargain with Abraham, and then returned to finish his conversation with Marchetto. He found the latter mopping his forehead, and talking excitedly to a couple of sympathetic Hebrews who had entered his place of business. On seeing Balsamides they immediately left the shop.

"I have sent him away," said Gregorios. "He will not trouble you again."

"It is not my fault if the dog of a Turk is angry," answered Marchetto.

"I hardly know. He says he had left a watch with you to be sold, and that now he can get neither the watch nor the money. You like to keep your customers waiting when they have anything to sell, Marchetto. How long is it since he gave you the watch?"

"On my head, it is only three weeks," answered the Jew. "How can I sell a watch in three weeks and get the money for it? An Effendi took the watch yesterday to show it to Vartan, the jeweler. He is a friend of yours, Effendim; you first brought him here a long time ago. His name is a strange name, — Cricks, — a very strange name, like the creaking of an ungreased cart-wheel."

"Oh, did he take the watch? I will speak to him about it. He will pay you immediately. How did the Lala come to have a watch to sell?"

"Allah bilir. He is always bringing me things to sell."

"Other things?"

"He showed me a gold chain one day in the winter. But it was not curious, so he took it to a jeweler in the jeweler's teharshee, who gave him the value of the gold by weight."

"Who is he?" asked Gregorios, judging that he ought to show some curiosity about the man.

"I cannot tell," answered the Jew.

"That means that you will not, of course. Very well. It is your affair. Curiosity is the mother of deception. Will you give me the Rhodes for ten pounds?"

They began to bargain again, but nothing was concluded on that day, for Gregorios had got what he wanted, and was anxious to reach home and to see me.

Patoff and I, as usual on Thursday, had made a trip up the Bosphorus, and it was on this occasion that he first pointed out to me the hideous negro. He proved to be the same man I had seen once before, on our very first excursion. To-day he looked more ugly than ever, as he went ashore at Yeni K^öj. There was a malignity in his face such as I have never seen equaled in the expression of any human being.

"I wonder what we shall find out," said Paul, thoughtfully. "I have a very strong belief that he is the fellow who sold the watch. If he is, poor Alexander can have had but small chance of escape. Did you ever see such a diabolical face? Of course it may be a mere fancy, but I cannot rid myself of the thought."

"Balsamides will find out," I replied. "He can handle those fellows in the bazaar as only an Oriental can."

It was not long before I heard the story of the morning's adventure from Gregorios. I found him waiting for me and very impatient. He told his tale triumphantly, dwelling on the fact that Marchetto himself had never suspected that he was interested in the matter.

"And who is Laleli Khanum Effendi?" I inquired, when he had finished. "And how are we to get into her house?"

"You never heard of Laleli? You

Franks think you know Constantinople, but you know very little in reality. Laleli means 'a tulip.' A pretty name, Tulip! Why not 'cabbage rose,' or 'artichoke,' or 'asparagus'? Laleli is an extraordinary woman, my friend, and has been in the habit of doing extraordinary things, ever since she poisoned her husband. She is the sister of a very high and mighty personage, who has been dead some time. She was married to an important officer in the government. She was concerned in the conspiracy against Abdul Azis; she is said to have poisoned her husband; she fell in her turn a victim to the conspiracy against Murad, and, though not banished, lost all favor. She managed to keep her fortune, however, which is very large, and she has lived for many years in Yeni K j. There are all sorts of legends about her. Some say she is old and hideous, others declare that she has preserved her beauty by witchcraft. There is nothing absurd which has not been said of her. She certainly at one time exercised considerable influence in politics. That is all I know of her except this, which I have never believed: it has been said that more than one person has been seen to enter her house, but has never been seen to leave it."

"How can one believe that?" I asked skeptically. "If it were really known, her house would have been searched, especially as she is out of favor."

"It is curious, however," said Gregorios, without contradicting me, "that we should have traced Alexander Patoff's personal possessions to her house."

"What shall we do next?" I asked.

"There are only two courses open. In the first place, we can easily catch the Lala who sold the watch, and take him to a quiet place."

"Well, do you suppose he will tell us what he knows?"

"We will torture him," said Balsamides, coolly. I confess that I was rather startled by the calm way in which

he made the proposition. I inwardly determined that we should do nothing of the kind.

"What is the other alternative?" I inquired, without showing any surprise.

"To break into the house and make a search, I suppose," answered my friend, still quite unmoved, and speaking as though he were proposing a picnic on the Bosphorus.

"That is not an easy matter," I remarked, "besides being slightly illegal."

"Whatever we do must be illegal," answered Gregorios. "If we begin to use the law, the Khanum will have timely warning. If Alexander is still alive and imprisoned in her house, it would be the work of a moment to drop him into the Bosphorus. If he is dead already, we should have less chance of getting evidence of the fact by using legal means than by extracting a confession by bribery or violence."

"In other words, you think it is indispensable that we should undertake a burglary?"

"Unless we succeed in persuading the Lala to confess," said Balsamides.

"This is a very unpleasant business," I remarked, with a pardonable hesitation. "I do not quite see where it will end. If we break into the house and find nothing, we shall be amenable to the law. I object to that."

"Very well. What do you propose?"

"I cannot say what would be best. In my opinion, Paul should consult with his ambassador, and take his advice. But before all else it is necessary to find out whether Alexander is dead or alive."

"Of course. That is precisely what I want to find out," answered Balsamides, rather impatiently. "The person who can best answer the question is Selim, the Lala."

"I object to using violence," I said, boldly. "I fancy he might be bribed. Those fellows will do anything for money."

"You do not know them. They will commit any baseness for money, except betraying their masters. It has been tried a hundred times. We may avoid using violence, as you call it, but the man must be frightened with the show of it. The people who can be bribed are the women slaves of the harem. But they are not easily reached."

"It is not impossible, though," I answered. "Nevertheless, if I were acting alone, I would put the matter in the hands of the Russian embassy."

"Do you think they would hesitate at any means of getting information, any more than I would?" inquired Gregorios, scornfully.

"We shall see," I said. "We must discuss the matter thoroughly before doing anything more. I have no experience of affairs of this sort; your knowledge of them is very great. On the other hand, I am more prudent than you are, and I do not like to risk everything on one throw of the dice."

"We might set fire to the house and burn them out," said Gregorios, thoughtfully. "The danger would be that we might burn Alexander alive."

My friend did not stick at trifles. Under his cold exterior lurked the desperate rashness of the true Oriental, ready to blaze out at any moment.

"No," I said, laughing; "that would not do, either. Is it not possible to send a spy into the house? It seems to me that the thing might be done. What sort of women are they who gain access to the harems?"

"Women who sell finery and sweetmeats; women who amuse the Khanums by dressing their hair, when they have any, in the Frank style; women who tell stories" —

"A story-teller would do," I said. "They are often admitted, are they not? It is almost the only amusement those poor creatures have. I fancy that one who could interest them might be admitted again and again."

Balsamides was silent, and smoked meditatively for some minutes.

"That is an idea," he said at last. "I know of such a woman, and I dare say she could get in. But if she did, she might go to the house twenty times, and get no information worth having."

"Never mind. It would be a great step to establish a means of communication with the interior of the house. You could easily force the Lala to recommend the story-teller to his Khanum. She could tell us about the internal arrangement of the place, at all events, which would make it easier for us to search the house, if we ever got a chance."

"If one could get as far as that, it would be a wise precaution and a benefit to the human race to convey a little strychnine to the Khanum in a sweetmeat," said Gregorios, with a laugh.

"How horribly bloodthirsty you are!" I answered, laughing in my turn. "I believe you would massacre half of Stamboul to find a man who may be dead already."

"It is our way of looking at things, I suppose," returned Balsamides. "I will see the story-teller, and explain as much as possible of the situation. What I most fear is that we may have to take somebody else into our confidence."

"Do none of the ladies in the embassies know this Laleli, as you call her?" I asked.

"Yes. Many Frank ladies have been to see her. But their visits are merely the satisfaction of curiosity on the one side, and of formality on the other."

"I was wondering whether one of them would not be the best person in whom to confide."

"Not yet," said Balsamides.

And so our interview ended. When I saw Paul and told him the news, he seemed to think that the search was already at an end. I found it hard to persuade him that a week or two might elapse before anything definite was known. In his enthusiasm he insisted

that I should answer John Carvel's letter by begging him to come at once. As he was the person most concerned, I yielded, and wrote.

"It is strange," said Paul, "that we should have accomplished more in a single month than has been done by all the official searching in a year and a half."

"The reason is very simple," I answered. "The Lala did not chance to be in want of money until lately. Everything we have discovered has been found out by means of that watch."

"Griggs," said Paul, "Balsamides is

a very clever fellow, but he has not thought of asking one question. Why was the Lala never in want of money before?"

"I do not know."

"Because, in some way or other, he is out of favor with his Khanum. If that is the case, this is the time to bribe him."

"Very true," I said. "In any case, if he is trying to get money, it is a sign that he needs it, in spite of our friend's declaration that he and his kind cannot be bribed."

F. Marion Crawford.

THE ALKESTIS OF EURIPIDES.

I.

THIS drama has doubtless been more frequently translated, paraphrased, and imitated than any other of the surviving masterpieces of antiquity. The tale of voluntary death for another's sake, — and hardly less, the picture of Apollo, the god of light and prophetic truth, the son of the supreme divinity, dwelling on earth as a mortal and a menial, — appealed as well to Christian as to pagan sympathy. Indeed, there is danger, as is so often the case, that we may read into the legend a far deeper meaning than it had for the Athenian auditors, or even for the poet himself.

It is the general feeling of Greek students that almost every one who has recast the story in a modern language, and especially the great poet Browning, has added quite too much to the original. It is always difficult — for a poet so imaginative and so unique as Browning it is impossible — not to put something of one's own personality into such a work. Balaustion's Adventure is not the drama of Euripides, but a modernized restoration of it.

The Greek text as it lies before us, deprived of the living tones of Hellenic speech, of music, costume, and scenery, of the Attic landscape for a background, and above all of proud imperial Athens herself, the mother city for which poet, sculptor, and architect were eager to toil, is as truly a fragment, a ruin, as the "Torso of the Vatican," or the Parthenon itself.

As Michelangelo gazed day after day in despairing admiration at that headless, limbless trunk, it no doubt at times acquired in his imagination something like the completeness and beauty with which it came from the Greek sculptor's chisel. We wish the Titan-souled Italian had carved in marble no less imperishable his conception of the entire statue; we are glad he never laid an impious restoring hand upon his unknown master's work.

So if a great architect, arising among us, should desire to build a new Parthenon, the result would be interesting, and might be of permanent value, though if Pheidias and Ictinos could look upon it, we may be sure they would see expressed therein the aspirations of the Goth, the

"barbarian;" the modern spirit, which is not and can never be the simpler and more childlike Hellenic delight in life. The world is older and sadder, more complex and busier, and we are of the world. Moreover, whatever the great architect of the present or the future might create or re-create, we should turn again with all the old reverence and thankfulness to the shattered glories of the Acropolis; almost dreading even to see the prostrate columns uplifted, the unbroken blocks of the architecture returned to their place, for fear a line be added which the classic artist would reject; and even so, with all our admiration for Balaustion, we recognize in it the hand and voice of the Victorian, not the Periclean poet.

The present version aims at adding nothing to the original. If there be any power here to reach the source of tears and tender thoughts, it is Euripides who speaks. If, however, there is roughness and unevenness of detail, the fault is in our coarser modern speech, and in the lack of skill of him who handles it. The chief object of any translation from Greek must be to induce the true lover of beauty in language or literature to find his way to the original, which we strive to imitate here line for line, indeed, but only as the engraver follows faithfully, on a humbler scale and in totally different material, the lines of the Madonna Sistina.

An even and subdued verbal effect, for the most part, has been deliberately striven for. In language, at least, Euripides is eminently realistic. His diction does not attempt to hold, nor even occasionally to reach, a plane high above his natural level of expression. His idioms are culled, but culled with poetic instinct, from the full garden of living Attic speech. Admetos and Alkestis talk almost as Pericles and Aspasia might have held high converse together.

Of such questions as the origin of the myth a translator has no especial mis-

sion to speak. If it be but a rendering in parable of solar phenomena or of forgotten political events in Thessaly, Euripides was happily ignorant of the fact.

The drama is located in Pherai, in southern Thessaly. Apollo's mortal son, Asclepius, had incurred the displeasure of Zeus by raising the dead to life, and had perished by the divine thunderbolt. In return Apollo slew the Kyclops, the forgers of the fatal missile, and in consequence was banished from heaven, and reduced to servitude under the good young King Admetos, of Pherai. Aided by the divine archer, this prince won the lovely Alkestis away from a cloud of suitors, fulfilling her father's mad requirement that his future son-in-law should appear in a chariot drawn by a lion and a boar. When Artemis, whose altars the young bridegroom, in his bliss, had forgotten to honor, sent a coil of terrible serpents to appall him in the nuptial bower, the sun-god, appeasing his sister, rescued his beloved master and friend. How much of this tale, with its evident resemblances to the favorite Aryan myth of the "seven wonderful servants," was already familiar to the Athenian audience, we of course cannot know. Admetos, Alkestis, and their son Eumelos — in our drama yet a little child — were at least names known to all Greeks from the mention of them in the Catalogue of Ships.

These with their vessels eleven, the well-loved son of Admetos

Marshaled, Eumelos, born of Alkestis, divine among women.

She was the fairest of feature among the daughters of Pelias.

(*Iliad* II. 713-715.)

(A passage, by the way, which may serve to assign our legend to a date a few years previous to the Trojan war.) But of the heroic self-sacrifice of the queen-mother, neither the Homeric poems nor the extant plays of the elder dramatists make any mention. At any rate,

the poet at once proceeds to unfold his story in outline in the prologue, showing that he relies, for a powerful effect on his audience, not upon any surprise in the plot, but upon realistic and ingenious treatment of the successive scenes.

The play begins, apparently in the early morning of the eventful day, with the appearance of Apollo upon the stage, coming from the palace of Admetos, before which the action of the drama takes place. He has, perhaps, reassumed something of his divine beauty and splendor, as he seems to be at the end of his term of servitude.

PROLOGUE.

Apollo. Home of Admetos, wherein I have borne
To accept a menial's fare, although a god !
Zeus was the cause, who slew Asclepios,
My son, with lightnings hurled against his breast.

Therewith of course enraged, I slew the Kyclops,
Who wrought the holy flame : for this my sire
In penance made me serve a mortal man.
Hither I came, and for my host have watched
The kine, and saved his house until to-day ;
For I, upright, found in him an upright man,
The son of Pheres, whom I snatched from death,

Cheating the Fates. The goddesses declared
Admetos might escape from present death,
Bartering another life to those below.
He tested all his kin in turn : his sire,
The aged mother too that gave him birth,
And found not one was willing — save his wife —

To die for him, and see the light no more.
And she, upheld in arms, with failing strength
Goes through the house, for on this very day
She is doomed to perish, and depart from life.

— And lest pollution come to me within,
I leave the shelter of this well-loved hall.

At this moment the god beholds approaching the palace the grisly phantom from whose pollution he is fleeing, and remarks upon his coming in lines which serve as an introduction of Death (Thanatos) to the audience : —

And yonder, near at hand, I see, is Death,
Priest of the dead, who now to Hades' realm

Shall lead her down. Prompt to the time he comes,
Watching the day when she is doomed to die.

Death bursts into a vehement complaint against his arch-enemy, whom he instantly suspects of some device to cheat him once more of his due.

Death (entering). Ah ! Ah !
Why art thou at the gates, and why lurkest thou here,
O Phoibos ? Thou wrongest the shades of their due,
Setting off for thine own, and barring my way !
Not content to have rescued Admetos from fate,
Beguiling the Moirai with crafty device,
Over her too thou watchest with arrow and bow
Who has promised to die in his stead, to release
Her husband, — the daughter of Pelias.

Then begins the first of those rapid exchanges of epigrammatic lines, of which our play is especially full : —

Apollo. Fear not ! Wise reasons, and the right, are mine.

Death. If right be thine, what need then of the bow ?

A. It is my custom ever thus to walk.

D. Ay, and unrighteously to aid this house !

A. I grieve me for the sorrows of my friend.

D. And wilt thou part me from this second prey ?

A. 'T was not by force I rescued *him* from thee.

D. Why is he then above, not under ground ?

A. His wife has ransomed him, for whom thou 'rt come.

D. Ay, and will lead her down beneath the earth.

A. Take her and go ! I know not how to win thee —

D. To slay those whom I should ? That is my task.

A. Nay, to take those to whom Death needs must come.

D. I understand thy words and thy desire.

A. Can then Alkestis nowise reach old age ?

D. It cannot be. I too enjoy my dues.

A. 'T is but a single soul that thou canst take.

D. When the young die, my glory is the more.

A. If she die old, the rites shall sumptuous be.

D. Phoibos, thy law were made to aid the rich !

- A. What is 't thou say'st? I knew not thou wert wise!
- D. They who had means would purchase length of years.
- A. —It does not please thee, then, to grant this boon?
- D. Indeed it does not, and thou knowest my ways —
- A. Hateful to men, and by the gods abhorred!
- D. Not all thou should'st not have shalt thou secure!
- A. (*aside, as he departs*). Ay, but thou shalt be checked, although so fierce;

So mighty a hero comes to Pheres' home,
Sent by Eurystheus, on the quest for steeds,
Unto the wintry fields of Thrace; and he,
Being entertained within Admetos' halls,
Shall wrest by force this lady from thy grasp.
And so thou shalt receive no thanks from us,
But yet shalt do our will, and win our hate.

Death (aside, departing to the palace.) By many words thou shalt not gain the more.

The lady shall go down to Hades' realm.

I pass to consecrate her with my sword.

He from whose head this brand has shorn a hair

Is thus devoted to the gods below!

Here the prologue ends. The last two speeches were perhaps uttered simultaneously, as the two superhuman and semi-allegorical characters left the stage. A keen and rather adverse critic of this play, Dr. Wheeler, who suspects nearly all of these two speeches to be the interpolation of an age later than the poet's, declares that the last three lines in particular were evidently inserted for an ambitious actor, eager to flourish his sword and make a thrilling exit. There is certainly the utmost difficulty in reconciling them with the rest of the drama, and especially with the manner of Alkestis' death. This occurs upon the stage in an apparently natural way: yet if Death had been visible to the audience while uttering this threat, it would seem hardly less than ludicrous that he should be invisible when executing it.

But, from this point forward, the supernatural elements fade more and more into the background, while the poet appeals to those purely human emotions in which he evidently found his chief de-

light. One object, no doubt, in beginning his drama with such a scene, was to satisfy the vague yet jealous and easily startled orthodoxy of his popular audience. At the same time, he was quite aware that his more thoughtful readers would contrast the helplessness of Apollo at this crisis with the successful prowess of the thoroughly human Heracles: for we must insist on ascribing to our great agnostic poet, the friend and favorite author of the arch-skeptic Socrates, as earnest and deadly an intent against the very existence of some of his own characters as can be found in Lucian himself. If these attacks are in general cautiously and even timidly veiled under a pretense of pious orthodoxy, the fate of Socrates may guide us to the true reason.

The Parodos, or entrance-song of the chorus, is in the *Alkestis* not purely lyrical, but intermingled with passages of lively recitative. Moreover, the chorus of Pheraia citizens is evidently divided into two groups, who, probably through their leaders' mouths, carry on a conversation with each other. During this scene they are anxiously watching the royal palace, and there is doubtless some movement and pantomimic acting to indicate their solicitude, carried on, however, with something of the reserve and dignity which characterize the old men in the Panathenaic procession upon the Parthenon frieze. There can be no doubt that the fondness of the Athenians for rich and varied color was abundantly gratified, here as elsewhere. It is in this respect, far more than in any other, that recent discoveries make it necessary to correct the traditional impressions of the Occident in regard to Greek taste in art. Perhaps the reader will be reminded by this marching-chant — at any rate, the writer always is — of the solemn entrance of the Brothers of Mercy upon the scene where Gessler has just expired, in Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*.

PARODOS.

(Enter Chorus, from the city.)

Chorus A. Pray why is there silence in front
of the hall,

And why is the home of Admetos so still ?

Chorus B. Not one of the friends of the
house is at hand,

Who would tell us if we are to mourn for the
queen

As dead, or if living she looks on the sun, —

Alkestis, the daughter of Pelias, who seems

To me and to all men who dwell in the land

The noblest of wives

To have proven herself to her husband.

Cho. A. *Is there a sound of sighing heard,*

Or beating hands within the halls,

Or wailing as if all were done ?

Not even a servant of the house

Is standing now beside the gates,

O Paian, comforter in grief,

Would thou mightst now appear !

Cho. B. They would not be silent if she
were dead.

Cho. A. From the palace she surely has
not been borne !

Cho. B. Why so ? I am troubled. What
cheers, then, thee ?

Cho. A. Without mourners Admetos would
never have held

The rites for his noble lady !

Cho. B. *Nor do I see before the gates*

The vase of water, as is fit

At gates where men are lying dead.

No hair lies shorn before the door,

That falls in mourning for the lost ;

Nor do I hear the doleful beat

Of youthful women's hands.

Cho. A. And this is the day of her doom !

Cho. B. What is it thou say'st !

Cho. A. On which she shall pass to the
under-world !

Cho. B. Thou hast touched my heart, thou
hast touched my soul !

Cho. A. It is fitting, when good men are
wasting away,

That all should grieve

Who ever were noble accounted !

The chorus have now, apparently,
reached their regular position in the
orchestra, from which they chant the
second pair of strophes of the Parodos.

*No place on earth is found
Where one a ship may send,
Not even to Lykian lands,
Nor to the desert seat
Of Ammon's oracle,
And save the doomed life.
Implacable fate is drawing nigh,*

*And at the altars of the gods
I know not unto whom
Of priests to turn for aid.*

*If only on the light
The son of Phoibos gazed
With living eyes to-day !
Then would she come to us,
Leaving the dark abode
And gates of Hades' realm.
The dead he raised, ere on him fell,
Zeus-hurled, the lightning's fiery bolt.
— But now, what hope of life
Is left for me to seek ?*

The first episode is as simply planned
as possible. It consists merely in the
appearance of a serving-maid from the
palace, who, after satisfying the anxious
inquiries of the chorus, reënters to an-
nounce their arrival. In her description
of the events now occurring within the
palace our poet is in his best vein : —

. . . For when she knew the fatal day was
come,

She bathed in river-water her white flesh,
And from her chests of cedar choosing forth
Raiment and ornament, she decked her fair,
And, standing, prayed before the hearth-stone
thus :

" O Goddess, — for I pass beneath the
earth, —

Here at the last, a suppliant, I entreat
Rear thou my children, and on him bestow
A loving wife, on her a noble spouse.
And may they not, as I their mother die,
Untimely fall, but in their native land,
And fortunate, fill out a happy life."

And all the shrines throughout Admetos'
halls

She sought, and decked with flowers, and
prayed thereto,

Breaking the foliage of the myrtle-twigs :

Nor wept nor groaned. The sorrow near at
hand

Changed not the lovely color of her face :

Then to her marriage-chamber swift she
sped ;

There she indeed shed tears, and thus she
spoke :

" O couch where I put off my maiden-
zone

For this my husband, for whose sake I die,
Farewell ! I hate thee not : thou hast de-
stroyed

Me only ; slow to leave my spouse and thee

I die ; to thee another wife will come,

Not truer, though perchance more fortunate."

And knelt, and kissed, and with the gushing tears
That from her eyelids fell the bed was moist.
When she was sated with her many tears,
In headlong haste she hurried from the spot,
Yet often turned her as she left the room,
And darted toward her nuptial couch once more.

Her children, clinging to the mother's robe,
Were weeping : taking in her arms, she kissed
The two in turn, as though about to die.

And all the servants wept throughout the halls,
Pitying their mistress ; and she gave her hand
To every one : not one was there so base
But she did greet him, and by him was hailed.
—Such are the sorrows in Admetos' home.

To a query as to the king's present mood, she replies :—

He weeps, embracing his dear wife, and prays
She may be spared : asking what cannot be ;
For she, enfeebled, pines and wastes away,
A pitiable burden in his arms.

—And yet, although the breath of life is low,

Upon the sunlight still she fain would look.

In spite of the absolute simplicity and naturalness of this brief episode, or perhaps, indeed, for that very reason, it is most successful in the purpose for which it is clearly intended, and our warmest sympathy is aroused for the heroic queen, just before she herself comes forth upon the stage. Especially is it a touch of genius when the brave, motherly soul pours forth her most earnest prayers at the shrine of Hestia (the Romans' *Vesta*), the protectress of home.

After the maid returns to the palace, the chorus sing the first Stasimon, a despairing prayer to Apollo, and almost a dirge for the queen.

The palace doors now again swing open, and the two actors required by the simple action of our drama appear in the characters of Alkestis and Admetos. This would be a fitting place to introduce some apology for a well-known weakness of the plot, the cowardice and selfishness of King Admetos. But the truth is, we detest him so heartily that

we are unwilling to say anything for him. He is utterly lacking in the chief essentials for every man who aspires to rule over men, — unselfishness and courage. He is a craven, and no king.

But when Euripides omits to make any direct effort to defend his royal hero, we must not ascribe it to inability or dislike. The poet probably did not feel that Admetos needed any special apology. If he had elaborated one, it would doubtless have been upon the ground that the king's life was infinitely more valuable than any other man's, and certainly than any woman's, could be. The ingenuity of the modern imitators of the *Alkestis* has been largely expended in palliating the cowardice of Admetos. The favorite device is to let Alkestis make the arrangement, through Apollo, to die in the stead of her husband, without the knowledge of the latter, who is powerless to reverse the compact when he learns of it. But as for Euripides, he either had no idea of making a heroic figure in any sense out of his Admetos, or, as we rather believe, he did not consider desperate eagerness to save one's own life a fatal weakness.

With all the dignity and decorous reserve of the figures which pass before us on the Greek stage and in Greek history, there is something curiously naked and frank at times in their avowal of natural motives and passions. We who inherit in part the manners and phrases of chivalry must not be too sure that the springs of our own actions are always loftier, merely because it is no longer conventional openly to avow the coarser motives. In this case the truth was stated to us as bluntly as possible in the prologue :—

“He tested all his kin in turn : his sire,
The aged mother too that gave him birth !”

Alkestis is supported by her maidens, and attended not only by her husband, but by her little son and daughter. She is in a highly excited, almost ecstatic

mood, and the lyric outbursts in which she bewails her untimely fate are in strong contrast with the calmer recitative in which her husband insists that he is still the chief sufferer. Her opening words remind us — if we may turn again to a German parallel — of the greeting Maria Stuart sends to the clouds that sail southward toward the sunny home-land of France.

Alkestis. Helios, and light of day!

Clouds in the lofty sky, eddying, hurrying onward!

Admetos. He sees us both, two hapless mortals, who

In naught have wronged the gods, that thou shouldst die.

Alk. Earth, and my palace-home!

Haunts of my childish years, land of my fathers, Iolcos!

Adm. Rouse thee, unhappy one! Desert us not.

Pray to the mighty gods to pity us.

Alk. The two-oared skiff I can see, and the ghostly ferryman, Charon,

Resting his hand on the pole; and he calls to me:

"Why dost thou linger?"

"Make haste! Thou detainest us here!" So urging he hurries me on!

Adm. Ah me! A bitter voyage for me is this

Whereof thou speak'st! What agony is ours!

Alk. He is leading me, — dost thou not see? To the court of the dead he is leading!

Hades, the winged! and gazes with grim brows flashing upon me!

What would'st thou! Release me! Alas! What a journey in sorrow I go!

Adm. Piteous for them that love thee, most of all

Me and my children, who this grief shall share.

Alk. (more calmly, to her attendants). Unhand me, I pray you, unhand me.

Lay me down; my force is spent;

Hades is near at hand,

And o'er my eyelids black night is stealing.

Children, ah, nevermore,

Nevermore your mother lives.

Admetos now begins a rather rhetorical plea to his wife not to desert him, to which she gives little heed, but, summoning all her strength and self-control, makes a moving appeal to him for her children. The reader will notice that she has no touch of world-weariness, but fully realizes the magnitude of the

sacrifice she makes. In this speech she shows perfect confidence in her husband's kindly heart, very little in his constancy and strength. She herself has ruled him, and she foresees that her successor will probably sway him no less easily, for good or ill.

Alkestis. Admetos, how it fares with me thou seest,

And ere I perish I would speak with thee

Of my desires. Revering thee I die,

Giving my life that thou may'st see the day;

Not forced to die for thee, but free to wed

Whatever prince of Thessaly I would,

And dwell within a happy royal hall.

I did not wish to live, bereft of thee,

With orphaned children. Having youth's fair gifts,

— In which I took delight, — I grudged them not.

Yet they who did beget and bear thee quailed (Though they were come to fitting age for death)

To die with honor and to save their child.

Thou wert their only son: no hope was theirs, When thou wert dead, to get them other children.

Thou hadst not sorrowed, parted from thy wife,

Nor reared thy children orphans. But all this Some god has ordered that it shall be so.

Amen! Yet prove thy thanks to me for it;

A recompense I shall not ask of thee,

— For there is nothing valued more than life, —

And only justice, thou 'lt confess; for thou

Lovest these children even as I, — or should'st!

Accept them as the masters of my house,

Nor wed a second mother for my offspring,

Who, not so kind as I, in wrath will lay

Her hand upon these children, thine and mine.

So prithee do not that, I beg of thee.

No kinder than an adder in her hate

To former children is a second wife.

My son has in his sire a mighty tower;

But thou, how shalt thou bloom to maidenhood,

My child? How wilt thou find thy father's wife

Toward thee? May she not give thee an evil name

In blooming youth, and stop thy marriage so!

Thy mother may not dress thee as a bride,

Herself, nor in thy travail give thee cheer,

Present where naught is as a mother sweet.

For I must perish: not upon the morrow

Nor on the third day comes this woe to me;

At once I pass to those that are no more.

Hail, and farewell! My husband, thou mayst boast

To have wed a noble wife ; you, children mine,
That you are of a noble mother born.

After the usual two lines of reassuring commonplace from the chorus, Admetos begins an equally long reply. This speech has been already mentioned, in an essay on the *Hippolytos*,¹ as peculiarly Euripidean. The poet devotes all the resources of his imagination and ingenuity to the chief speech of his most ignoble character, just at the moment when all our sympathies are drawn away from him. Here, if anywhere, is the poet's effort to defend his unkingly monarch.

Admetos. . . . Fear not ! Thou
Wert mine in life, and shalt in death alone
Be called my wife ; and no Thessalian dame
Instead of thee shall hail me as her lord.
There lives no woman of so high descent,
Nor yet so beautiful ; and as for children,
These two suffice ; in them I pray the gods
To find the joy I may not have in thee.

Not for a year I'll mourning wear for thee,
But while my life shall last, O wife of mine,
Detesting her who bore me, and my sire,
Who in word, not act, have shown their love
for me ;

But thou hast paid what was most dear to thee,
And saved my life. Have I not cause to grieve,
Of such a helpmeet being in thee bereft ?

Symposia now and feasts shall have an end,
Garlands and music, that my palace filled, —
For I could never touch the lyre again,
Nor have the heart to sing to Libyan pipes,
Since thou dost take from me the joy of life.

And by the cunning hand of artists wrought,
Thy counterfeit shall lie within my bed ;
While I beside it and embracing it,
Calling thy name, shall seem within my arms
To hold my wife, although I hold her not.
A cold delight, methinks ; yet from my heart
A load were lifted so. And in my dreams
Thou'lt come to bless me ; for 't is sweet to
see

Our loved ones, even in visions, while we may.

If Orpheus' voice and gift of song were
mine,

So that Demeter's daughter, or her lord,
I might beguile, and lead thee forth from
Hades,

I would descend, and neither Pluto's hound,
Nor Charon with his pole, the guide of souls,
Should check me, till I brought thee back to
day.

¹ See *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1887, page 366.

But now, await me there when I shall die.
Make ready our abode, to dwell with me ;
For I will bid our children hers to lay
My body in the cedar coffin where
Thou too art laid. Not even in death would I
Be parted from my only faithful one.

The death-scene follows at once, and no doubt made a striking succession of statuesque groupings upon the stage, accompanied by the mute expressions of sympathy from the chorus in the orchestra. The mother's last thoughts are for her children, while the king, in nearly every line he utters, insists upon his own loss. A death-scene upon the stage is unusual in the Greek drama, but in this case it seems to be elaborated expressly to introduce an opportunity for emotional acting. We miss even the covering of the face just before death, which was almost demanded by Hellenic feelings of propriety, and which the reader may remember at the close of the *Hippolytos*, as well as in the most dramatic and heroic death of Socrates, described at the end of the *Phaidon* of Plato.

The moment *Alkestis* expires, the child *Eumelos* begins a lyric threnody, which was probably sung from behind the scenes, while the part of the orphaned prince was acted by a "mute" boy.

Eumelos. *Alas ! Woe is me ! My mother
now is passed
Beneath the earth, and lives no more,
My father, in the light !
Deserting my young life,
She leaves me orphaned here.
For see ! Her lids are closed,
Her arms beside her hang.
Oh, hear me, my mother, hear me, I pray,
I call to thee,
Thy little nestling,
Clinging closely to thy face !*

Admetos. To one who neither sees, nor
hears ; so ye

And I are smitten by a heavy woe !

Eumelos. *My father, I alone am left, my
mother gone,*

Upon a lonely way, a child.

Ah, cruel is the fate

That falls on me ! Nor less

To thee, my sister, too,

*The lot of suffering comes.
To sorrow wert thou wed,
To sorrow, my father! Not to old age
With her thou'lt come!
Too soon she perished,
Slaying with her all our house.*

Admetos is already sufficiently calm to give directions for the funeral and the mourning for the queen, whose body is now carried into the palace, accompanied by the king, the children, and the retinue of attendants. So closes the second episode.

The stage is quite deserted, while the chorus sing from the orchestra the second Stasimon. Like all the choral odes of our play, but unlike those of many Euripidean dramas, it has the closest connection with, and appropriateness to, the moment in the plot where it is inserted. We quote here only the former

of the two pairs of stanzas, which are entirely devoted to the praises of Alkestis.

*Chorus. Daughter of Pelias, hail!
I pray that, contented in Hades' dwelling,
In the sunless abode a home thou findest!
And Hades shall know it, the black-tressed god,
and the Ancient who sitteth
Holding the tiller and oar,
Ferryman of shadows,
That the bravest by far of women surely
On Acheron's turbid stream to-day
Passes across in the two-oared bark.*

*Often the minstrel of thee
Shall sing to the seven-stringed shell of the tortoise,
Or in dirges without the lyre shall praise thee,
In Sparta, whenever recurring cometh the feast
of Carneia,
When in the first of the month
Night long shines the moonlight;
Or in Athens, a city rich and famous.
— So noble a theme thy death has left
Unto the bards of the aftertime.¹*

William Cranston Lawton.

OUR HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE.*

V.

THE remembrance of home, with its early and precious and long-enduring friendships, has intruded itself among my recollections of what I saw and heard, of what I felt and thought, in the distant land I was visiting. I must return to the scene where I found myself when the suggestion of the broken circle ran away with my imagination.

The literature of Stonehenge is extensive, and illustrates the weakness of archaeologists almost as well as the "Prætorium" of Scott's "Antiquary." "In 1823," says a local handbook, "H.

Browne, of Amesbury, published 'An Illustration of Stonehenge and Abury,' in which he endeavored to show that both of these monuments were antediluvian, and that the latter was formed under the direction of Adam. He ascribes the present dilapidated condition of Stonehenge to the operation of the general deluge; for, he adds, 'to suppose it to be the work of any people since the flood is entirely monstrous.'

We know well enough how great stones — pillars and obelisks — are brought into place by means of our modern appliances. But if the great blocks were raised by a mob of naked Picts, or stress accent may imitate one which even in prose rises and falls with musical cadence and in accurate rhythm.

¹ In this and some other lyrical passages of the play, there is an attempt to imitate the movement of the original, so far as a language which marches to the drum-like beat of a

any tribe that knew none of the mechanical powers but the lever, how did they set them up and lay the cross-stones, the imposts, upon the uprights? It is pleasant, once in a while, to think how we should have managed any such matters as this if left to our natural resources. We are all interested in the make-shifts of Robinson Crusoe. Now the rudest tribes make cords of some kind, and the earliest, or almost the earliest, of artificial structures is an earth-mound. If a hundred, or hundreds, of men could drag the huge stones many leagues, as they must have done to bring them to their destined place, they could have drawn each of them up a long slanting mound ending in a sharp declivity, with a hole for the foot of the stone at its base. If the stone were now tipped over, it would slide into its place, and could be easily raised from its slanting position to the perpendicular. Then filling in the space between the mound and two contiguous stones, the impost could be dragged up to its position. I found a pleasure in working at this simple mechanical problem, as a change from the more imaginative thoughts suggested by the mysterious monuments.

One incident of our excursion to Stonehenge had a significance for me which renders it memorable in my personal experience. As we drove over the barren plain, one of the party suddenly exclaimed, "Look! Look! See the lark rising!" I looked up with the rest. There was the bright blue sky, but not a speck upon it which my eyes could distinguish. Again, one called out, "Hark! Hark! Hear him singing!" I listened, but not a sound reached my ear. Was it strange that I felt a momentary pang? *Those that look out at the windows are darkened, and all the daughters of music are brought low.* Was I never to see or hear the soaring songster at Heaven's gate, — unless, — unless — if our mild

humanized theology promises truly, I may perhaps hereafter listen to him singing far down beneath me? For in whatever world I may find myself, I hope I shall always love our poor little spheroid, so long my home, which some kind angel may point out to me as a gilded globule swimming in the sunlight far away. After walking the streets of pure gold in the new Jerusalem, might one not like a short vacation, to visit the well-remembered green fields and flowery meadows? I had a very sweet emotion of self-pity, which took the sting out of my painful discovery that the orchestra of my pleasing life-entertainment was unstringing its instruments, and its lights were being extinguished, — that the show was almost over. All this I kept to myself, of course, except so far as I whispered it to the unseen presence which we all feel is in sympathy with us, and which, as it seemed to my fancy, was looking into my eyes, and through them into my soul, with the tender, tearful smile of a mother who for the first time gently presses back the longing lips of her as yet unweaned infant.

On our way back from Stonehenge we stopped and took a cup of tea with a friend of our host, Mr. Nightingale. His house, a bachelor establishment, was very attractive to us by the beauty within and around it. His collection of "china," as Pope and old-fashioned people call all sorts of earthenware, excited the enthusiasm of our host, whose admiration of some rare pieces in the collection was so great that it would have run into envy in a less generous nature.

It is very delightful to find one's self in one of these English country residences. The house is commonly old, and has a history. It is oftentimes itself a record, like that old farmhouse my friend John Bellows wrote to me about, which chronicled half a dozen reigns by various architectural marks as exactly as if it had been an official register. "The stately homes of England," as we see

them at Wilton and Longford Castle, are not more admirable in their splendors than "the blessed homes of England" in their modest beauty. Everywhere one may see here old parsonages by the side of ivy-mantled churches, and the comfortable mansions where generations of country squires have lived in peace, while their sons have gone forth to fight England's battles, and carry her flags of war and commerce all over the world. We in America can hardly be said to have such a possession as a family home. We encamp, — not under canvas, but in fabrics of wood or more lasting materials, which are pulled down after a brief occupancy by the builders, and possibly their children, or are modernized so that the former dwellers in them would never recognize their old habitations.

In my various excursions from Salisbury I was followed everywhere by the all-pervading presence of the towering spire. Just what it was in that earlier visit, when my eyes were undimmed and my sensibilities unworn, just such I found it now. As one drives away from the town, the roofs of the houses drop out of the landscape, the lesser spires disappear one by one, until the great shaft is left standing alone, — solitary as the broken statue of Ozymandias in the desert, as the mast of some mighty ship above the waves which have rolled over the foundering vessel. Most persons will, I think, own to a feeling of awe in looking up at it. Few can look down from a great height without creepings and crispations, if they do not get as far as vertigos and that aerial calenture which prompts them to jump from the pinnacle on which they are standing. It does not take much imagination to make one experience something of the same feeling in looking up at a very tall steeple or chimney. To one whose eyes are used to Park Street and the Old South steeples as standards of height, a spire which climbs four hundred feet

towards the sky is a new sensation. Whether I am more "afraid of that which is high" than I was at my first visit, as I should be on the authority of Ecclesiastes, I cannot say, but it was quite enough for me to let my eyes climb the spire; and I had no desire whatever to stand upon that "bad eminence," as I am sure that I should have found it.

I soon noticed a slight deflection from the perpendicular at the upper part of the spire. This has long been observed. I could not say that I saw it quivering in the wind, as I felt that of Strasburg doing when I ascended it, — swaying like a blade of grass when a breath of air passes over it. But it has been, for at least two hundred years, nearly two feet out of the perpendicular. No increase in the deviation was found to exist when examined early in the present century. It is a wonder that this slight-looking structure can have survived the blasts, and thunderbolts, and earthquakes, and the weakening effects of time on its stones and timbers for five hundred years. Since the spire of Chichester Cathedral fell in 1861, sheathing itself in its tower like a sword dropping into its scabbard, one can hardly help looking with apprehension at all these towering fabrics. I have before referred to the fall of the spire of Tewkesbury Abbey church, three centuries earlier. There has been a good deal of fear for the Salisbury spire, and great precautions have been taken to keep it firm, so that we may hope it will stand for another five hundred years. It ought to be a "joy forever," for it is a thing of beauty, if ever there were one.

I never felt inclined to play the part of the young enthusiast in "Excelsior," as I looked up at the weathercock which surmounts the spire. But the man who oils the weathercock-spindle has to get up to it in some way, and that way is by ladders which reach to within thirty feet of the top, where there is a small door,

through which he emerges, to crawl up the remaining distance on the outside. "The situation and appearance," says one of the guide-books, "must be terrific, yet many persons have voluntarily and daringly clambered to the top, even in a state of intoxication." Such, I feel sure, was not the state of my most valued and exemplary clerical friend, who, with a cool head and steady nerves, found himself standing in safety at the top of the spire, with his hand upon the vane, which nothing terrestrial had ever looked down upon in its lofty position, except a bird, a bat, a sky-rocket, or a balloon.

In saying that the exterior of Salisbury Cathedral is more interesting than its interior, I was perhaps unfair to the latter, which only yields to the surpassing claims of the wonderful structure as seen from the outside. One may get a little tired of marble Crusaders, with their crossed legs and broken noses, especially if, as one sometimes finds them, they are covered with the penciled autographs of cockney scribblers. But there are monuments in this cathedral which excite curiosity, and others which awaken the most striking associations. There is the "Boy Bishop," his marble effigy protected from vandalism by an iron cage. There is the skeleton figure representing Fox (who should have been called Goose), the poor creature who starved himself to death in trying to imitate the fast of forty days in the wilderness. Since this performance has been taken out of the list of miracles, it is not so likely to be repeated by fanatics. I confess to a strong suspicion that this is one of the ambulatory or movable stories, like the "hangman's stone" legend, which I have found in so many different parts of England. Skulls and crossbones, sometimes skeletons or skeleton-like figures, are not uncommon among the sepulchral embellishments of an earlier period. Where one of these figures is found, the forty-day-fast story is like

to grow out of it, as the mistletoe springs from the oak or apple tree.

With far different emotions we look upon the spot where lie buried many of the Herbert family, among the rest,

"Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother,"

for whom Ben Jonson wrote the celebrated epitaph. I am almost afraid to say it, but I never could admire the line,

"Lies the subject of all verse,"

nor the idea of Time dropping his hour-glass and scythe to throw a dart at the fleshless figure of Death. This last image seems to me about the equivalent in mortuary poetry of Roubiliac's monument to Mrs. Nightingale in mortuary sculpture, — poor conceits both of them, without the suggestion of a tear in the verses or in the marble; but the rhetorical exaggeration does not prevent us from feeling that we are standing by the resting-place of one who was

"learn'd and fair and good"

enough to stir the soul of stalwart Ben Jonson, and the names of Sidney and Herbert make us forget the strange hyperboles.

History meets us everywhere, as we stray among these ancient monuments. Under that effigy lie the great bones of Sir John Cheyne, a mighty man of war, said to have been "overthrown" by Richard the Third at the battle of Bosworth Field. What was left of him was unearthed in 1789 in the demolition of the Beauchamp chapel, and his thigh-bone was found to be four inches longer than that of a man of common stature.

The reader may remember how my recollections started from their hiding-place when I came, in one of our excursions, upon the name of Lechmere, as belonging to the owner of a fine estate by or through which we were driving. I had a similar twinge of reminiscence at meeting with the name of Gorges, which is perpetuated by a stately monument at

the end of the north aisle of the cathedral. Sir Thomas Gorges, Knight of Longford Castle, may or may not have been of the same family as the well-remembered grandiose personage of the New England Pilgrim period. The title he bore had a far more magnificent sound than those of his contemporaries, Governor Carver and Elder Brewster. No title ever borne among us has filled the mouth quite so full as that of "Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Lord Palatine of the Province of Maine," a province with "Gorgeana" (late the plantation of Agamenticus) as its capital. Everywhere in England a New Englander is constantly meeting with names of families and places which remind him that he comes of a graft from an old tree on a new stock. I could not keep down the associations called up by the name of Gorges. There is a certain pleasure in now and then sprinkling our prosaic colonial history with the holy water of a high-sounding title; not that a "Sir" before a man's name makes him any better, — for are we not all equal, and more than equal, to each other? — but it sounds pleasantly. Sir Harry Vane and Sir Harry Frankland look prettily on the printed page, as the illuminated capital at the head of a chapter in an old folio pleases the eye of the reader. Sir Thomas Gorges was the builder of Longford Castle, now the seat of the Earl of Radnor, whose family name is Bouverie. Whether our Sir Ferdinando was of the Longford Castle stock or not I must leave to my associates of the Massachusetts Historical Society to determine.

We lived very quietly at our temporary home in Salisbury Close. A pleasant dinner with the Dean, a stroll through the grounds of the episcopal palace, with that perpetual feast of the eyes which the cathedral offered us, made our residence delightful at the time, and keeps it so in remembrance. Besides the cathedral there were the very lovely cloisters, the noble chapter-house with its

central pillar, — this structure has been rejuvenated and restored since my earlier visit, — and there were the peaceful dwellings, where I insist on believing that only virtue and happiness are ever tenants. Even outside the sacred enclosure there is a great deal to enjoy, in the ancient town of Salisbury. One may rest under the Poultry Cross, where twenty or thirty generations have rested before him. One may purchase his china at the well-furnished establishment of the tenant of a spacious apartment of ancient date, — "the Halle of John Halle," a noble private edifice built in the year 1470, restored and beautified in 1834; the emblazonment of the Royal Arms having been executed by the celebrated architectural artist Pugin. The old houses are numerous, and some of them eminently picturesque.

Salisbury was formerly very unhealthy, on account of the low, swampy nature of its grounds. The Sanitary Reform, dating from about thirty years ago, had a great effect on the condition of the place. Before the drainage the annual mortality was twenty-seven in the thousand; since the drainage twenty in the thousand, which is below that of Boston. In the Close, which is a little Garden of Eden, with no serpent in it that I could hear of, the deaths were only fourteen in a thousand. Happy little enclosure, where thieves cannot break through and steal, where Death himself hesitates to enter, and makes a visit only now and then at long intervals, lest the fortunate inhabitants should think they had already reached the Celestial City!

It must have been a pretty bitter quarrel that drove the tenants of the airy height of Old Sarum to remove to the marshy level of the present site of the cathedral and the town. I wish we could have given more time to the ancient fortress and cathedral town. This is one of the most interesting historic localities of Great Britain. We looked from different points of view at the

mounds and trenches which marked it as a strongly fortified position. For many centuries it played an important part in the history of England. At length, however, the jealousies of the laity and the clergy, a squabble like that of "town and gown," but with graver underlying causes, broke up the harmony and practically ended the existence of the place except as a monument of the past. It seems a pity that the headquarters of the Prince of Peace could not have managed to maintain tranquillity within its own borders. But so it was; and the consequence followed that Old Sarum, with all its grand recollections, is but a collection of mounds and hollows, — as much a tomb of its past as Birs Nimroud of that great city, Nineveh. Old Sarum is now best remembered by its long-surviving privilege, as a borough, of sending two members to Parliament. The farcical ceremony of electing two representatives who had no constituency behind them was put an end to by the Reform Act of 1832.

Wilton, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, within an easy drive's distance from Salisbury, was the first nobleman's residence I saw in my early visit. Not a great deal of what I then saw had survived in my memory. I recall the general effect of the stately mansion and its grounds. A picture or two of Vandyke's had not quite faded out of my recollection. I could not forget the armor of Anne de Montmorency, — not another Maid of Orleans, but Constable of France, — said to have been taken in battle by an ancestor of the Herberts. It was one of the first things that made me feel I was in the Old World. Miles Standish's sword was as far back as New England collections of armor carried us at that day. The remarkable gallery of ancient sculptures impressed me at the time, but no one bust or statue survived as a distinct image. Even the beautiful Palladian bridge had not pictured itself on my mental tablet as it should

have done, and I could not have taken my oath that I had seen it. But the pretty English maidens whom we met on the day of our visit to Wilton, — daughters or granddaughters of a famous inventor and engineer, — still lingered as vague and pleasing visions, so lovely had they seemed among the daisies and primroses. The primroses and daisies were as fresh in the spring of 1886 as they were in the spring of 1833, but I hardly dared to ask after the blooming maidens of that early period.

One memory predominates over all others, in walking through the halls, or still more in wandering through the grounds, of Wilton House. Here Sir Philip Sidney wrote his *Arcadia*, and the ever youthful presence of the man himself rather than the recollection of his writings takes possession of us. There are three young men in history whose names always present themselves to me in a special companionship: Pico della Mirandola, "The Phoenix of the age" for his contemporaries; "The Admirable Crichton," accepting as true the accounts which have come down to us of his wonderful accomplishments; and Sidney, the Bayard of England, "that glorious star, that lively pattern of virtue and the lovely joy of all the learned sort, . . . born into the world to show unto our age a sample of ancient virtue." The English paragon of excellence was but thirty-two years old when he was slain at Zutphen, the Italian Phoenix but thirty-one when he was carried off by a fever, and the Scotch prodigy of gifts and attainments was only twenty-two when he was assassinated by his worthless pupil. Sir Philip Sidney is better remembered by the draught of water he gave the dying soldier than by all the waters he ever drew from the fountain of the Muses, considerable as are the merits of his prose and verse. But here, where he came to cool his fiery spirit after the bitter insult he had received from the Earl of Leicester; here,

where he mused and wrote, and shaped his lofty plans for a glorious future, he lives once more in our imagination, as if his spirit haunted the English Arcadia he loved so dearly.

The name of Herbert, which we have met with in the cathedral, and which belongs to the Earls of Pembroke, presents itself to us once more in a very different and very beautiful aspect. Between Salisbury and Wilton, three miles and a half distant, is the little village of Bemerton, where "holy George Herbert" lived and died, and where he lies buried. Many Americans who know little else of him recall the lines borrowed from him by Irving in the "Sketch-Book" and by Emerson in "Nature." The "Sketch-Book" gives the lines thus:—

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

In other versions the fourth word is *cool* instead of *pure*, and *cool* is, I believe, the correct reading. The day when we visited Bemerton was, according to A——'s diary, "perfect." I was struck with the calm beauty of the scene around us, the fresh greenness of all growing things, and the stillness of the river which mirrored the heavens above it. It must have been this reflection in the *water* which the poet was thinking of when he spoke of the bridal of the *earth* and sky. The river is the Wiltshire Avon; not Shakespeare's Avon, but the southern stream of the same name, which empties into the British Channel.

So much of George Herbert's intellectual and moral character show themselves in Emerson that if I believed in metempsychosis I should think that the English saint had reappeared in the American philosopher. Their features have a certain resemblance, but the type, though an exceptional and fine one, is not so very rare. I found a portrait in the National Gallery which was a good specimen of it; the bust of a near friend, more intimate with him than almost any other person, is often taken for

that of Emerson. I see something of it in the portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, and I doubt not that traces of the same mental resemblance ran through the whole group, with individual characteristics which were in some respects quite different. I will take a single verse of Herbert's from Emerson's "Nature,"—one of the five which he quotes:—

"Nothing hath got so far
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;
His eyes dismount the highest star:
He is in little all the sphere.
Herbs gladly cure our flesh because that they
Find their acquaintance there."

Emerson himself fully recognizes his obligations to "the beautiful psalmist of the seventeenth century," as he calls George Herbert. There are many passages in his writings which sound as if they were paraphrases from the elder poet. From him it is that Emerson gets a word he is fond of, and of which his imitators are too fond:—

"Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action *fine*."

The little chapel in which Herbert officiated is perhaps half as long again as the room in which I am writing, but it is four or five feet narrower, — and I do not live in a palace. Here this humble servant of God preached and prayed, and here by his faithful and loving service he so endeared himself to all around him that he has been canonized by an epithet no other saint of the English Church has had bestowed upon him. His life as pictured by Izaak Walton is, to borrow one of his own lines,

"A box where sweets compacted lie;"

and I felt, as I left his little chapel and the parsonage which he rebuilt as a free-will offering, as a pilgrim might feel who had just left the holy places at Jerusalem.

Among the places which I saw in my first visit, was Longford Castle, the seat of the Earl of Radnor. I remembered the curious triangular building,

constructed with reference to the doctrine of the Trinity, as churches are built in the form of the cross. I remembered how the omnipresent spire of the great cathedral, three miles away, looked down upon the grounds about the building as if it had been their next-door neighbor. I had not forgotten the two celebrated Claudes, Morning and Evening. My eyes were drawn to the first of these two pictures when I was here before; now they turned naturally to the landscape with the setting sun. I have read my St. Ruskin with due reverence, but I have never given up my allegiance to Claude Lorraine. But of all the fine paintings at Longford Castle, no one so much impressed me at my recent visit as the portrait of Erasmus by Hans Holbein. This is one of those pictures which help to make the Old World worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Portraits of Erasmus are not uncommon; every scholar would know him if he met him in the other world, with the look he wore on earth. All the etchings and their copies give a characteristic presentation of the spiritual precursor of Luther, who pricked the false image with his rapier which the sturdy monk slashed with his broadsword. What a face it is which Hans Holbein has handed down to us in this wonderful portrait at Longford Castle! How dry it is with scholastic labor, how keen with shrewd skepticism, how worldly-wise, how conscious of its owner's wide-awake sagacity! Erasmus and Rabelais,—Nature used up all her arrows for their quivers, and had to wait a hundred years and more before she could find shafts enough for the outfit of Voltaire, leaner and keener than Erasmus, and almost as free in his language as the audacious creator of Gargantua and Pantagruel.

I have not generally given descriptions of the curious objects which I saw in the great houses and museums which I visited. There is, however, a work of art at Longford Castle so remarkable

that I must speak of it. I was so much struck by the enormous amount of skillful ingenuity and exquisite workmanship bestowed upon it that I looked up its history, which I found in the "Beauties of England and Wales." This is what is there said of the wonderful steel chair: "It was made by Thomas Rukers at the city of Augsburg, in the year 1575, and consists of more than 130 compartments, all occupied by groups of figures representing a succession of events in the annals of the Roman Empire, from the landing of Æneas to the reign of Rodolphus the Second." It looks as if a life had gone into the making of it, as a pair or two of eyes go to the working of the bridal veil of an empress.

Fifty years ago and more, when I was at Longford Castle with my two companions, who are no more with us, we found there a pleasant, motherly old housekeeper, or attendant of some kind, who gave us a draught of home-made ale and left a cheerful remembrance with us, as, I need hardly say, we did with her, in a materialized expression of our good-will. It always rubbed very hard on my feelings to offer money to any persons who had served me well, as if they were doing it for their own pleasure. It may have been the granddaughter of the kindly old matron of the year 1833 who showed us round, and possibly, if I had sunk a shaft of inquiry, I might have struck a well of sentiment. But

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,"

carried into practical life, is certain in its financial result to the subject of the emotional impulse, but is less sure to call forth a tender feeling in the recipient. One will hardly find it worth while to go through the world weeping over his old recollections, and paying gold instead of silver and silver instead of copper to astonished boatmen and bewildered chambermaids.

On Sunday, the 18th of July, we attended morning service at the cathedral. The congregation was not proportioned to the size of the great edifice. These vast places of worship were built for ages when faith was the rule and questioning the exception. I will not say that faith has grown cold, but it has cooled from white heat to cherry red or a still less flaming color. As to church attendance, I have heard the saying, attributed to a great statesman, that "once a day is Orthodox, but twice a day is Puritan." No doubt many of the same class of people that used to fill the churches stay at home and read about evolution or telepathy, or whatever new gospel they may have got hold of. Still the English seem to me a religious people; they have leisure enough to say grace and give thanks before and after meals, and their institutions tend to keep alive the feelings of reverence which cannot be said to be distinctive of our own people.

In coming out of the cathedral, on the Sunday I just mentioned, a gentleman addressed me as a fellow-countryman. There is something, — I will not stop now to try and define it, — but there is something by which we recognize an American among the English before he speaks and betrays his origin. Our new friend proved to be the president of one of our American colleges; an intelligent and well-instructed gentleman, of course. By the invitation of our host he came in to visit us in the evening, and made himself very welcome by his agreeable conversation.

I took great delight in wandering about the old town of Salisbury. There are no such surprises in our oldest places as one finds in Chester, or Tewkesbury, or Stratford, or Salisbury, and I have no doubt in scores or hundreds of similar places which I have never visited. The best substitute for such rambles as one can take through these mouldy boroughs (or burrows) is to be found in such towns

as Salem, Newburyport, Portsmouth. Without imagination, Shakespeare's birthplace is but a queer old house, and Anne Hathaway's home a tumble-down cottage. With it, one can see the witches of Salem Village sailing out of those little square windows, which look as if they were made on purpose for them, or stroll down to Derby's wharf and look upon Cleopatra's Barge, precursor of the yachts of the Astors and Goulds and Vanderbilts, as she comes swimming into the harbor in all her gilded glory. But it must make a difference what the imagination has to work upon, and I do not at all wonder that Mr. Ruskin would not wish to live in a land where there are no old ruins of castles and monasteries. Man will not live on bread only; he wants a great deal more, if he can get it, — frosted cake as well as corn-bread; and the New World keeps the imagination on plain and scanty diet, compared to the rich traditional and historic food which furnishes the banquets of the Old World.

What memories that week in Salisbury and the excursions from it have left in my mind's picture gallery! The spire of the great cathedral had been with me as a frequent presence during the last fifty years of my life, and this second visit has deepened every line of the impression, as Old Mortality refreshed the inscriptions on the tombstones of the Covenanters. I find that all these pictures which I have brought home with me to look at, with

"that inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude,"

are becoming clearer and brighter as the excitement of overcrowded days and weeks gradually calms down. I can be in those places where I passed days and nights, and became habituated to the sight of the Cathedral, or of the Church of the Holy Trinity, at morning, at noon, at evening, whenever I turned my eyes in its direction. I often close my eyelids, and startle my household

by saying, "Now I am in Salisbury," or "Now I am in Stratford." It is a blessed thing to be able, in the twilight of years, to illuminate the soul with such visions. The Charles, which flows beneath my windows, which I look upon between the words of the sentence I am now writing, only turning my head as I sit at my table, — the Charles is hardly more real to me than Shakespeare's Avon, since I floated on its still waters, or strayed along its banks and saw the cows reflected in the smooth expanse, their legs upward, as if they were walking the skies as the flies walk the ceiling. Salisbury Cathedral stands as substantial in my thought as our own "King's Chapel," since I slumbered by its side, and arose in the morning to find it still there, and not one of those unsubstantial fabrics built by the architect of dreams.

On Thursday, the 22d of July, we left Salisbury for Brighton, where we were to be guests at Arnold House, the residence of our kind host. Here we passed another delightful week, with everything around us to contribute to our quiet comfort and happiness. The most thoughtful of entertainers, a house filled with choice works of art, fine paintings, and wonderful pottery, pleasant walks and drives, a visitor now and then, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith among the number, rest and peace in a magnificent city built for enjoyment, — what more could we have asked to make our visit memorable? Many watering-places look forlorn and desolate in the intervals of "the season." This was not the time of Brighton's influx of visitors, but the city was far from dull. The houses are very large, and have the grand air, as if meant for princes; the shops are well supplied; the salt breeze comes in fresh and wholesome, and the noble esplanade is lively with promenaders and Bath chairs, some of them occupied by people evidently ill or presumably lame, some,

I suspect, employed by healthy invalids who are too lazy to walk. I took one myself, drawn by an old man, to see how I liked it, and found it very convenient, but I was tempted to ask him to change places and let me drag him.

With the aid of the guide-book I could describe the wonders of the Pavilion and the various changes which have come over the great watering-place. The two piers, the noble esplanade, the aquarium, and all the great sights which are shown to strangers deserve full attention from the tourist who writes for other travellers, but none of these things seem to me so interesting as what we saw and heard in a little hamlet which has never, so far as I know, been vulgarized by sight-seers. We drove in an open carriage, — Mr. and Mrs. Willett, A——, and myself, — into the country, which soon became bare, sparsely settled, a long succession of rounded hills and hollows. These are the South Downs, from which comes the famous mutton known all over England, not unknown at the table of our Saturday Club and other well-spread boards. After a drive of ten miles or more we arrived at a little "settlement," as we Americans should call it, and drove up to the door of a modest parsonage, where dwells the shepherd of the South Downs flock of Christian worshippers. I hope that the good clergyman, if he ever happens to see what I am writing, will pardon me for making mention of his hidden retreat, which he himself speaks of as "one of the remoter nooks of the old country." Nothing I saw in England brought to my mind Goldsmith's picture of "the man to all the country dear," and his surroundings, like this visit. The church dates, if I remember right, from the thirteenth century. Some of its stones show marks, as it is thought, of having belonged to a Saxon edifice. The massive leaden font is of a very great antiquity. In the wall of the church is a narrow opening, at which the

priest is supposed to have sat and listened to the confession of the sinner on the outside of the building. The dead lie all around the church, under stones bearing the dates of several centuries. One epitaph, which the "unlettered Muse" must have dictated, is worth recording. After giving the chief slumberer's name the epitaph adds, —

"Here lies on either side, the remains of each
of his former wives."

Those of a third have found a resting-place close by, behind him.

It seemed to me that Mr. Bunner's young man in search of Arcady might look for it here with as good a chance of being satisfied as anywhere I can think of. But I suppose that men and women, and especially boys, would prove to be a good deal like the rest of the world, if one lived here long enough to learn all about them. One thing I can safely say, — an English man or boy never goes anywhere without his fists. I saw a boy of ten or twelve years, whose pleasant face attracted my attention. I said to the rector, "That is a fine-looking little fellow, and I should think an intelligent and amiable kind of boy." "Yes," he said, "yes; he can strike from the shoulder pretty well, too. I had to stop him, the other day, indulging in that exercise." Well, I said to myself, we have not yet reached the heaven on earth

which I was fancying might be embosomed in this peaceful-looking hollow. Youthful angels can hardly be in the habit of striking from the shoulder. But the well-known phrase, belonging to the pugilist rather than to the priest, brought me back from the ideal world into which my imagination had wandered.

Our week at Brighton was passed in a very quiet but most enjoyable way. It could not be otherwise with such a host and hostess, always arranging everything with reference to our well-being and in accordance with our wishes. I became very fond of the esplanade, such a promenade as I never saw anything to compare with. In these tranquil days and long, honest nights of sleep, the fatigues of what we had been through were forgotten, the scales showed that we were becoming less ethereal every day, and we were ready for another move.

We bade good-by to our hosts with the most grateful and the warmest feeling towards them, after a month of delightful companionship and the experience of a hospitality almost too generous to accept, but which they were pleased to look upon as if we were doing them a favor.

On the 29th of July we found ourselves once more in London.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

TWO AMERICAN MÉMOIRES.

TRAVEL is no doubt the most potent means of continentalizing one, but next to travel comes personal narrative. One may read a big newspaper every day of his life and still remain provincial, seeing all events from the habit of mind which belongs to the little circle in which he moves; but there is something in personal narrative which has

power to move us from our local judgment-seat, and help us to see that there are more worlds than one, more centres than that which happens to be under our chair. Especially in this many-minded America of ours, which we used to fancy could be comprehended by careful study of Jamestown and Plymouth, there is opportunity for endless variety of per-

sonal narrative which shall branch out from religious, political, social centres, all American, yet so diverse in character as to make one constantly aware, not how small the world is, after all, but how large it is, and how possible for people to move in large circles and be quite independent of other circles just as large and important.

We have not had many *mémoires*, although recent years have begun to bring them, and we have been especially wanting in those graceful, light reminiscences by women which give so charming a side entrance into historic fields. The French excel in literature of this order; it is the *salon* in print; but there seems to be no reason why the vivacious American woman, who has been sought in Washington, or New York, or Boston, or who has been residing near any one of the many academic or literary courts, should not do this service instead of leaving the cheap imitation of it in the hands of the newspaper correspondent.

It happens that two books of this class have recently appeared, not equally good in literature, but both valuable for the glimpses which they give of very distinct forms of social life in America. Mrs. Kirby, who records her *Years of Experience*,¹ was not an American by birth, but by a desultory training was fitted to enter into a curious phase of American society; and as the greater part of her life was spent here, her book may properly be classed as belonging to America. As Georgiana Bruce, she passed her childhood in England, and began battling with the world at fifteen, when she entered an English family as nursery-governess. Her own fortunes had been fickle, her education picked up in a random fashion, and now the family to which she became attached led her a roving life, and apparently gave her for her services chiefly affec-

tion and good-will. They went to Paris and came back, and finally emigrated to Canada, where Miss Bruce undertook to maintain herself by a small school in the woods. After a year or so of this life her friends pulled up stakes again, and returned to England. Then they started for Australia, and Miss Bruce, having served a sort of apprenticeship of wandering, set up for herself in the same business.

During this ugly-duckling period of her life, she had been at odds with the strict Calvinistic teaching which had been administered to her, and, her independence having been stimulated by circumstances, she seems to have taken a grim delight in combating this form of belief whenever she met it. Aggressive she must have been and somewhat unmanageable at all times, but now, having made up her mind that she never should get along in England after a taste of America, she started for New York without protection and with a small sum of money in her pocket. She was young, confident, and democratic, and if we are to take her word for it not over-attractive in person. She had a notion that once on a steamer full of wealthy travelers, she would find some lady who needed a nurse or care-taker.

"The step was an insane one," she writes, "for a young girl to take, and I trembled afterwards when looking back on it. I had been so shielded and deferred to hitherto that I could not apprehend danger. The voyage was two weeks of continued misery and dread, owing to my friendless situation. Being an English girl, I did not dare to address strangers, but at last I did make my story known to a dear old lady, the mother of the lieutenant-governor of Canada, who was on her way to join her son. She understood my situation at once, and, though not really needing any service, she insisted that unless I made some other engagement I must go with her, or when she reached her new home

¹ *Years of Experience*. An Autobiographical Narrative. By GEORGINA BRUCE KIRBY. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1887.

she should feel uneasy about my fate. It finally happened as I hoped. The Rev. E. S. G., returning from Europe with his wife and infant, but no nurse, sought my assistance, and after a few days it was agreed that I should take charge of their little one."

The persons in this book are mainly named after the alphabet, and not often does Mrs. Kirby come so near to spelling out the full name. Probably the persons themselves would rarely object, since she has a somewhat uncompromising way of saying what she thought of them. Her sketches of Boston life, as seen from an anomalous position within the household of a Unitarian minister, are not very full, but they are sometimes graphic, and give one the feeling that the G.'s must have been at their wits' ends to know what to do with this English girl who had camped out in their house. But they were clearly kind to her, and she seized on their good offers and sent to England for a younger brother, whom she was to provide for in various ways for some time to come.

She made a visit to Canada, with some notion of making her home there, but found that everything looked differently to her after a lapse of a few years, and she was glad to come back to Boston. It was at this time that Brook Farm precipitated the floating elements of human reform as conceived in Massachusetts, and Mr. G. advised Miss Bruce to take her brother and join the association.

"I confess," she says, "to a remarkable slowness of comprehension, and my conception of this scheme for the institution of justice in the world was quite vague until I had gone through a practical initiation. At the farm Mr. Ripley said, as illustrating the spirit prevailing there, that Wm. A., a young farmer from New Hampshire, and recently an employé of Theodore Parker's, was going into Boston the next day, and that nothing would give him, Mr. R., more

pleasure than to black his boots before he left. This was not intended as an insinuation that this member's boots were in a bad state most of the time, but that Mr. R. had reached a point in brotherly love which had swept the class feeling entirely away. Such facts were almost incredible! The friendly faces of the few who passed through the small oil-clothed reception room, while we were there, promised just the spiritual hospitality I had so longed for; and Mr. Ripley further declared that it made no difference what I wished to learn, as the association was composed largely of cultivated persons filled with a missionary spirit, who were more than ready to make over their intellectual wealth to those who had hitherto been deprived of it."

There is no lack of information regarding Brook Farm. So many persons connected with it have since been writers that its history and the philosophy of the movement have been abundantly exploited. Most people, indeed, who approach the subject with curiosity are apt to suffer disappointment; details respecting it are meagre, and the circumstance shrinks into very petty proportions. Pretty much all that remains in the mind is the impression of a picnic of visionaries. Mrs. Kirby's reminiscences of this period constitute the most interesting part of her book, because they connect themselves with persons of note, but more because in the mind of this odd compound of English solidity and American vagary one may catch a reflection of the interior life of the community. Mrs. Kirby was in hearty sympathy with Brook Farm, but she seems not to have lost a shrewd capacity for observation, which discloses itself in her recollection of scenes of a half-grotesque character.

"Many of our associates," she writes, "were of a spiritual cast of character, who valued solitude even more than society. It was an unprecedented gathering, and brought about such a clash of

arms and such illumination of thought that some, who, like myself, were but novitiates, dwelt much of the time in a state of beatitude, while scraping the dinner-plates, scrubbing the stairs, or making check-shirts in the sewing-room. There was no frivolous conversation, no controversy, no desire on the part of one to force his views on another. . . . Mr. Ripley's valuable library was ranged on either side of the wide entry that extended through the main building. One glass door opened from this hallway into the dining-room, and another into a window. Here Mr. Ripley might sometimes be seen absorbed in reading. On one occasion, as, full of happy buoyancy, I passed through this, his public retreat, I was moved to confide my satisfaction to the master of moral philosophy. At first he did not hear me; then I spoke louder, leaning over the banisters: —

"Mr. Ripley, Mr. Ripley, I am *perfectly* happy."

"It had seemed to me abundantly worth while that he, who had been prominently instrumental in bringing this happiness about, should be apprised of the fact. But he only glanced up with an absent expression, and said, —

"Ah, indeed!"

"And my high spirits received a sensible check. I had not spoken at an opportune moment, nor could he immediately withdraw his attention from the book he was reading.

"There was not one man at Brook Farm who would kill any animal larger than a chicken. A neighboring farmer, therefore, who no doubt laughed at our squeamishness, did all our butchering. Then it was asked, Why, if we instinctively recoiled from the thought of the deliberate slaughter of animals, did we encourage Mr. Orange in taking life? And again, if it brutalized a man to kill an ox, ought we to eat steak? Was the craving for animal food natural or acquired? No one could tell. Very few were willing to test the matter by ab-

staining from the use of meat for a sufficient length of time to insure an absolutely normal condition."

It is difficult to believe that Mrs. Kirby has burlesqued Brook Farm. She was an enthusiast at the time, and never lost her respect for the association; but she was also evidently a hard-headed woman, who did not mean to surrender her judgment or her right of private opinion. Of her generous nature and her unflagging impulse of benevolence there is abundant illustration in the rest of the volume, which takes the writer through very varied experience. She joined Mrs. Farnham in her pioneer work at the woman's prison in Sing Sing. She pushed her way westward, and with characteristic resolution and independence undertook to teach in the South and proclaim her anti-slavery sentiments at the same time. Her reminiscences of the anti-slavery movement, while perhaps throwing no new light, are vigorous, and have the interest of frankness and candor. At last she went to California in 1849, and there, it is to be inferred, ceased to be Miss Bruce and became Mrs. Kirby. Her reminiscences do not extend beyond this point, and her death since the publication of the book prevents us from asking her to give what could not have failed to be of value, her Californian experience. The book as it stands, while somewhat rude in its literary form, is singularly attractive, both as the sketch of a forcible character, and as a series of silhouettes of American life in a turbulent mental period, by one who from circumstances was just enough outside of it to see it sharply, while in such sympathy with it as to write down nothing in malice or in a spirit of petty criticism.

It is a different world that Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont has seen. The book which contains her reminiscences¹ is

¹ *Souvenirs of my Time*. By JESSIE BENTON FREMONT. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. [1887.]

divided into two parts, corresponding to the two hemispheres in which her life has been passed. As daughter of Senator Benton, as wife of General Frémont, she has had another set of surroundings than belonged to Mrs. Kirby. Her *Souvenirs* open with an account of the Bodisco wedding in Washington, when she was a school-girl, and bridesmaid to the young bride, and close with a visit to Salzburg in recent years. Very few dates are given, but the successive periods are tolerably well indicated. Mrs. Frémont has apparently followed the course of her very eventful life, and jotted down those incidents and scenes which she thought would be interesting to girls and boys. The book was originally written in the form of papers for a young people's magazine, and this has limited the scope of it somewhat, but it has affected Mrs. Frémont very little in her style. It is rather the choice of subjects than the mode of treatment which has been determined by the conditions, and the mature reader would scarcely know that Mrs. Frémont was not writing for him, if she did not now and then remind herself of her audience. No one, therefore, need hesitate to read this book for fear of falling upon merely childish stories.

Such caution will not be required, however, by any one who takes up the first chapter and reads the bright, gay narrative of the Bodisco wedding. Mrs. Frémont in this tells of a Washington social event as it fell to the fortune of a young girl, and she has kept perfectly the atmosphere of the scene; nothing is prettier than her picture of the girl-bridesmaids between the wedding breakfast and dinner. "We bridesmaids were not let to go home," she says; "it was not safe to disband the young troupe until the evening performance was over. Our venerable escorts retired after the breakfast, while we were given the range of one floor to ourselves, with all manner of picture-books and games laid out, but

the excitement, the heavy dress, and the wrong hours we had been keeping made of us a sorry little company. A kind aunt of the bride knew what was best for us, and soon, with our wreaths laid away and loose, short gowns over our finery, we were carefully disposed upon sofas, and slept over into freshened color and spirits."

Interesting, too, and dramatic is the chapter, *The Talent in the Napkin*, in which Mrs. Frémont tells the story of Mrs. Crugar, whom she had known in Washington in her younger days, and whom she came upon unexpectedly in the mountains of West Virginia, when she was in camp with General Frémont, in the early days of the war. Mrs. Crugar was then nearly over one hundred years old, but clear-headed and vigilant, an uncompromising Confederate, and living in almost absolute seclusion.

"Her resolute living alone, with no one at all in her house, — even all servants locked out at sunset, — had given ground to certain distant relations to petition for a guardian to protect her and her property. The old lady asked to come into open court and prove her capacity. She came off with flying colors. It was made sure she was not only distinct as regarded the past, but as her memory of passing events was questioned she triumphantly told the Judge of a business-scandal with which his family name had lately been associated, and was let to go her own way unmolested.

"We were told it was a risk to make the visit, for she was a few miles out of town, in a hilly country; but I was in a light carriage, and accompanied by the General and a party of officers on horseback, — men who knew how to look out and what to do if attacked.

"It was lovely May weather, and everything in beauty, but no work was going on, for all the men were in one or the other army; you can't think how sad it is to see war in possession of homesteads.

"Coming out of the high, close hills, we crossed a gay, sparkling river, and found ourselves in the meadows belonging to 'The Stone House.' All roads and paths were lost in the unchecked growth of many years, and the long grasses smothered the sounds of wheels and horses as we drove quite up to the door, — a long-closed door. The broad slabs of stone making its once handsome steps had sunk like old gravestones, and lay awry upon each other.

"It was a well-built house of dressed stone, very large and solid, with the usual detached kitchen and long row of "negro quarters." From these poured out a shining-faced, fat, smiling black crowd — old and young — scary young ones holding on to their mammies and peeping around at our group of uniformed officers — 'Linkum's sojers.' They scattered so when first spoken to that I followed up a woman with a heavy baby, and made her comprehend we only wanted to see Mrs. Crugar.

"'Ole Mis'?"

"'Yes. Go in and take this card. Tell her she saved my life when I was a baby and had croup mighty bad, and I want to see her.'

"She was afraid to venture in, but we made her, and she ran back, radiant; we were to come in.

"Going back to the front door, we found 'Ole Mis' had had it unlocked for us, and the slanting sun sent its yellow light upon the thick, thick dust of the broad long hall.

"In a large library lined with books we found, seated there, the old lady, who knew perfectly all about me, and understood why armed men rode down her glen. She talked wonderfully of the conditions that caused the war and of one inevitable result; but all with no interest or feeling, merely knowledge.

"She was carefully dressed in rich black satin, with a cap of beautiful old yellowed lace, with its big bows of orange and red ribbons on top, and broad strings

of the same tied under her chin; the inevitable false hair, dark, was framed in with rich lace quillings. Her age told in the skin of face and hands which were like crimped parchment, but the lips were firm, and the eyes, deep-set in wrinkled lids, were still dark and keen.

"She had in her hand a volume of the *Spectator*, which she said was writing she liked. Her old books were the only kind she cared for. 'But I know all that's going on,' she said; 'I take a New York daily paper (the *Tribune* it was, as we saw by the pile on the table beside her) and the *Wheeling paper*.' And when she wanted other information, 'I send for my lawyer.'

"She never left the house, and let no one come into it but for her few personal wants by day. Broths, eggs, and milk made her food; a bowl of milk and some bread was beside her on a small table, — her regular supper, she said, after which, at six o'clock, she locked the door and remained quite alone all night.

"'But,' I asked, 'suppose you are ill?'

"'Well, but I never am. Maybe you think I might die here all alone? So I might. But I have been alive over a hundred years and my time must come, — and I might as well be alone then, for nobody can keep it off.'

"She remembered her duties as hostess, and said it might please 'the young people' to go up-stairs; there was a ball-room there, and they might dance if they liked. 'It's twenty-five years since I cared to go up there,' she said. 'Sometimes I send the women up to clean, but I don't know if they do.'

"(She looked after them with some interest, then said disapprovingly, 'They are fine young men to be throwing their lives away.')

"The young people found it so curious that they made me go up. The ball-room was across the whole front of the house, with many windows and a hand-

some carved marble fireplace at each end, and deep closets either side of these fireplaces.

"Like Queen Elizabeth, Mrs. Crugar would seem to have kept all her fine clothes. The whole walls were hung thick with dresses of silk and satin and velvet, 'pelisses' trimmed with fur, braided riding habits, and elaborately trimmed mantles of queer rich damasked black silks; while the closets had endless bonnets and caps and turbans, — those bonnets of tremendous size and fine leghorn straw, costing from fifty to a hundred dollars, and their veils to the knee of fine old English lace; gold and silver India muslin and fine gold embroidered cashmere turbans. Such things made a museum of fashions from about 1820 to 1840. Then seclusion had set in.

"There were treasures of good lace in shawls and lace veils of great length, lovely things for front breadths. Some were in old English Honiton, a charming refined lace; large capes with long sash-ends, in fine French needlework on muslin, and frilled richly with yards upon yards of Mechlin or spidery Brussels lace; and there was a shawl and some flounces of yellowed Spanish blonde which it was distracting to see unused. Some India scarfs were left, — we fancied the shawls might have gone to the negro quarters.

"The air of the room was still and dead, — only light ever penetrated there. Adjoining was a bedroom, with all things in perfect order — to the eye. The plump high feather bed and pillows had their fine time-stained old linen, and on the toilet table, which had the usual dimity cover and hangings, was a large pincushion. One of the officers accidentally rested his hand on this, when to his shock it crumbled into flatness.

"The world astir outside — civil war in full progress — here the silence of the grave before death.

"It seemed inhuman to leave her so.

She said we had best start, that we had four miles of hilly road and the country not safe; 'and it's time for me to get to bed.' But as we looked back through the sunset at the silent house, and pictured that solitary old figure putting itself away for the night, we asked ourselves if that life was worth living. And, by way of answer, above the ringing trot of the horses and clank of 'sabre and spur,' rose cheerfully a round young voice singing out his favorite German war-song: —

'The bullets ring —

The riders shout!

We ride where Death is lying.'"

We have been drawn into so long an extract from Mrs. Frémont's delightful book that we can only hastily point out some other of the interesting incidents of her varied career. The descriptions of life in St. Louis are admirable, and we catch a little glimpse of Senator Benton's home life. How close a hold he had upon the affections of Missouri is well seen in a graphic anecdote of an adventure which Mrs. Frémont had in California, when a phenomenal sinner became an angel of mercy at the mention of Tom Benton's name.

Mrs. Frémont's position at home and abroad gave her access to court society in London, and Paris, and Copenhagen, and her sketches of drawing-rooms, pageants, reviews, and imperial entrances are very vivid and full of color. There is a striking picture of Louis Bonaparte as he entered Paris as Emperor. "Kinglake and some other writers have said the Emperor had not personal courage. That day it was tested. The Republicans who had put him in power warned him he should die if he altered the republican form of government. We saw his official entrance as Emperor. . . . Our house being midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Palace, we saw everything from our own balcony. . . . He had used the Republicans to get into power, and now he was break-

ing every obligation to them. He knew he had deserved all their anger and hatred. Whether he had courage or not I do not know. What I do know is, that I saw him ride, alone, no troops, not a single officer within forty feet of him to his front or rear, and open space on either side of him, along the broad avenue densely lined by crowds, quite separated and alone, his head bare. In one hand he held the reins, in the other his hat. Only his horse was to share any harm that might come to him. To us the thrill of response to

such evident calm courage came with sudden conviction, and the applause from our balcony was strong and sincere."

The whole book is so bright and winning, and displays such good taste and wise reserve, that we heartily wish Mrs. Frémont might be persuaded to write in earnest the full *mémoires* of her life. Such a book would unquestionably be of value in throwing a side light upon our history, for she has been close to men who have had a large share in the making of that history.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Still Waters
not Necessa-
rily Deep. A GOOD many erroneous notions go floating about in the world, embodied in the shape of familiar sayings or proverbs, full of that superficial common sense which is so given to putting on airs of superior insight. They are often in reality the record of a very short-sighted observation of men and things, formulated in a fashion which recommends the misleading half truth to the unthinking. I have a grudge against these pretentious proverbs, as any one must who has had occasion to fathom their falsity. I have now in mind one in particular, which, for all its specious show of verity, I take to be without ground in the truth of human nature. "Still waters run deep," so the saying goes; and as the proposition stands in the universal affirmative, I for one must flatly deny it. Even as mere figure the analogy does not work; for though there are lakes both deep and tranquil, and little brooks that prattle noisily, so, on the other hand, many a placid pond is shallow, and the ocean is forever unquiet. The proverb has two implications: it seems to have reference to force and amount of intelligence and

knowledge as well as to depth of the affections, but I think it is more often applied in the latter sense. With regard to any particular person it is a question to be settled by time and experience; sooner or later we find out if our effusive friend is no more than an agreeable speech-maker, and whether or not this other one, who is so averse to demonstration, will prove in time of need the force of his true affection. The mischief that lies in this popular fallacy, as Charles Lamb would call it, is that it gives a bias to people's judgment of each other before they come to know and be known by the sure and final test of time and intimate intercourse. This pre-judgment, which is so common, in my opinion tells unfairly in favor of the "still" people, who are almost always credited with powers of feeling shut away behind their mask of reticence. The fact is we know nothing about their feelings, but we begin by taking for granted that treasures of affection must be hidden away that by and by will be revealed to us. But in our ignorance we are sometimes as easily taken in by this non-appearance of feeling as in a reverse case by its manifesta-

tion; in both instances it may be equally wanting. If we ourselves are worthy of the name of friend, we may go on trusting to an affection we have had reason to suppose ours, — or thought we had, — and in face of disappointment we make excuses, and say, "It is his way; he is true, though so undemonstrative." But we may come to learn that there are natures so shallow that an inch rule will measure the capacity of their feelings, and natures so cold that no affection will create the glow of an answering warmth within them. The reserved manner is the convenient covering that conceals the poverty of such souls. The depth of people's feeling is not in proportion to their power or habit of expression; that is partly a question of temperament. Where there is a difference in this respect between friends, it is often difficult for the one whose temperament is warm and disposition open to habituate himself to doing without those manifestations in word as well as deed which to him are natural and necessary. My own belief, the result of observation and meditation, is that the expression of a sentiment tends to strengthen it. Habits are formative of character, as character predisposes to habits. We often say of a man that he has uttered such or such an opinion so long that it has become fixed in him beyond modification, and why may not feeling in like manner settle and root itself in the heart more strongly by every recognition of its presence there? I lately read a little story, quaintly entitled *Bulldog and Butterfly*, illustrative of the popular misjudgment which is expressed and reinforced by the saying about the "still waters." The heroine, to whom the Bulldog and the Butterfly each makes love in his own fashion, refuses to trust her heart and its instincts, and chooses to rely rather on the second-hand wisdom which in the end proves to be so cheap. Mr. David Murray's tale pleased me, as things do

which fall in with our own ideas, and I recommend it to my readers for the reason that parables are both more entertaining and more convincing than bare dissertation.

A Forgotten Literary Phenomenon. — At one of Charles Dickens's dinner-parties, during a certain holiday season at Gad's Hill, the conversation turned upon the peculiar nature of an author's enjoyment of his own productions, and the question arose whether the pleasure of creation or composition could properly be compared with that of intelligent perusal. With his customary energy and animation, the host at once set himself to prove that no mere reader, however sympathetic, could understand the satisfaction of originating a fine literary design, or appreciate the delight of carrying a work of imagination through successive steps to its culmination. The majority of the guests were writers, most of whom accepted the great novelist's views as truths too self-evident for discussion; but one of the company, not included in the gifted circle, contended that no matter what the author's individual feeling might be, there were points of advantage of which he, the speaker, in common with the world at large, could not be deprived. Neither Dickens, nor Collins, nor Reade, nor any of the craft there present knew what it meant to read one of his own volumes with the eager zest of the general public. For Charles Reade there was, strictly speaking, no such thing as a new book by Charles Reade. What were Wilkie Collins's ingenious combinations and startling surprises to Wilkie Collins himself? What conception had Dickens of the thrill with which the expectant reader seized upon each monthly installment of *Dombey* or *Copperfield*, not dreaming what the pages might bring forth, and with foreknowledge of nothing but the gratification in store? Propositions so plain as these could not be controverted, although abundance of ar-

gument and illustration was brought forward to demonstrate the author's possession of innumerable privileges denied to the multitude. The representative of the masses held his own. "If Charles Dickens," he said, "can tell us he does not envy me my first reading of the Christmas Carol, I will surrender,—not otherwise." Thus confronted, sophistry was unavailing, and it was conceded that the romance-writer, familiar with his work from beginning to end, cannot share the sensations of those who approach it in unprepared and happy ignorance.

Recalling this conversation, not long after it took place, one of the participants remarked that it was singular that nobody had thought at the moment of a very striking case in which an eminent author actually did make acquaintance with some of his most brilliant fictions after they were completed and published. The statement is one which seems to contradict itself, but the occurrence is thoroughly authenticated, and the wonder is that so remarkable a phenomenon should have been passed by, with scarcely a word of notice, for the better part of a century. The writer who underwent the strange experience was Sir Walter Scott, and the works which he was enabled to read with the same sense of novelty as if he had been one of the general public were *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *A Legend of Montrose*, and *Ivanhoe*. When these printed books were first put into his hands, he was as much a stranger to them as if he had had no part in their parentage. The conditions of their production were exceptional. They were dictated by him during a prolonged and painful illness, from which, indeed, it was not expected that he could recover. After his restoration to health, it was found that every circumstance of their composition had escaped his memory. With reference to *The Bride of Lammermoor*, in particular, he remarked that he "did not recollect

one single incident, character, or conversation it contained."

It is unfortunate that we have no satisfactory report of the impressions produced upon him by the three tales. One might suppose that Scott himself, whose diaries give evidence of his fondness for introspective study, and who was candid beyond most of his fraternity in disclosing the operations of his mind, would have taken a deep interest in the subject, and given us the means of judging how he was affected by the marvel. But he appears to have deliberately avoided the theme. His few allusions to it were frivolous, and, so far as they have any bearing upon his estimate of the novels, not altogether sincere. No one can doubt that if they had been written by another person his admiration would have been outspoken and emphatic. It was always an affection with him to undervalue his works, but the mockery of modesty becomes too obvious when he has only this to say of the effect produced by *Lammermoor*: "As a whole, I felt it monstrous gross and grotesque; but still, the worst of it made me laugh, and I trusted the good-natured public would not be less indulgent." Nobody will believe that Scott really rated one of his best productions so low as that, and it would have fared ill with any presumptuous censor who should have ventured a similar criticism in his hearing. Witness his fury when Blackwood attempted to convince him that the termination of *The Black Dwarf* might be advantageously changed. "I have received Blackwood's impudent letter. God damn his soul!" wrote the offended author. The probability is that he thoroughly and heartily enjoyed the dictated romances. He certainly had no hesitation in avowing his high opinion of the character of *Dalgetty*, in *Montrose*. If he had allowed himself to depart, for the occasion, from the practice of self-depreciation which men of letters in his day considered indispen-

sable, he might have gratified a natural and legitimate curiosity, and contributed an interesting chapter to psychological science. No similar opportunity, we may assume, has been given to any other man. Certainly no similar example is recorded in literary history.

Bible Pictures not within Covers.

— Lovers of Elia will remember with a sympathetic thrill the gentle essayist's reminiscences of his childhood's nightly tryst with the spectre of the witch-raised Samuel, — the "old man covered in a mantle," — evoked from the pictured pages of Stackhouse's History of the Bible. Similar visitings, I believe, fall to the lot of every young and imaginative reader of the Old Testament, though the disclosure of one's terrors in this direction may be reserved for riper years. A lady tells me that her childish eyes were never opened after the bedtime candle had been extinguished, lest she should behold the "handwriting on the wall" that broke up the banquet of Belshazzar. I find that I am able to reproduce from the fading lines of the original draft, actual or visionary, several such Bible pictures, with the texts by which they were suggested. When a small school-child I was frequently taken by my parents to the house of a relative living in the country. These visits, otherwise delightful, became a matter of dread and dislike, from my inevitable encounter with a petrifying spectacle displayed upon the wall of the sitting-room. This was a dingy, colored print representing the Deluge. The circumstance that this work of art hung in an obscure light rather enhanced than diminished its baleful influence, since, from the imperfect hints afforded, imagination the more bestirred itself to supply the details of that ancient diluvian calamity. It marked the nude and gleaming limbs flung about on the black flood, or grasping vainly at the yet unsubmerged crags. Sometimes, to my steady gaze, the out-reached hands of the doomed ones seemed

endowed with convulsive motion, while the voluminous din of agony was more than my spirit's ear could endure. If I turned away, the fascination exerted by the picture was sure to draw me back again. Eventually, to avoid the strain of this emotional experience, I resorted to plausible pretexts for remaining at home whenever a visit to the country was projected.

A not less thrilling picture, though one existing only in the mind's chamber, was that evoked by a text in Habakkuk; "Their horses also are swifter than the leopards, and are more fierce than the evening wolves." I see the interior of a log-cabin in the woods; a fireplace, to which the earth forms a hearth. A young woman sits before the fire; beside her, a cradle with a sleeping child. The young woman has broken off in the midst of her lullaby, and no longer rocks the cradle. Her eyes are opened wide, and their regard is fastened upon something at the cabin's one small window, — restless balls of flame, always in twos, moving against the panes, and not to be confounded with the harmless dancing firelight reflections that fill the room. A moan, a wail, a blast of sound, not to be mistaken for the wind's shout through the tree-tops! How the woman's heart beats, how she fears that the baby will wake and cry, how she listens for the rifle-shot that tells of her husband's home-coming! This was my visionary translation of "more fierce than the evening wolves," and the *mise-en-scène* was derived from my grandmother's account of her pioneer life in the Ohio wilderness.

Another moving picture had its origin in a verse of Deborah's song of triumph. A warrior clad in armor, bearing shield and lance, and mounted upon a dark steed, slowly ascends a hill. The night is windless, frosty cold. All the great and the least stars are out, and intense in their scrutiny of earth. The rider reaches the crest of the hill. Suddenly,

every keen point of light overhead elongates, and becomes a hurled and glittering javelin! These infinite dartings — spirit shafts — enter the rider's armor, and pierce him with innumerable wounds. A writhing and sinking shape, an upturned face, white with anger and with death! The scene moves to the sound of these slow-dropping, mystical words: "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

In another instance Nature joined with Revelation to illuminate an ancient text. As often as I beheld the not unfamiliar meteorological act of the "sun drawing water," at contemplation of those broad shafts of light falling against a sombre cloud and slantwise into the calm bosom of the lake, my childish soul hurried back in ecstasy into the Beginning. Somewhat fearfully, yet with ripe expectancy, I looked cloudward, whence might soon be reached the Hand that, some time between evening and morning of the second day, made the firmament in the midst of the waters, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

Concerning
Convictions.

— I lately found myself questioning if it were worth while to have any convictions about anything, — a queer mood for one to fall into whose convictions are wont to be of the most positive, and who has even been accused of setting them forth with a certain dogmatism. But when everybody differs from everybody else, and each one's opinions hold good for one's self alone, of what particular use are they to the individual, after all? Tastes we may have, which serve in the choice of what we shall eat to-day or the dress we shall buy to-morrow; principles most of us believe we have, for the conduct of our individual life; but when it is a matter of social relations, intercourse with our fellow-beings, — how then? My ideas are mine, and unless they are also yours

the commonest result of contact is collision, the consequences of which are often most serious and deplorable with the better sort of people. Men and women whose opinions are adopted, things merely external to themselves, can easily modify or give them up when it is convenient. But even among the more broad-minded of those persons whose ideas are their very own, the possession of them seems to create so many obstacles to harmonious and satisfactory fellowship.

Who has not learned from observation, or from sad personal experience, that in the case of a misunderstanding or offense given between friends, good intentions on both sides may avail nothing to remove the cloud or mend the breach. Each one strives to act the true, generous part, according to his lights, but they are not agreed as to what constitutes magnanimity or even bare justice; each fails, therefore, to comprehend the other, even to appreciate the good intention, perhaps, and the result is hopeless estrangement. It is the mind prepossessed with high belief, George Eliot says, that interprets others largely. True, and yet it may happen that that very preoccupation of a mind by lofty and generous ideas makes it difficult for it to conceive of lower and narrower ones as co-existent with genuine good-will and purpose.

Of human opinion as well as of human action we may well say, "*Il n'est que de vivre; on voit tout et le contraire de tout.*" In a certain mood, as I say, this confusion of idea, this irreconcilable diversity of opinion, appears to be the salient fact of life. We come to think that, however much we may know about people or they about us, themselves we do not know, nor they us, as we really are. One reason is that we do not use our imagination enough, or we have n't it to use. We take each other's words too literally; and separately, instead of all together, as we ought if they are to be considered in-

dicative of character. As old Montaigne has it, "No qualitie doth embrace us purely and universally. If I chance to call one knave or fool, my purpose is not forever to enfeeble him with that nick-name; nor doe I think to say, Tongue, thou liest, if immediately after I call him an honest man. He that seeth me sometimes to cast a frowning look upon my wife, or sometime a loving countenance, and thinks that either of them is but fained, he is a fool." We judge too coldly; or else, when self-love intervenes, too hotly. We construct theories about our friends, and are unreasonably disgusted when they fall to pieces.

But I have wandered a little. I think it is Professor Hardy who says that it is the tendency of a wide experience of life to weaken conviction, of a deep one to strengthen it. Perhaps we should add that an experience both wide and deep is needed to produce conviction of the largest, highest, most enduring kind. In a true man his ideas, the tried and stable ones he lives by, are the index to his character.

— Is there any truth in the oft-repeated assertion that success in life is conditioned upon physical health? All our prepossessions are apt to side with the newspaper-writers here, but the facts of experience hardly seem to be in keeping with their statements. It would be easy to present a list of illustrious names, — the writer has one much too long for insertion here, — taken from every field of human achievement, and all pointing to a directly opposite conclusion. Instances of literary reputation combined with bodily limitation and suffering most readily occur, ranging from a Pope, in what he called the "long disease of his life," to a George Eliot, a Herbert Spencer, or a Robert Louis Stevenson. It may not appear so remarkable that great religious geniuses, from St. Paul to Channing, Bushnell

and Robertson, should so often be weaknesses in opposition; but we are at first hardly prepared to find so many of an active and executive order of talent who have been the victims of ill health. It is true that statesmen and military commanders have generally a larger type of body and brain, together with a more forceful and eupeptic temperament. They are shorter in the neck and less liable to nervous disorder. But Napoleon is disappointing in this respect, having been a poor sleeper, and subject to periodic fits of indisposition of a prostrating nature. We are told that Alfred the Great was "vexed by sickness and constant pain." Nelson, Montcalm, William of Orange, and Andrew Jackson were fully as much troubled by inward as by outward enemies. John Randolph and Alexander Stephens toiled long and strenuously in the face of constitutional weariness and pain. One never ceases to wonder at the scientific results accomplished by a James Watt and the younger Darwin, while contending with the most depressing maladies. From early manhood to the day of his death the latter was never free from a nausea similar to seasickness, counting two hours a fortunate day's work, and often unable to attempt any work at all. Lord Bacon's weak stomach has its counterpart in the general feebleness and lack of tone in a Rousseau, Cervantes, Immanuel Kant, and Carlyle. Goethe, watching Schiller in his desperate struggle with life, did not find his brother poet any behind himself in productiveness; and he adds that it is incredible how much the spirit can do, in these cases, to keep up the body. Even so vast an undertaking as the writing of history has often illustrated the triumph of mere spiritual persistence over bodily infirmity, as in the case of Prescott and John Richard Green. "No one knows," says Harriet Martineau, with her own career in mind, as well as that of her distinguished brother, "when the spirits of men begin to work,

Health as a
Condition of
Success.

or when they leave off, or whether they work best when their bodies are weak or when they are strong."

Nor is the reason for this far to seek. The ambitions of the average man have perhaps suffered no contraction equal to that which has come from his average good health and its attendant optimism. Physical perfection is fully as apt to narrow the horizon and deaden intellectual hunger as it is to impart width of vision and energy of will. Feeble people often husband the resources which the more rugged squander in aimless diversion, living in the work which they are often obliged to alternate with seasons of repression and self-denial. Health

may be sufficient to itself; and the very fact of *feeling well* is so far restful and definitive as practically to do away with the conscious need of effort looking toward the future. Any observer of human nature will confess that the notoriously lazy people of his acquaintance have been almost invariably persons in robust health; while every one has met at least a few of those semi-invalids who are constantly astonishing the world with their zeal and persistence. It would frequently seem as if some persons, in the current phrase, "enjoyed good health," and others, not having any to enjoy, turned to ideal ends for satisfaction and amusement.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Biography. Final Memorials of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, edited by Samuel Longfellow. (Ticknor.) It was apparent to every reader of the Life of Longfellow that the editor had found it necessary to compress the portion relating to the last fifteen years into a very brief form. He had gone leisurely along up to that point, but found he had then used up almost all his space, and so was obliged to hurry over the remaining years. He has now gone back to the beginning, picked up a few threads that had been dropped, but devoted the most of the volume to an expansion of the fifteen years, treating them, in fact, as he had treated the earlier portion in his previous book. Thus this is in effect a third volume. It contains many letters of interest, but the diary is not so full as in the former volumes. The editor has also taken the opportunity to gather some of the ana about Mr. Longfellow, printed after his death, and to furnish the Life with bibliographical data. It is a pity that the index is just about as inadequate as that in the Life. After all, however much we may take exceptions to some details of editing, we are grateful indeed for such full material. The lover of good literature and of all that relates to a rare man will take his ease in such a work as this, and let others hurry as they please through compendiums. — John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, by William O. Stoddard (White, Stokes, & Al-

len), is one of a series of Lives of the Presidents. Mr. Stoddard appears to have in mind an audience of boys and girls, but it seems to us that he has studied simplicity of form rather than picturesqueness or a graphic art. There are a good many vague, general statements in the place of helpful details, and the result is a dullness of effect. — The tenth volume of Leslie Stephen's Dictionary of National Biography, letter C, contains a large number of notable brief studies, among which may be mentioned the papers on Chatterton, Chapman, Churchill (Duke of Marlborough), and Cibber. (Macmillan & Co.) — Histoire d'une Grande Dame au XVIII^e. Siècle (Calmann Lévy, Paris) is a delightful study, by Lucien Perry, of the lively Princess Hélène de Ligne. — Charles Reade, a Memoir, compiled chiefly from his literary remains, by Charles L. Reade and the Rev. Compton Reade (Harper Brothers), is a book to which we shall return.

Fiction. Village Photographs, by Augusta Larned. (Holt.) Miss Larned has shown a prodigality in this book which argues well for her resources. She has not saved her material for half a dozen novels, but has boldly sketched right and left the characters and incidents of village life, and pleased herself and her readers with a full and abundant survey. The sketches have an agreeable humor about them, and they are reasonably free from discursiveness, though one of the merits of such

a book lies undoubtedly in a leisurely air. Miss Larned does not take her subject too seriously, neither is she over-anxious to be amusing, but, dealing as she does with little that is tragic or passionate, she has succeeded in transferring a veritable American village into book form. Photographs is a modest word to use, and is not wholly applicable. There is something better than photography in this work, and something also not so good; for while the author's personal touch is evident, there is not always the utter frankness of a photograph. — *Baldine and other Tales*, by Karl Erdmann Edler, translated from the German by the Earl of Lytton. (Harpers.) Lord Lytton has written an interesting preface to this collection of three tales, and the book is otherwise well worth attention. One needs, to be sure, to translate one's self somewhat into the German habit of mind thoroughly to enjoy the stories, but the sentiment, though strained to the American mind, is not mawkish. The strength of the sentiment, indeed, is a large part of the individuality of the author, and as it is joined with a deep insight into human life it is varied and wide in scope. — *Two Gentlemen of Boston* (Ticknor) is a wearisome novel, which the reader works over from an undefined hope of coming upon something worth while. The author has labored hard over it, — so hard that though Boston and other familiar places are mentioned, they have become obscured and made curiously indefinite. The unreality of the thought and relations in the book is conveyed to the concrete facts, so that while the book is a novel in form and substance, it is in spirit a romance. A world is lived in by the writer which is invented for the purpose, but labeled with all the signs and marks of the actual world. — *Mr. Barnes of New York*, by A. C. Gunter. (Deshler, Welch & Co., New York.) A Corsican falls in a duel; his sister swears eternal vengeance on his slayer; she chases him all through the book, and finally appears to come up with him on her wedding-night in the person of her husband; she nearly goes mad; one of her family kills another of her family, thinking it to be the husband-duelist; then it turns out that the husband was not the duelist, after all, and the girl is saved, all uncomfortable people in the vendetta having been disposed of. *Mr. Barnes of New York* is an American crack rifle-shot, who is on hand at the duel, and acts as best friend to everybody up to the end of the story. The book is rather excitable than exciting. — *Knight-Er-rant*, by Edna Lyall. (Appleton.) A certain freshness is given to this novel by the introduction of Italian characters connected with a theatrical troop, read in the light of English domesticity. Miss Lyall carries forward the

traditions of the English domestic novel, but enlarges its bounds, and without completely secularizing it manages to give one the idea of a Miss Yonge who has known something of the world. — *Sabina Zembra*, by William Black. (Harpers.) — *Sigríd, an Icelandic Love Story*, by Jon Thordssón Thoroddsen, translated from the Danish by C. Chrest; edited by Thomas Tapper, Jr. (Crowell.) An unpretentious picture of that extreme northern life which affects one by its simplicity of motive, as if it were too cold for human beings to have more than a few thoughts and a few feelings. The beauty of the work is of a somewhat starlight sort, and has a fascination for some readers. — *The Buchholz Family*, translated by L. Dora Schmitz from the German of Julius Stinde (Scribner's Sons), is a continuation, if not the conclusion, of the author's previous entertaining sketches of social life in Berlin. — Harper Brothers have issued extremely neat editions of Thomas Hardy's last novel, *The Woodlanders*, and Rider Haggard's story of King Solomon's Mines.

Literature and Literary Criticism. A Club of One, *Passages from the Note-Book of a Man who might have been Sociable.* (Houghton.) No author's name is given on the title-page of this graceful-looking book, but the writer is evidently one of those devourers of books who read leisurely, digest and mark, and then desire to take others into a share of their pleasure. There is not much original observation, but a good deal of agreeable, quiet talk over books and men, such as a well-read man might deliver to a congenial acquaintance. — *American Literature and Other Papers*, by Edwin Percy Whipple. (Ticknor.) Five papers by this earnest critic, collected in a posthumous volume. The number of American critics of a large order is so small that we welcome a volume which contains the careful work of one who held a high place in the ranks. The interest which Mr. Whipple took in his subjects was at the bottom of his large success in treating them. To the last he was a genuine lover of literature as such, and not merely in its personal relations. — We may place here a little volume of reminiscences, *A Half Century in Salem*, by M. C. D. Silsbee (Houghton), because of its agreeable flavor as a mellow fruit of a long life passed among associations which already begin to seem quaint and old-fashioned. Less a piece of literary art than Eleanor Putnam's *Old Salem*, it has the great merit of being a real picture of a place and life which will one day be recognized even more than now as the final product of a peculiar provincial civilization. — *The Saunterer*, by Charles Goodrich Whiting. (Ticknor.) A quiet volume of rumination over passages of

nature, and such trivial sights as attract the eye of a man who does not travel far from home, and whose interest is in the low tones. Mr. Whiting pleases the reader by his freedom from sentimentality and noisy writing, and by his power of seeing into familiar scenes. There is now and then a poetic touch, often a deep sounding, and if humor is not a prevalent element, there is a delightful absence of any straining after effect.

Philosophy and Theology. The New Psychic Studies in their Relation to Christian Thought, by Franklin Johnson. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A slight volume, in which some of the results of the British Society for Psychical Research are passed in review, and some of the more familiar forms of psychical disturbance in connection with religion are considered. Dr. Johnson takes a reasonable view of the subject, and if he is not very exhaustive, he is clear in his general conclusions. — Practical Cheirosophy, a synoptical study of the science of the hand, by Edward Heron-Allen, with explanatory plates and diagrams by Rosamund Brunel Horsley. (Putnam.) The positiveness with which the terms of this science are presented goes far to win the respect of the reader, and there are some extremely interesting diagrams of typical hands. The study is reasonable, and one's private observation will repeatedly reinforce the conclusions of this science. We commend the book as a capital aid in a fascinating and helpful study. Many a young amateur in drawing might well work steadily over the representation of the hand. It furnishes fewer difficulties than the face, and is nearly as interpretative. — The Factors of Organic Evolution, by Herbert Spencer (Appleton), a reprint of two articles contributed to the Nineteenth Century. Mr. Spencer sums up his argument with the statement that the chief factor in the evolution of civilized men is the modification of structure caused by modifications of function. — Behold the Woman, parable sequel to Man is Love, by Bulah Brinton. (Bay View Herald Publishing Co., Milwaukee.) Long have we deliberated whether to include this mighty work under Poetry or Philosophy. We are not sure that it is either, but as spirit ought to be more than form, and as several of the cantos appear to be written in prose, in dialogue, it turns up heads for Philosophy. "I, the poet, was in the spirit on a resurrection day (May 30, 1880)." So the work begins, and ends with a cut of the founder of Bay View and a sample home of a day wage-worker. But the reader must not imagine that he is to catch anywhere at solid fact. There appears to be a fact somewhere in the book, but it dangles out of reach. — His Star in the East, a Study in the Early Aryan Religions,

by Leighton Parks. (Houghton.) Mr. Parks brings to his study a personal acquaintance with the East, which he does not vaunt as any uncommon advantage, but which is really helpful as serving to humanize his thought. There is a generous, hearty treatment of the subject which wins the reader's regard, and a certain fearless comparison of Orientalism with Christianity which indicates that the author holds his own faith in no timid or conventional manner. It is just because Christianity is not a mere religion to him that he is able to see the relations which Oriental religions bear to it. — The Foundations of Ethics, by John Edward Maude, edited by William James. (Holt.) The interesting preface in which Mr. James, with the aid of a friend, sets before the reader the brief history of Mr. Maude's career leads one to promise himself a sincere pleasure in reading the discussions which follow. The clearness of discrimination at once impresses one, and that is half the battle in philosophy. — Dr. Channing's Note-Book, Passages from the Unpublished Manuscripts of William Ellery Channing, selected by his granddaughter, Grace Ellery Channing. (Houghton.) Dr. Channing was so much a man of sentences, his thought was struck out often in a sententious and suggestive fashion, that it is not surprising to find his note-book yielding some admirable material. It is noticeable how contemporaneous much of the writing seems. The stream of thought in some places was as wide in Channing's time as it is now, and had much the same flow. — Elements of Physiological Psychology, a treatise of the activities and nature of the mind from the physical and experimental point of view, by George T. Ladd. (Scribners.) A calm, unprejudiced survey of this comparatively new science, and a very full and comprehensive one. It is interesting to see in this and other instances how resolute the scholars bred in the more metaphysical school are in availing themselves of the work of the pioneers in this new direction, and how free they are from that unscientific habit of mind which throws one back in antagonistic inertia when a new movement in philosophy is observed. — Proverbs from Plymouth Pulpit (Appleton) is a selection from the writings and sayings of Henry Ward Beecher, made by William Drysdale. Mr. Beecher was a man of point in his rhetoric, and he had a genuine insight of human nature. Thus such a collection as this abounds in apothegms which might well serve as texts for moral discourses, as when Mr. Beecher says, "It is impossible to indulge in habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings." Some of the passages suffer, as keen sayings are apt to, by

being taken out of modifying context, and there are therefore some apparently foolish sayings among the wise ones, but on the whole there is a commendable absence of smartness and straining for effect.

Text-Books and Education. Mr. W. J. Rolfe has added to his useful little text-books in literature Enoch Arden and other Poems. (Ticknor.) As before, he has worked into his notes a good deal of criticism from other students; his own notes are even more helpful than usual, although we think he errs in giving too little credit to the student's own intelligence. — *Outlines of International Law*, with an account of its origin and sources and of its historical development, by George B. Davis. (Harpers.) Mr. Davis, who is assistant professor of law at West Point, has aimed to provide a text-book for students who desire to get at the fundamental principles of the science of international law. Without giving many citations, he has helped the student by a liberal reference to authorities, and in an appendix he has printed Dr. Lieber's Instructions drawn up for the use of army officers in the late war. — *An Introduction to French Prose Composition*, by Rev. P. H. E. Brette. (Harpers.) On the plan of Dr. William Smith's *Principia*. It contains hints on translation of French into English, the principal rules of the French syntax compared with the English, a systematical course of exercises on the syntax, idiomatic and proverbial phrases, and an English-French vocabulary to the exercises. We think it is a mistake, if not a crime, to give children such fine type in a text-book. — The second circular of the Bureau of Education (Washington) for 1886 is devoted to proceedings of the department of superintendence of the meeting of the national educational association, held in Washington, February, 1886. The department of superintendence appears to mean that this was a convention of superintendents to discuss anything that might turn up. Such conventions are probably more useful for the incidental advantages than for the direct. One is oppressed by the volume of talk about education. It seems as though in conventions the speakers rarely get beyond generalities. — Charles P. Otis, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has selected and edited, with introduction, notes, and vocabulary, Grimm's Märchen. (Holt.) We are glad that Mr. Otis has respected his text, and used his notes only as a means of pointing out divergences from literary German. — *The Essentials of Perspective*, with illustrations drawn by the author, by L. W. Miller. (Scribners.) Mr. Miller, who is a pupil of Professor Ware, has not written for scientific students and professional artists, but he appears to have written a very sensible

and acute book, of service to the general student.

Travel and Nature. Captain Glazier and his Lake, an inquiry into the history and progress of exploration at the head waters of the Mississippi since the discovery of Lake Itasca, by H. D. Harrower. (Iverson, Blakeman & Co.) The author of this little work rightly judges that a mere demolition of Captain Glazier's absurd assumptions would be breaking a butterfly on a wheel, but he uses the opportunity to make clear the geography and the history of the discovery of Lake Itasca. The pamphlet is at once entertaining, except to Captain Glazier, and instructive. — *Waste-Land Wanderings*, by Charles C. Abbott. (Harpers.) Dr. Abbott's books gain in interest and naturalness. If he will remain as good an observer and clear himself of some of his awkwardnesses of style, there is good reason to believe that his books will be permanent additions to our stock of readable natural history. — *Due North, or Glimpses of Scandinavia and Russia*, by Maturin M. Ballou. (Ticknor.) A respectable, matter-of-fact, but rather dull book of travels. The author has at least the virtue of brevity, but there is a singular lack of personality in the book, and the entire narrative is given in a tone which never seems to rise in enthusiasm or earnestness, and never to sink into absolute bathos.

Art. *The Standard Oratorios*, their stories, their music, and their composers, by George P. Upton. (McClurg.) An excellent, convenient little handbook, which takes the oratorio writers in alphabetical order, and gives a running comment on their works. We wish Mr. Upton had been a little more explicit and full in his treatment of the subject of oratorio texts. It is not easy, for instance, to make out the exact state of the case regarding the text of *The Creation*.

Science. *Agriculture in some of its Relations with Chemistry*, by F. H. Storer. (Scribners.) This work, in two substantial volumes, has been written, the author says, in the interest of persons fond of rural affairs, and of students of agriculture. It makes no special appeal to chemists or to students of chemistry. It must not be supposed, however, from this modest statement, that Mr. Storer writes in any superficial manner as regards chemistry. It is out of a thorough familiarity with the science that he treats of the practical art of agriculture. The detail of the work is explicit, and the book becomes of great value to every farmer who aims at more than a merely empirical treatment of his estate. — The new volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine Library* (Houghton) treats of the Romano-British remains. The subject will occupy two volumes. The very great value of

this series of reprints from the famous old magazine makes itself plain with each issue.

Books for Young People. Forced Acquaintances, by Edith Robinson (Ticknor), is a pleasing book for girls, written in good taste, and with that light, half-saucy manner which almost persuades one that girls commit no sins, but only indiscretions. The writer perceives the limitations of the ordinary girl-nature, and shows that love of detail in her work which sometimes makes a woman's novel look like a dress, a little stuff and a good deal of trimming. The book reads like a good beginning. Whether the writer can ever go any deeper or not, it is not for us to say. There is no great depth to this, but neither is there mere frivolity. — The Flamingo Feather, by Kirk Munroe (Harpers), is an historical romance, the scene laid among the noble savages of America in the sixteenth century. A young French lad sails with Laudonnière, and has amazing adventures among the Indians. As the writer has very few facts to build upon, there is no great harm in such a tale, and Southern landscape makes a better background for high romantic jinks than New England does.

Biblical and Devotional. Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Revelation of St. John, by Friedrich Dürstiediek, translated from the third edition of the German, and edited, with notes, by Henry E. Jacobs. (Funk & Wagnalls.) A work for students, rather than for the general reader. The translator is curiously at odds with the author on some points, incidental to the main character of the book, and it is a refreshing illustration of catholic scholarship to find a translator frankly differing from the book he introduces, and yet ready to acknowledge the integrity of the author, and to allow him a full and free presentation of his case. Dürstiediek belongs to the school which denies the Johannine and apostolic origin of the book, and places it in time before the fall of Jerusalem. He does not, however, appear to lay so much stress as has been common lately on the anti-Pauline character of the book.

Lexicography. Murray's A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles (Macmillan) has reached its third part, which runs from *batter* to *boz*. It is hard to lay down this book, if one takes it up. The bee's consciousness is understood, as one dips into one word after another. We are glad to see that the attempted grammatical change from *had better* to *would better* is not recognized. *Bitter end* gets a cautious interpretation, from the nautical use of bitter. *Boss* in its American use is curiously illustrated from current London literature. And so one might go on picking out the plums from this delightful pudding.

Sociology and Political Economy. Progress from Poverty, review and criticism of Henry George's Progress and Poverty, and Protection or Free Trade, by Giles B. Stebbins. (Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.) A pamphlet of energetic brevity, in which Mr. George's positions are assailed both by facts and by a consensus of criticism from various sources. — Natural Law in the Business World, by Henry Wood. (Lee & Shepard.) A reasonable and clearly expressed inquiry into the laws which govern the fluctuations of business and control in the complex movements of modern industry. Mr. Wood is worth listening to, and as he carefully follows an inductive method the reader is never far away from the concrete fact. — The Prisoner of Poverty, by Helen Campbell (Roberts Bros.), is a series of striking studies made among the poorer classes in New York. These papers attracted a great deal of attention in the columns of the New York Tribune, where they were first published, and in book form merit serious reading. — Two new numbers of Questions of the Day (Putnam's) are American State Constitutions, a study of their growth, by Henry Hitchcock, and The Inter-State Commerce Act, an analysis of its provisions, by John R. Don Passos. The former is not very important. It is an address, and sketches very rapidly some of the more obvious changes which have taken place in the constitutions of the States. The latter is a clear and apparently impartial statement of the contents and tendency of the inter-state commerce act, which Mr. Don Passos characterizes as probably surpassing in importance any measure ever passed by Congress. — Machine Politics and Money in Elections in New York City, by William M. Ivins. (Harpers.) A temperate and forcible, because temperate, presentation of the facts in the case, together with suggestions as to the cure of the evil. Mr. Ivins writes like a sensible man, who sees that law can do something not toward making men honest, but toward securing the honest in the use of their rightful opportunities.

Poetry and the Drama. Apotheosis of an Ideal, an interior-life drama, privately printed, rights reserved, Boston, 1887, is one of those queer, inarticulate gurgles of an infinite baby which are intelligible only to the idolizing parent. — Madrigals and Catches, by Frank Dempster Sherman (White, Stokes & Allen), is a collection of very light and, for the most part, graceful verses, in which the *ballades* and the *rondeaux* occupy a section appropriately entitled French Follies. These affected, and now threadbare, forms of verse were well enough for awhile in the hands of Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Dobson, who caught their inspiration from Villon himself; but what shall

be said of later followers who take their ineffectual fire from Dobson and Swinburne? The publishers have ruined a very pretty piece of book-making by clapping an advertisement on the back of the last poem. — We are sorry to notice that the *triolet* and the *rondeau* have also bitten two such clever young poets as Mr. C. H. Lüders and Mr. S. D. Smith, Jr., whose joint volume, *Hallo, my Fancy* (David McKay), gives more than usual promise and performance. Both these gentlemen have firmness as well as lightness of touch, and in each case their more serious lyrics are apt to be their best. Mr. Lüders's *Unafraid*, on page 10, is a hopeful sign. — The Works of John Marston, in three volumes, are an especially welcome addition to Mr. Bullen's fine series of the English Dramatists. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) As a whole, Marston is one of those play-writers whose value is historical rather than poetical. The student needs him to complete the dramatic group. If he had stood alone, he would have achieved that oblivion for which he insincerely prayed. Until now we have been obliged to content ourselves with Mr. Halliwell's edition of Marston (1856), — a sufficiently good edition for the general reader, if the general reader ever touches Marston. In the present collection of the plays and poems we have a carefully prepared text, judiciously annotated. Mr. Bullen's biographical and critical introduction is altogether admirable.

Ecclesiasticism. What is the Church? or plain instruction about the church, especially in England, her doctrine, her discipline, her offices, by R. I. Woodhouse; with notes and supplementary chapter on the Protestant Epis-

copal Church in the United States, by J. A. Spencer. (Appleton.) A small catechism, drawn up as a help to pupil-teachers in the English national schools in teaching the young. It begins, of course, with the ancient British Church. Perhaps for the purposes of the book it was needful, but it seems a pity to explain the use of the word Protestant without more distinct reference to its historical origin. Dr. Spencer does not throw his supplement into the form of a catechism. — *Young People's Prayer-Meetings in Theory and Practice*, with fifteen hundred topics, by Rev. F. E. Clark. (Funk & Wagnalls.) The theory in this book is of less consequence than the practice, and the practical hints scattered through the book strike us as more to the point than many of the fifteen hundred topics. — *Pilgrim Songs for the Sunday-School*, by John W. Tufts. (Congregational Sunday-School and Publishing Society, Boston.) Of higher and more dignified character than many books of its class.

Mechanics and Invention. The Meigs Railway (C. H. Whiting, Boston) is the title of a pamphlet in which Mr. Joe (sic) V. Meigs describes the peculiarities in construction and operation of the railway which he has invented and partially put into operation. The frankness and enthusiasm of Mr. Meigs and the apparent fullness of detail go far toward making friends of the reader. But the pamphlet can hardly answer the question, How will the railway stand the wear and tear of use? Mr. Meigs is certainly carried away by his enthusiasm when he maintains that his road, "when painted handsomely, will certainly add to the appearance of the street"!

